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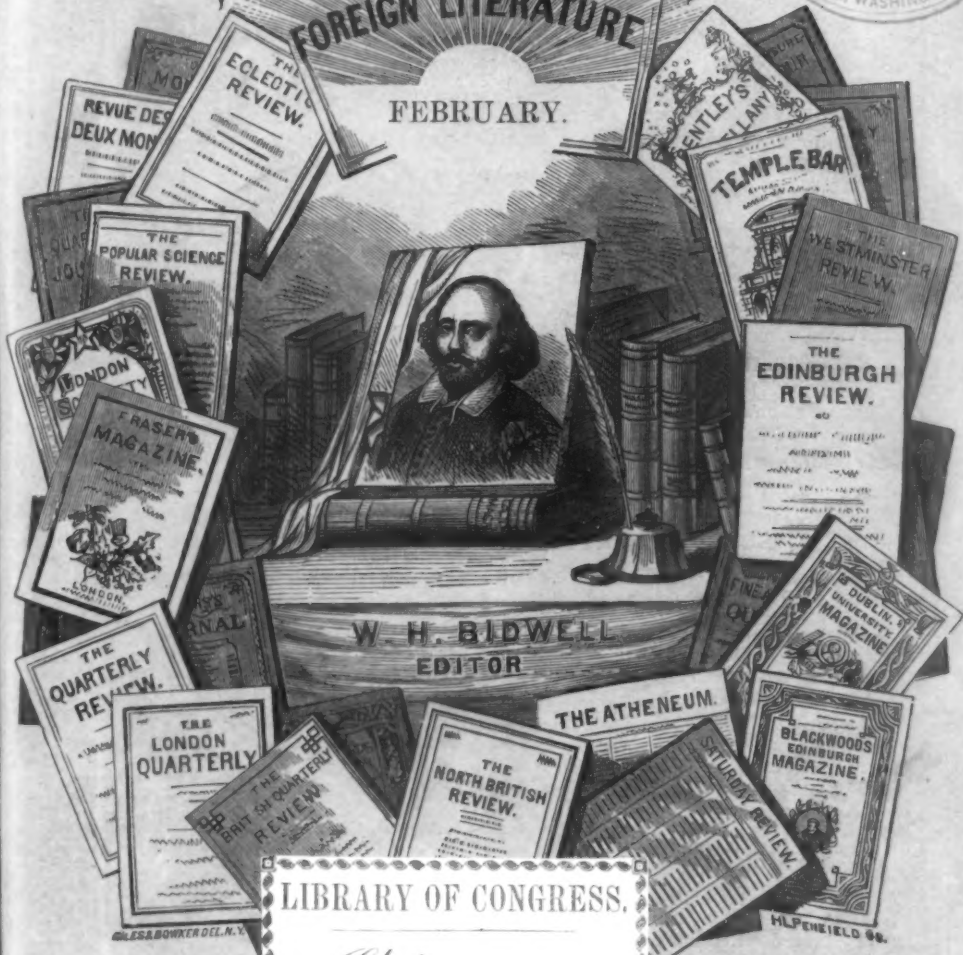
New Series.

Vol. XXVII—No. 2.

# THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

FEBRUARY.



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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.



This number of the *ECLECTIC*, being only the second number of a new volume, furnishes a good opportunity to begin new subscriptions.

We shall be glad if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly, and we can assure them that the volumes for the new year will fully equal, if not excel, those of the past thirty-three years. We call attention to our new prospectus on the 4th cover of this number of the *ECLECTIC*, and especially to our


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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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FEBRUARY, 1878.

Old Series Com-  
plete in 63 vols.

THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS OF HEALTH.\*

BY DR. J. H. BRIDGES.

THE objects of this Society are, I believe, of an extremely practical kind. It wishes to give the English people pure air, pure water, wholesome food, and habitable houses. It would give us, if it could, good drains to carry noxious refuse from the houses into the street, and it would not empty that drain into a river near the reservoir of a water-company, but would yield its contents to the all-receiving purifying earth, where the miraculous agencies of vegetation are at hand to turn death into life, foulness into beauty. Finally, it would wage war against the unseen demons of infectious poison, and against the dull heavy forces of ignorance and prejudice and indifference that help them in their death-dealing work. It would teach a laundress that when her children have scarlet fever she

must not kill other people's children by sending back infected linen to their houses. It would also teach some of those other people that, when scarlet fever is in their houses, they must not send infected linen to the laundress, and expose her to the terrible choice of starvation or crime. It would teach the milkman to rinse his cans with pure water, so as to avoid disseminating typhoid fever through a hundred houses. It would teach the country squire to see that the milkman and all other tenants of his estate have pure water at their disposal. Finally, it would reiterate the well-worn lesson, that to unvaccinated people small-pox is more terrible than cholera or the plague; that an anti-vaccination orator is a homicide; and that a careless vaccinator, letting fall from his lancet some dust of disease or death, and supplying fuel to the agitator, is a homicide no less.

\* Delivered before the National Health Society, June 20, 1877.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXVII., No. 2.

This being so, I feel that some apology is needful for occupying the time of men and women intent on purposes of immediate practical utility with talk which, as I give fair warning, will seem to many discursive, vague, theoretical, and misty. But I have to say, in the first place, that being occupied with practical work myself of a kind not foreign to the objects of this Society—having something to do, for instance, with the business of providing hospital accommodation for the chronically sick amongst the poorest class of London—my own personal experience has not convinced me that work which is called immediate and practical involves the shutting out from one's thoughts of deeper and wider considerations. It has, indeed, led me to quite the opposite conclusion. Almost every practical reform, however necessary, however obvious, suggests questions of a startling kind; sometimes leading you to doubt whether or not the remedy may itself be the source of new evils in the future; and always inducing thoughtful minds to ask themselves whether the amount of attention given to temporary palliatives may not be excessive, and may not be distracting attention from the deeper evils. At least there can be no harm, there can be nothing but good, in now and then mounting to the point of view from which, so far as our poor faculties admit, the problem before us can be looked upon as a whole.

A whole, I say. For it is no mere play of words to dwell on the primal meanings of the word *Health*. Wholeness, soundness, entireness. Integrity;—the meaning of the Latin word being Untouched—as you would say of a perfectly ripe fruit in which there is no symptom of decay. The essential thought inherent in the word is that in every organism, every living thing, if one part suffers, the others suffer also. This is the distinction between living things and things that are not living. You cut off a piece from a lump of gold or iron; all that happens is that you have two small lumps instead of one large one—nothing else. The weight of the two lumps is equal to that of the one. But in a living thing it is quite otherwise. You prune the roots of a tree, and you alter the relations of leaf and blossom. You irritate a point in the skin of an animal,

and the whole creature is thrown into convulsions. The whole art of medicine is based on the study of these correlations of functions. The first great object of the physician is to find out what is the matter with his patient. He does this by observing symptoms. That is to say, the observation of a change in some part of the body which he can see, leads him to infer a corresponding change in some part of the body which he cannot see. By the state of the pulse he infers the state of the heart and blood-vessels all through the body; by the state of the tongue, that of a long tract of mucous membrane; looking through his ophthalmoscope at a diseased retina, he infers in certain cases, diseases of the nervous system, diseases of the vascular system, of the secreting system. A glance at a child's teeth will every now and then indicate to the practised eye a constitutional unsoundness of a very precise kind inherited from his parents. And so on through countless instances.

We have here before us the most important and fundamental of all the facts connected with living things—the sympathy, or, if you like the Latin word translated from the Greek, the *consensus*, or in plain English the *fellow-feeling*, of all the parts of the same organism. For the purposes of this lecture I shall have to dwell much on this point. Meanwhile, I remark in the first place that this sympathy, though very real, is by no means complete or perfect. There are parts which are more bound together, and parts which are less bound. You cannot cut away the principal roots of a tree without risking its life; but you can cut away leaves, flowers, and even branches without any very marked effect. In man and other animals, as we know, hair can be cut, nails, hoofs, and cuticle may be partially removed, without any *consensus*, any affection of the rest of the organism. On the other hand, there are parts which are vital. A bullet through the heart means instant death. There is a very small and well-defined place in the upper part of the spinal cord, and if that be injured, life ceases in a moment. Thus there are parts that are more bound together, and parts that are less bound.

And observe, in the second place, that as we rise higher in the scale of life, we find two great distinctions gradually



growing upon us, and forming a slowly increasing contrast between the higher forms of life and the lower. We find, in the first place, a greater variety of parts; in the second place we find a greater oneness, a stronger binding together. The slightest consideration will show this. The huge ocean seaweeds, hundreds of feet long, are formed of monotonous repetitions of similar parts; there are millions and billions of cells, bound no doubt together by material contact, like bricks in a long wall, but with very little vital connection. No simultaneous thrill, no wave of excitement, can pass through such an organism as this. The parts are all alike, and they have very little vital union. You may vivisect such an organism as this with perfect impunity. Pass upwards to the exogamous plant—to any one, for instance, of our commonest trees or shrubs. Here you have many more differences—root, stem, leaf, calyx, corolla, stamen, ovary, seed, and so on. Moreover, if you look at it closely, you will find difference of tissues; not merely cells, but the coalescence of cells into fibres of various textures. And here, as we have seen, there is complete unity, though still very imperfect. It is still very difficult to say whether the plant is an individual or whether it is a collection of individuals. You can cut off a twig, and place it in the soil under suitable conditions, and it becomes a new tree. You can repeat this process any number of times. Pass upwards from the plant to the vertebrate animal, and you find a vastly greater multiplicity of parts or organs—brain, heart, lungs, intestines, &c., &c.—these organs when analysed resolving themselves into a relatively small number of tissues, but still far more numerous than the tissues of the highest plant. And, corresponding to this divergency, we find that strongly marked *consensus* of which I have already spoken. Here, then, we have the meaning of that very profound remark of Coleridge—though possibly, like so many others, it was not his own thought—“Life is the tendency to individuation.” That is to say, the higher forms of life are more distinctly individuals than the lower. To use philosophic language, in the higher forms of life, as compared with the lower, there is increased differentiation coupled with increased integra-

tion. There is at once greater variety of parts and greater unity of the whole.

So much for plants and animals. Let us now ask ourselves whether anything of the same kind can be traced in the comparison of different nations, or of nations in different stages? What, in a few words, is the difference between the savage state and the civilised state? Is it not this: that in the savage state, people have very little to do with one another, and are very like one another; in the civilised state, people have very much to do with one another, and are very much unlike one another? In the one case there is independence without individuality; in the other case there is dependence *with* individuality. This is quite contrary to the common democratic prejudice that Rousseau imported into the world, which is widely diffused in America. It differs from the opening statements in Mr. Mill's *Essay on Liberty*. But I think it will be found true. I suppose Shakespeare was a strongly marked individual. Well, try for a moment to think of Shakespeare quite apart from the whole history of England and of Europe before him. You might just as well try to think of the blossom of the aloë existing and growing apart from its leaf and root. If any one should bring himself to doubt that increased civilisation means increased dependence of human beings on one another, let him simply read the *City* articles in the *Times*. Let him see there how an earthquake in Peru brings desolation into an English parsonage. Let him think how other widows than Bulgarian and Bosnian have been ruined by Russian and Turkish wars. Let him remember how Lancashire starved because three hundred years ago Columbus took Africans across the Atlantic. The fact is, that the whole science of sociology, by far the greatest and most momentous of the many acquisitions of science in our century, consists in the study of this *consensus*—how it has grown, how it works, how it can be modified.

But we are here now to think of its effect on health. Let us, then, compare the savage and the civilised man in this respect. It is quite clear at the outset that there is a balance of advantages which is not easy to strike. On the side of the savage there is the open-air life;

the constant muscular exercise; there is the ignorance, in most cases, of alcohol in all its forms from gin to sherry; there is the weeding out, either by direct infanticide or by rigorous climate, of unhealthy elements in infancy; there is the absence of certain fearful hereditary blood-poisonings; there is the absence of harassing business and harassing pleasures; the fever of Speculation, mercantile, philosophical, or religious, is not there;—all these well-known causes of disease are absent. And you find as the result of it that the minute processes of growth go on differently in the savage and in the dwellers in cities. I well remember Livingstone after his first journey to Africa telling me of his surgical operations, removal of tumors, and so on. The two edges of the cut skin grew together, he said, with extraordinary rapidity. If you read Cook's voyages you will find the same thing. We need not travel so far as Africa and Polynesia to see this. A savage, of course, approaches the state of a horse or a dog. Wounds in horses or dogs heal with the same rapidity. I do not mention this as an excuse for vivisection either in the one case or in the other.

There are many obvious and weighty things no doubt to be placed in the opposite scale of the balance. The want of shelter, the want of clothing, the want of warmth, the long intervals of insufficient food, the absence of all those aids and appliances of life which depend on helpful intercourse of man with man—all these weigh heavily on the other side. The brain, too, though less easily goaded to dangerous excitement, is more easily stupefied by paralyzing fear or despondency. Perhaps it is from this reason that epidemics are so fearfully fatal. Perhaps it is also from this reason that at the sight of civilised man, with his magic instruments of death and the resistless appliances of his industry, hope and energy are struck down. The wish to live, the wish to reproduce their kind, ceases; the race dies out. Wise, enlightened, persevering sympathy might possibly preserve them, and slowly render back their strength. But that agency is rarely at hand.

I have touched in passing on many points which it would be interesting to examine. But as we are not proposing

to go back like Rousseau to the savage state, it interests us mainly from the light it throws on the contrasted state of civilised man. And out of many aspects of the subject that might be dwelt on I would draw attention specially to the two ways in which Health is affected by Civilisation: namely, first that the body is acted upon by a more active, more excitable, and more complicated brain; secondly, that there is a more complicated and more stimulating social environment. All this comes to the same thing as saying that there is *more life*; for life consists in the adjustment of the interactions of organism and environment. Where there are more of these interactions, there is more life. Where the adjustment of these interactions goes on harmoniously and without shock, there is health. And since a complicated system is more difficult to maintain in working than a simple system—since, for instance, a watch or a steam-engine is more difficult to keep in order than a windlass or a plough—we may infer that, though health in civilisation may be more perfect, it most assuredly is more difficult, than health in savagery.

Let us again compare some simple social states with others that are less simple. If we are tired of the savage let us look at a peasant proprietor in a French village, or at a wealthy squatter far away among the gum-trees in Australia. The contrast between their life and that of the dwellers in large towns might, for many purposes, be summed up in two epithets borrowed from geometry (and you know modern mathematics are capable of explaining everything). It might be spoken of as the *vertical* state as opposed to the *horizontal*. Remark that to the colonist it is of *comparatively*—I need not say I lay great stress on that word—little importance what his neighbor or the rest of the world do. His food comes to a great extent vertically upwards to him from the ground; water comes vertically downwards to him from the sky. His clothing, whether of wool, or flax, or skin, grows on the spot; his house is built from a quarry in his field, or from logs in his own bit of forest; the refuse from his house and person is buried in the soil, and so on. Contrast all this with the *horizontal*ity, so to speak, of town arrangements. Water is

brought from reservoirs twenty or fifty miles away; food comes from farms miles distant, perhaps from the other side of the Atlantic, or from the other side of the Pacific; clothing from any part of Europe or Asia. As for refuse substances, no vertical removal of them is possible; complicated labyrinths of tunnels, arterial systems, pumping-stations, sewage irrigations, Acts of Parliament, and what not, have to be instituted to prevent us from poisoning one another. Think again of all the horizontality implied in highways, railroads, and telegraphs.

I would not strain my geometrical metaphor further than it will bear. Dwell on one more aspect of the same subject. Think how much historical phenomena have to do with the matter. For good or for evil, for good infinitely more than for evil, but yet for evil also, we have to bear the burden of the past. The treasures are mixed with dross. Take the single instance of house-provision. A squatter in the bush can build his house where he likes, he has hill and vale to choose from; but a house commonly lasts longer than a man, and in towns we have to choose from the houses provided by other generations. Put yourself in the position of a workman who must live near his work, say within a mile of where we are now. Think of the structure of London between Regent Street and the Tower—I speak of the courts, back streets, and lanes, which I would advise you to walk through this evening or tomorrow, they are much more interesting than the lanes of Venice—and then ask the question, How much of all this is due to the intolerably bad domestic government of England from the restoration of the Stuarts down to, let us say, the reign of Dr. Chadwick, thirty or forty years ago? Think how it would have been if London, after the Fire, could have been rebuilt under the eye of Cromwell, instead of the unholy brood who for a whole generation threw England to the dogs, and whose mere names, were it possible, we would forget! Then follow the growth of London into the next century by the light of Hogarth's pictures—take the one picture of *Cruelty*, for instance—and think how very little forethought might have changed the growth of St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, or St.

Anne's, Soho. And then when, by reading, and also by ocular inspection, you have become familiar with the anatomy and physiology of a London court, including the Embryology of it, that is, the way in which it arises, under the motive power of high rents, by the simple process of building rows of small houses at the end, and ultimately at the sides, of back gardens, the wind from each one of the four quarters of the sky hermetically shut out, and the ignorant greed of the builder uninterfered with by wisdom or by policemen of any sort or kind; then I say, when the lesson has been well learnt, go to Hackney, or to Stratford, where new London is ravaging the green fields rapidly, and ask how far is the next generation to be compromised by what the speculative builders are doing there at this moment, and compare the rate of velocity of their proceedings with that of Sir Sydney Waterlow's most admirable building society or of the Peabody trustees.

But since we have thus ventured on historical ground, let us follow on a little farther. Why is it that we have been obliged to pay such attention to public health in England? We have taken the lead, it is admitted, in this matter; is this solely and entirely owing to our superior wisdom and morality, or are there other reasons?

I suppose the facts calling for sanitary interference in this country may be condensed into two: the fact that half the nation is living in large towns, and the fact that milk and pure water are unattainable in country villages. I cannot touch on this latter point; but I think you will find it connected with the disappearance of the numerous freeholds of between twenty and fifty acres that existed till a century ago. But it is worth while to dwell for a moment on the first, because, next to the Norman conquest and the Puritan Revolution, it is certainly the most important event, or set of events, in English History. You are aware, of course, that it is an entirely modern fact. Till almost eighty years ago the growth of towns in England had gone on with steady, quiet progress, from the time of the Tudors downwards. Then began the most stupendous torrent of bricks and mortar that the world has ever seen. In 1801, London—I mean the whole

area of the Metropolitan Board of Works—had about 900,000 people. It now has four times that number. Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Liverpool were all much below 100,000. They now exceed or approach the half-million. The rest of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire has increased in the same way.

Why and how is this? Everyone is ready with the answer. It is the steam-engine—the steam-engine and all the other engines which grew up around it, some before and some after: the spinning-jenny, Arkwright's rollers, Crompton's mule, Cartwright's power-loom, Brindley's canals, the iron-puddling machinery, dyeworks, telegraphs, and all the other countless applications of mathematics, physics, and chemistry.

All this was in the air, was germinating long before; the brains of Descartes, Galileo, Bacon, and Newton, the brains even of Archimedes and the Greek geometers, contained the germs of it. The thing itself, the conquest of Nature by man, was normal, was predestined, is still in great part to come. But our question still is, Why did it come about in England with such terrific and abnormal rapidity? There was science in France as well as in England. There is wealth at this moment in France, after payment of her milliards, as well as in England. But France is not devastated by the hailstorm of hideous towns that has visited this country. When you go from Charing Cross to Paris the two ends of the journey are not alike. I have looked in Paris for a Stratford or a Lambeth, but I have never found it. Misery enough; but not the same wide diffusion of unorganized meanness, shabbiness, and squalor. There must be a reason for this.

And, again, I go back to the second of my three great events of English history—I mean the Puritan Revolution—and ask myself, How would it have been if that revolution had not come to so violent and abortive a close? Put prejudice aside, and realise for a moment by the aid of Milton, Bunyan, and Thomas Carlyle what the government of Cromwell and his Ironsides meant. Think that England was really for a series of years governed by a set of plain hard-headed men of business, to whom the

Christian religion was the most intense reality, a thing to put into every day working practice in the management of life, public as well as private. And is it not probable, or rather certain, that if their influence could have been maintained, in however modified a way, the industrial development of England would have been widely different; that while there would have been no Buddhist or monastic indifference to material progress, yet that politics (that is to say industry, which is modern politics) would have been subordinated to morality, to a degree of which the French Convention alone, perhaps, in subsequent history has given the world some imperfect glimpse? You will say that 1688 followed thirty years after Cromwell's death, and that the good side of Puritanism was preserved, its extravagances sifted away. I reply that *the men* were gone. England had driven them out. The torch of republican progress was in French hands. The most strenuous types of manhood since the best days of the Roman commonwealth had been chased beyond seas—to Holland, to Geneva, and finally across the Atlantic, where they were not heard of for a hundred years, and then were heard somewhat too loudly.

I am not indulging in any spirit of paradox, nor in any feeling of detraction of our own modern time. I recognise the renewal in our own immediate generation of a nobler spirit of public morality, underneath all outward discouragement. Our political economy, for instance, imperfect though it be, is widely different from the base doctrines taught publicly thirty or forty years ago; and many other signs there are of the same kind. But the eighteenth century in England seems to me a time when, owing to the banishment or suppression of her noblest and bravest men, public morality was dormant or dead; when the greatest statesman, with the applause of his fellow-citizens (you may read it on Chatham's pedestal in the Guildhall now), deliberately waged war for the sake of commerce; when all harmonious proportion between the aspects of man's many-sided life was lost; when all the sentences of the old prayer were forgotten, except that which asks for daily bread; when all the scientific energy of the nation was concentrated



in the alchemistic search for gold, until at last the uncouth Genius came at our bidding, streaming down, with profuse irony, his inky gifts of crowded town and hideous trailing suburb, and blackened fields, and devastating chimneys;—has come at our bidding, and as yet refuses to go. Like the Athenians with their nether-gods, so we, euphemistically trembling, decorate him with an imposing title. We call him Beneficent Law of Supply and Demand; and put up what poor earthworks of defence we may in the shape of sanitary appliances, drainage works, and pollution of river commissions. But most of us still believe that his dominion will endure for ever.

So much for the first of the two modes in which civilisation affects health. It creates a complicated set of circumstances, a complicated social environment which may or may not be favorable to health. This is the political side of the subject. Now a few words, and they must be but few, on the second mode. The results of civilisation, the gains of human tradition, from the savage of glacial epochs to Londoners and Parisians of the nineteenth century, are condensed, in the shape of faculties, emotions, desires, aspirations, instincts, activities, within a storehouse of energy which we call the Human Brain. This brain is either at one with itself, or it is at discord with itself. Its reaction on the body will vary accordingly. The complicated social environment; the complicated brain. These are the two aspects of the matter. The first is the political side of health, the second the moral side.

There is a great deal of discussion about the brain in our time, and some of it is curious. There are people who open the skulls of animals (not yet of men, which would be more rational possibly) and thrust electric wires into the brain, and then watch to see what happens. They think much light will be thrown on human nature in this way. I say nothing here of the right or wrong of this, but one word as to its sense or nonsense. To me such people seem like a man who, instead of standing in front of one of Raphael's pictures to look at it, should go behind the frame, pick out a few fibres from the canvas, and, by the help of great botanical knowledge and a strong microscope, should decide what

species of hemp or flax it was made of. You remonstrate. "Oh," he says, "your way of standing there looking at the picture is mere superficial, empirical observation; that is not the scientific way of proceeding. Let us first decide the species of the flax and the chemical composition of the pigments, then, perhaps, a thousand years hence we shall get to know something of the way in which they were put together." So be it. Let us go our way, and him his. Let us be content to follow far behind in the track of Aristotle and Shakespeare, and study the brain as it shows itself in thoughts, energies, and feelings.

Our first question, then, is this: Do thoughts, energies, and feelings act upon bodily health at all?

In novels people always die of broken hearts; in real life it is said they never do. Very shallow practical men rather pride themselves in exposing the flimsy fallacy; yet the common sense of mankind in general, and the less common sense of poets, philosophers, and experienced physicians, is not so entirely against the novelists as might be supposed. Where does the truth lie?

I suppose the truth is pretty well illustrated by what occurs in Indian famines. No one in an Indian famine, as we know, ever dies of starvation. This would be contrary to official rule. There are deaths of course. Somehow or other the death-rate rises a little, then it rises a good deal, and at last enormously above the average; but these are deaths not from famine, but from liver disease, dysentery, fevers of various kinds, and so on. We are all of us so wonderfully willing to submit to the dominion of words that this account of the matter is very apt to satisfy us. Such a person dies of bronchitis. Bronchitis is a respectable medical entity with a regular set of symptoms, with a proper set of drugs appropriated to it, with a recognised place in the records of the Registrar-General; so that when we have set it down that a man dies of bronchitis, what more can be wished for? So in India, "No deaths from famine have occurred this week." What energy on the part of the administration!

Yet without disparaging this energy, which every candid man knows to be very great, often heroic and self-sacrific-

ing, it may be permitted to go one foot deeper below the surface, and to ask what brought this bronchitis or this dysentery on? Was it that the tiny cells that form the outer coating of the membrane that lines the air-tubes had become more short-lived, more liable to decay, reproducing themselves in unhealthy multitudes more rapidly than usual, and thus forming the substance that we know as purulent matter? And is this rapid growth of unhealthy cells, that ought to have developed themselves into healthy fibres and membranes, but could not, a symptom or outcome of poor blood ill supplied with fat or starch or gluten? And if this be so, is it very important which was the particular portion of the mucous surface, whether in lung or intestine, which some slight outside irritant, or some slight inherited weakness, caused to give way first? Death from insufficient food—surely that is the right answer—whether it was in the bronchial membrane or the intestinal membrane that the mischief first revealed itself. Throw a cricket-ball along the turf, and ultimately some one particular little tuft of grass stops it; but I suppose the explanation of stoppage lies in a very great number of similar grass-tufts, insufficiently resisted by the hand that threw.

So is it with the moral antecedents of disease. There are cases where the sudden shock of unforeseen calamity is transmitted with such intense violence from the brain to the heart as to stop its action there and then, and the man falls down dead. But such things are as rare as deaths from pure unmitigated starvation. For one such case as this, how many thousands, how many millions, where the balance of functions undergoes some slight unperceived accumulating disturbance! There is an instinct within us which, without analysing it further just now, we may call the self-preserving instinct. When we stumble, the arm is thrust out violently to restore the balance. When a stone or insect flies too near the eyes, the lids close involuntarily. When the air in the lungs becomes too highly charged with refuse, this instinct shows itself in the *besoin de respirer*, and deep draughts of fresh air are taken in. And so with every other function of the body. This instinct (I am not now discussing whether it be

simple or complex) takes cognizance as it were of the uneasy sensations that indicate the need of food, of drink, of exercise, and of every other natural function.

Now see what happens when from any cause whatever this instinct is interfered with. Take simple instances to begin with. Watch animals. *Vivinspection* is a much more fruitful way of reaching truth of this kind than *Vivisection*. Watch a favorite dog that has been waiting an hour or two for his dinner, and then, just as it is brought, invite him for a walk. The excitement of joy utterly overwhelms hunger, the whole muscular system is violently agitated: *non ha membro, che terga fermo*, as Dante would say; and the meal is for the moment utterly forgotten. I often watch this little spectacle, and it seems to me to have a great deal of instruction in it. Here we have an interruption to the self-preserving instinct, but it is a disturbance of a thoroughly healthy kind; the sense of hunger returns in very good time; meantime there has been a good walk, the blood has been purified, the digestive organs are readier for their work. Such a disturbance as this is like the discords of the musician which pave the way to higher harmony. This temporary superseding, and so to speak natural and spontaneous discipline, of the lower instincts lies at the very root of the higher forms of health.

But now take instances of the opposite kind. Watch a dog that has lost its master, or a wild creature newly taken captive. See the paralysis both of animal energy and vegetal energy that results. Note the failure of muscular activity, the failure of respiration, the failure of digestion and appetite. I saw a parrot not long ago refuse its food for two days from jealousy of a white dove whose cage had been placed in the same room. I say again, watch your animals; don't vivisect them, *vivinspect* them, and see what wisdom can be got out of them that way. You see then, even among them, what an element of disturbance or of strengthening the health, emotion may be. And now follow out these rudimentary truths to their legitimate logical consequences among savages, and then among civilised men. See how we tend more and more to live by the brain.

More than ever is it evident now that man lives not by bread alone. "We live," says Wordsworth, "by Admiration, Hope, and Love; and even as these are well and wisely fixed, in dignity of being we ascend." And do you suppose that it is of no consequence to that harmonious vigor of bodily functions whether these things *are* well and wisely fixed, or whether they are fixed at all? Are you so credulous as to suppose that carking care, and fretful discontent, and feverish excitement, and thwarted ambition, and cankering remorse can do their work for years and show no sign? Read what poet Blake thought as he wandered about London streets, looking at what passed him like a ghost in a city of ghosts:—

"I wander through each chartered street  
Near where the chartered Thames does  
flow,  
And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  
  
In every cry of every man,  
In every infant's cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forged manacles I hear.  
  
How the chimney-sweeper's cry,  
Every blackning church appals:  
And the hapless soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down palace walls.  
  
But most through midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,  
And blights with plagues the marriage  
hearse."

There are many types, both bad and good, of the opposite kind. All concentrated unity of moral purpose, bad or good, tends to harmony of bodily functions, to physical vigor, to health. Life-long avarice, successful ambition, have this result very often. There is selfish unity of purpose, and there is unselfish unity. But remark that the first can only exist in the few that are strong and successful: in the two or three misers that win fortunes, the two or three slaves of ambition that wade their way through slaughter to a throne. Thwarted ambition, thwarted avarice, lead to a very different result. The only unity which is perfect, the only unity which is attainable by the weak as well as by the strong, is that which goes side by side with union: at once the source of it, and the result. Those who have seen the per-

fect type of unselfish old age, where love is as bright as in the days of childhood, will understand this. But I must not pursue this subject any further.

And now, after all this expatiating over a very wide extent of country, it is time to ask myself, as you will no doubt have asked me, the question, What does it all come to? What is the practical drift? What are we to do?

Undoubtedly this question should have been before us from the outset. Disquisitions on the structure of society, which are intended to leave us where they found us, have always filled me with a sense of unutterable ennui. Sir Isaac Newton, as we all know, compares scientific discoverers to children picking up shells on the seashore. Well, shells on the seashore may be polished, and put into a cabinet, or something pretty may be made of them; but analysis of the evils of society, unless something is to come of it, is more like a little boy pulling his drum to pieces to see what is inside. We had so much better spend our time in listening to Wagner or looking at Mr. Burne Jones's pictures. Yet if I am not wholly wrong, there is an intensely practical object in the kind of thoughts which I have tried to set before you. And I speak with the less diffidence, that they are none of my own originating. The seeds of all of them were sown by another.

Let us see to what we have come. We have seen that for civilised man health is an infinitely deeper and more complex word than is generally supposed; that it implies the vigorous and harmonious working together of all functions, not physical only, but mental and moral; not lungs merely, and heart, and muscle, and digestive organs, but of nerve and brain; that a very great deal more enters into the subject than considerations of pure air and pure water, and unpoisoned food, and wholesome houses, and disinfection, and vaccination, and drainage, and sewage irrigation; that these things are of real and urgent and unquestionable moment, but that they are not all that is wanted, nor yet nearly so much as half what is wanted; and further, that so long as they are considered as being all, so long as exclusive consideration is given to them, precisely so long will their attainment be impossi-

ble. We have all looked at Dr. Richardson's beautiful picture of Hygieia, the city of Health, and the thought forces itself upon some of us, Where will the servants be lodged? The people who clean the chimneys and brush the beautiful parquet-flooring—what wages will they get, and where will they live? Will there be any costermongers, any poor Irish, any pauperism, any wholesale out-relief, any ignorant or indolent almsgiving, any sectarian soup kitchens; and, as a consequence of all these things, any poor people flocking from far and wide towards this vision of food without work; and then, when their patronesses have run away from Hygieia for the London season, ready to do charring-work for eighteen-pence a day? Or is there to be no London season for the happy and contented dwellers in this wonderful city? No imperious calls on dressmakers, and temptations to their workwomen to break the factory act or starve. No sudden revolutions of fashion from silks to velvet, from alpaca to cashmere, turning myriads of spinners and weavers out of work in Bradford or in Coventry, and overtaxing the factories of other places, thus driving in country people to the towns before houses can be built for them, demoralising them by sudden flushes of high wages, poisoning them in over-crowded lodgings, and then, when the tide of fashion changes, again turning them adrift? Or again, will there be any house speculators in this city? Will the town council be empowered to pass building by-laws? if so, will it be elected by universal suffrage, and in that case is it certain that there will be no vestryman or councilman anxious for rents and glad to get the building standard a little lowered? Or will publicans be excluded by law, and the alcoholic question satisfactorily solved? The luxury problem—one man's labor for a day being consumed by another in five minutes; the new machinery question—involving sudden privation of work to hundreds, sudden accession of unwholesome work and wages and demoralising town-conditions to thousands; the capital and labor question in every one of its aspects; how for a moment can we dream of cities of Hygieia without taking account of these things? And even supposing

it were otherwise, fancy what a city of valetudinarians it would be! Fancy a life in which the preservation of health were made the one great object of concern. Think of the common places of every-day talk. How one would yearn for the small-talk and scandal of the vulgarest watering-place, by comparison.

We must not forget that the highest health, like the highest virtue, supposes the unconsciousness of its own existence. Struggling, as we in England, and more especially in London and Lancashire, are now, against social diseases of a special and altogether exceptional kind, produced by revolutionary confusion and by one-sided industrial development, we have, like other sick people, to think a great deal about our symptoms, and to surround ourselves, so to speak, with medicine bottles and nursing appliances. But pitiable indeed were the prospect if this state were to be the normal condition of civilised man. One should be tempted in that case to try Plato's drastic remedies—banish all physicians from the Republic, let Death work his will, and let none but the sound and strong survive.

Nay, as I said before, it is one of the conditions of cure, even in the practical present that surrounds us, that we do not concentrate too disproportionate an amount of attention on the physical and material side of the malady. There are many of the evils and dangers which confront us which it is best to attack indirectly rather than directly—by a flank movement as it were, or by the slow process of undermining the citadel. The Temperance problem is a case in point. People are now beginning to see the futility of adding an eleventh commandment to the Decalogue, Thou shalt not drink gin; or rather they now propose to alter it thus: Thou shalt forget the dull dreariness of thy daily burden in bright wholesome social pleasures, a sufficient share of which we will provide for thee.

I have tried to show that the Health problem is but the visible out-cropping of far deeper-rooted spiritual evils; one among the many results of a disorganization of life visible and explicable to those who try to render to themselves an account of the changes of faith and opinion in later European history. There is no use disguising it, the root of the



matter lies here. A very fundamental change in our way of regarding man and his life upon this earth; a careful examination of the laws of development by which we have reached all that is good in our present state of progress; a reverential study of the lives of the great men who in accordance with these laws of development have been the agents of this progress; a submission to this human Order, and the conviction of the possibility of wisely modifying it, and as the final upshot of all this, a new ideal set before all men, the humblest no less than the wisest, towards which they may set their faces and their footsteps in steadfast hope and courage; all this, nothing less than this, is in the world now, is surely and silently germinating, and when it has branched out a little, the public health question, like a good many other questions, will find their natural and speedy solution.

To put it in another way: it is universally held that for individual sick men, medicine without physiology, the art of healing without a knowledge of the laws of life and growth, is mere quackery and empiricism. So it is with public health and public diseases. There must be a study of the laws of social life and social growth before there can be any attempt to cure.

It will be seen, then, that, like a previous lecturer before this Society, I believe in the efficaciousness of Education. Only, are we sure that we all mean the same thing by this word? We know what Aristotle meant by it. He meant an agency for the implanting of sound and virtuous habits. Nothing else would satisfy him for a moment. And what he wanted was not realised till three hundred years afterwards, when St. Paul planted the shores of the Mediterranean with Catholic societies. And to take lower ground for a moment, I cannot but think that we have gone a little backwards and downwards in our notion of education from the time when, fifty years ago, Owen and his band of dreamers included in that word all the influences that surround life and that form character. I would not disparage the London School Board for a moment, entertaining as I do a great respect for their operations; but it has always seemed to me that Education was a

rather ambitious word to use for the process by which many thousands of little children are taught by other children nearly as little to read and write imperfectly.

If, however, I were asked, What or where is my solution of the Public Health problem, my cure for the degradation of civilised life which makes it needful to consider that problem? I too should say with others, Nowhere but in education can it be found. But then I should propose to define education, not the teaching the little children of the poor to read and write imperfectly, combined in the case of a few clever ones with a "laborious inacquaintance" with geography and English grammar; nor even the technical teaching now so much in vogue, which is to teach men trades, make them better instruments of production, and enable us to hold our own in the European struggle for commercial existence; nor even that *crème de la crème* of university culture, the capacity for writing mediocre verses in a dead language. Of all these things I would speak with the varying measure of respect which belongs to them; but for the purpose before us, namely, the purpose of securing the healthful life of a nation, I would define Education as the effort to place before children, men, and women, whether rich or poor, the highest ideal that we can frame to ourselves of human life.

I believe that this will be regarded as utterly visionary. I fear that even Mr. Ruskin, himself perhaps a visionary in some things, would demur to it. But surely it is only our amazing want of faith and settled conviction of any sort that makes us say so. Look at it in this way. The Bible is not yet driven out of our schools, though many excellent people, from motives which I understand and respect, are trying very hard to secure this object. But from a simply secular view, what is the Bible but the highest culture of a remarkable people two thousand years ago? If Abraham and Moses and David and Isaiah have become familiar names to the humblest, where lies the impossibility of enlarging the scale a little, and instead of driving out the Bible in order to give more time for the study of adverbs, adjectives, industrial products, and the like, add to the Bible some continuous chain of the

great poets, thinkers, and statesmen that make up the tradition of humanity. A Catholic, who has his lives of saints linked together through the Middle Ages, might understand this better. A Jew, perhaps, or a Chinese, whose tradition is unbroken for three thousand years, might understand it better still. In a word, the education needed for healthful national life is such as to restore to England the old Puritan energy and devotion. But, Puritanism with a larger Bible.

Do you ask again, What has all this to do with public health? I reply, It has everything to do with it. Public disease springs from indifference to life, because life has been made worthless. If you would have public health, you must make life valued, and to that end you must make it valuable.

I need not say that to make these elemental truths living and vital, to bind them not merely by rote upon the tongue, not merely by reason upon the intellect, but to stamp them upon the heart and the character, something more will be needed than philosophic lectures. Of deeds, of conduct, of life, of example, I say nothing here; but for the mere reception of the thought into the mind something more than speech is needed. Speech is good, but Art is better; and here lies the true future of Art—a golden future indeed. The five sisters, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, Music, each and all must work their magic in our favor, kindling the dry fuel of philosophic force into the flames of inspiration and energy. Bear with me if I seem to take refuge in Utopia for a moment, remembering only, what you will find borne out in history, that the Utopias of one generation are very often the familiar dwelling-places of the next, and that though some are marsh-fires that lead astray, others are stars that guide.

Is it, after all, so very chimerical to conceive some rich man building somewhere east of the Bank a somewhat stately room, not meaner, perhaps, in its proportions than the beautiful hall of the Reform Club—for this is to be a Reform Club too—and that the walls and corridors should be trusted to a painter and a sculptor for handling of the noblest subject that human imagination will ever be able to conceive—the growth of social

life, symbolically treated as in Homer's shield of Achilles, and the series of great men who best represent the stream of the noblest human progress. Take, if you can find it, some grander programme for this purpose than is set forth in the historical calendar of Auguste Comte; or take that, if you can find, as I can find, none better: there would be a large agreement between every one on this head, whichever list was chosen. Endow some reader to read at intervals from the great world poets; some musical choir to render such passages from the great musicians as, being simple and grand and tender, shall take the hearts of all that hear them captive; finally, from time to time, let some man who knows, by a few simple words, point the moral of the whole, and would you not have in some such scheme as this a civilising and, in the truest sense, a health-giving agency? Would it not, I again say, conduce to the public health, in the narrowest and most superficial as well as in the widest sense of that word, that something of the pomp, and stateliness, and dignity, and splendor of human life should be brought within the reach of the humblest? Who that has seen the grand ragged Roman beggars resting in the warmth and magnificence of their vast churches but has had some glimpse of this?

Art is far more accessible to the ignorant than we suppose. People who read and write, and who come of parents who read and wrote, are very apt to judge of others by their own incompetence. But the sons of shoemakers, carpenters, and blacksmiths are born with hands far better prepared than ours. Let us remember that there were men in the glacial epochs, say fifty thousand years ago, who carved bones and drew pictures of animals very far better than many of us here can do. Or, again, go into the worst hovels of Westminster or Clerkenwell, you will find, no books, but the walls lined with pictures. Science, book-learning, and so on, is not natural to man, but Art is.

Then, side by side with Art, try Nature. Side by side of the worship of Humanity, or, if you please, *reverence* for Humanity, try the worship of the earth and sky. Remember Miss Nightingale's story of the dying man in hospital, where

the windows were too high from the ground. "He didn't know anything about Natur, but he should like to have one look out at window before he died." You think the colonist's earth-hunger, the passion of the French peasant for his freehold, is mere sordid greed. It *is* that; and it is also something infinitely larger and higher than that. It is the earth-worship instinctive in the race. If you doubt it, look at the geranium-pots in the back alleys of Bethnal Green.

This brings me to the last point I will obtrude upon you. In the name of public health, the health of London and Liverpool, as well as of England generally, make the most of what of the rural population is still left to us. Six out of each eleven persons living in London were born outside it. If you talk to them you will find they do not regret their country villages. There is no home-sickness. Why? Because village life is dull; because in London, with its vile lodgings and precarious struggle for existence, there is excitement, there is life by the brain. There is a rich multifarious drama every Saturday night in the Whitechapel Road. Flaring gas-lights; strong lights and shadows; carts of vegetables and cheap fruits; variety of strongly seasoned food; toys, colors, shop-windows, street-cries, collisions, medleys of all sorts, and stimulating social intercourse. What is there in country villages to compare with this? The very fairs, instead of being made decent, have been abolished. Then in London there is independence. There is no farmer to turn one adrift at a week's notice, or to strip the ripe grapes from the pretty cottage walls or the ripe cider-apples from the trees. I speak of things I have myself seen and known. And I lived for years on the estate of a most philanthropic nobleman.

In the interests of town and country alike, is there not some reasonable percentage among the twelve thousand gentlemen who possess two-thirds of the soil of England, who are ready to become great citizens, who are prepared to stop the velocity of this exodus from villages, by making village life more bright, more

free, more strong—in one word, more healthy? Some slight restoration of the twenty-acre freeholds of past times, some fixed ownership of house and garden, some genial stimulating culture—difficult of attainment though all this be—is it so chimerically impossible? Must the whole work of rural progress be left to Joseph Arch and other subsequent antagonisms far more fierce and far less manly?

I have done; but in ending, as in beginning, let me deprecate very earnestly the thought that by any implication I have disparaged other projects of reform, more practical apparently and more immediate, in the obtrusion of my own. And especially let it be granted me to say one word in thankful praise of the lecture and of the lectress who opened the course this year by her plea for Open Spaces. From the precept and example of Miss Octavia Hill I have always thought it a privilege to be a learner. Her close contact with the hard, dry, minute, tedious facts of misery, whether in Barrett Court or in out-relief committees; her attempts to lessen, not so much physical pain, as moral degradation; her up-hill struggle against the miserable indulgence of indolent or sectarian almsgiving; and her last patient and eloquent pleading for green breathing-spaces and resting-places close to the homes of the poor, are all precious, not merely for their immediate beneficence to the needy, but still more because they seem to me a sort of object-lessons in large type *for the rich* in elementary social ethics—lessons which can hardly fail to lead the pupils in her school to larger and deeper issues. Moreover, they will bear, as many other remedial measures will not bear, the test which should be applied to all palliatives; that is to say, being beneficent for the immediate present, they are such as to facilitate, not such as to prejudice, the future. They are not impediments, but instalments, of that guiding ideal towards which each one of us, I believe, whatever his point of departure, whatever the path he may have chosen, purposes to strive.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## A GUIDE TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PEOPLE repeat, till one is almost tired of it, the story of the French Minister of Instruction who took out his watch and said complacently to a foreigner, that at that moment, in all the public grammar-schools of France, all boys of the same class were saying the same lesson. In England the story has been eagerly used to disparage State-meddling with schools. I have never been able to see that it was in itself so very lamentable a thing that all these French boys should be saying the same lesson at the same time. Everything, surely, depends upon what the lesson was. Once secure what is excellent to be taught, and you can hardly teach it with too much insistence, punctuality, universality. The more one sees of the young, the more one is struck with two things: how limited is the amount which they can really learn, how worthless is much of what goes to make up this limited amount now. But the heart-breaking thing is, when what they *can* be taught and *do* learn is ill-chosen. 'An apple has a stalk, peel, pulp, core, pips and juice; it is odorous and opaque, and is used for making a pleasant drink called cider.' There is the pedant's fashion of using the brief lesson-time, the soon-tired attention, of little children. How much, how far too much, of all our course of tuition, early and late, is of like value!

For myself, I lament nothing more in our actual instruction than its multiformity—a multiformity, too often, of false direction and useless labor. I desire nothing so much for it as greater uniformity—but uniformity in good. Nothing is taught well except what is known familiarly and taught often. The Greeks used to say: Δίς ἢ τρίς τὰ καλά—Give us a fine thing two and three times over! In literature we have present, and prepared to form us, the best which has been thought and said in the world. Our business is to get at this best and to know it well. But even to understand the thing we are dealing with, and to

choose the best in it, we need a guide, a clue. The literature most accessible to all of us, touching us most nearly, is our own literature, English literature. To get at the best in English literature and to know that best well, nothing can be more helpful to us than a guide who will show us, in clear view, the growth of our literature, its series of productions, and their relative value. If such a guide is good and trustworthy, his instructions cannot be too widely brought into use, too diligently studied, too thoroughly fixed in the mind.

But to deserve such universal acceptance and such heedful attention our guide ought to have special qualifications. He ought to be clear. He ought to be brief, as brief as is consistent with not being dry. For dry he must not be, but we should be made to feel, in listening to him, as much as possible of the power and charm of the literature to which he introduces us. His discourse, finally, ought to observe strict proportion, and to observe strict sobriety. He should have one scale, and should keep to it. And he should severely eschew all violence and exaggeration; he should avoid, in his judgments, even the least appearance of what is arbitrary, personal, fantastic.

Mr. Stopford Brooke published last year a little book entitled *A Primer of English Literature*. I read it with the most lively interest and pleasure. I have just been saying how very desirable is a good guide to English literature, and what are a good guide's qualifications. Mr. Stopford Brooke seems to me to possess them all. True, he has some of them in a higher degree than others. He is never dry, never violent, but occasionally he might, I think, be clearer, shorter, in more perfect proportion, more thoroughly true of judgment. To say this is merely to say that in a most difficult task, that of producing a book to serve as a guide to English literature, a man does not reach perfection all at once. The great thing was to produce a primer so good as Mr. Stopford Brooke's; it is easy to criticise it when it has once

\* *Primer of English Literature*; by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Macmillan & Co., and D. Appleton & Co.



been produced, easy to see how in some points it might have been made better. To produce it at all, so good as it is, was not easy. On the whole, and compared with other workmen in the same field, Mr. Stopford Brooke has been clear, short, interesting, observant of proportion, free from exaggeration and free from arbitrariness. Yet with the book lying before one as a whole, one can see, I think, that with respect to some of these merits the work might be brought to a point of excellence higher than that at which it now stands. Mr. Stopford Brooke will not, I am sure, take it amiss, if an attentive and gratified reader of his book, convinced of the great importance of what it attempts, convinced of its merits, desirous to see it in every one's hands, he will not take it ill, if such a reader asks his leave to go rapidly through the book with him, to point out what seem imperfections, to suggest what might bring his book yet nearer towards the ideal of what such a book should be.

I will begin at the beginning, and suggest that Mr. Stopford Brooke should leave out his first two pages, the pages in which he lays down what literature is, and what its two main divisions (as he calls them), prose and poetry, are. His primer is somewhat long, longer than most primers; and it is a gain to shorten it by expunging anything superfluous. And the reader does not require to be told what literature is, and what prose and poetry are; for all practical purposes he knows this sufficiently well already. Or even if he were in doubt about it, Mr. Stopford Brooke's two pages would not make the matter much clearer to him; they are a little embarrassed themselves, and tend to embarrass the attentive reader. And a primer, at any rate, should be above all things quite plain and clear; it should contain nothing to embarrass its reader, nothing not perfectly thought out and lucidly laid down. So I wish Mr. Stopford Brooke would begin his primer with what is now the fourth section: 'The history of English literature is the story of what English men and women thought and felt, and then wrote down in good prose or beautiful poetry in the English language. The story is a long one. It

begins about the year 670, and it is still going on in the year 1875. Into this little book, then, is to be put the story of 1200 years.' Nothing can be better.

The sentence which follows is questionable:—

No people that have ever been in the world can look back so far as we English can to the beginnings of our literature; no people can point to so long and splendid a train of poets and prose-writers, no nation has on the whole written so much and so well.

The first part of this sentence makes an assertion of very doubtful truth; the second part is too much to the tune of 'Rule Britannia.' Both parts offend against sobriety. The four cardinal virtues which are, as I have said, to be required in the writer of a primer of English literature are these: clearness, brevity, proportion, sobriety. Sobriety needs to be insisted upon, perhaps, the most, because in things meant, and rightly meant, to be popular, there is such danger of sinning against it. Anything of questionable and disputed truth, even though we may fairly hold it and in a longer writing might fairly lay it down and defend it, is out of place in a primer. It is an offence against sobriety to insert it there. And let Mr. Stopford Brooke ask himself what foreigner, or who except an Englishman, would admit that 'no people can point to so long and splendid a train of poets and prose-writers as the English people, no nation has on the whole written so much and so well'? Nay, it is not every Englishman who would admit it. What follows is in a truer strain, in the right strain for a guide to take:—

Every English man and woman has good reason to be proud of the work done by their forefathers in prose and poetry. Every one who can write a good book or a good song may say to himself, 'I belong to a great company which has been teaching and delighting men for more than a thousand years.' And that is a fact in which those who write and those who read ought to feel a noble pride.

This is unquestionable, and it is sufficient.

Nothing, in a task like Mr. Stopford Brooke's, is more difficult than the start, and it was natural, therefore, that his first page or two should be peculiarly open to criticism. Once started, Mr. Stopford Brooke proceeds safely and smoothly, and page after page is read

with nothing but acquiescence. His first chapter is excellent, and has that great merit for which his primer is, as I have said, conspicuous; the merit of so touching men and works of which the young reader, and the general reader, knows and can be expected to know very little, as to make them cease to be mere names, as to give a real sense of their power and charm. His manner of dealing with Cædmon and Bede is a signal instance of this. I shall not quote the passage, because I wish to quote presently another passage with the like merit, in which Mr. Stopford Brooke is even happier—the passage where he treats of Chaucer.

In the second chapter there is in several places a want of clearness, due to a manner of writing which leaves something to be filled out and completed by the reader himself. This task should not be thrown upon readers of a primer. 'The last memoranda of the Peterborough Chronicle are of the year 1154, the last English Charter can scarcely be earlier than 1155.' Mr. Stopford Brooke gives these words as a quotation, but it is not fully clear how they relate themselves to the context, or exactly what is to be deduced from them. Or the want of clearness arises from an attempt to give a piece of information by the way, and because the piece of information seems to be a part of the argument, but is not. 'The first friars were foreigners, and they necessarily used many French words in their English teaching, and Normans as well as English now began to write religious works in English.' The point to be made out is that English came into greater use because even foreigners had for certain purposes to adopt it. Mr. Stopford Brooke wishes to inform by the way his young reader, that the foreigners in doing so used many French words. But the manner in which he throws this in must cause puzzle; for the young reader imagines it to lead up somehow to the main point that English came into more general use, and it does not. Or the want of clearness arises from something being put forward, about which Mr. Stopford Brooke, after he has put it forward, feels hesitation. 'The poem marks the close of the religious influence of the friars. They had been attacked before in a poem

of 1320; but in this poem there is not a word said against them. It is true, the author living far in the country may not have been thrown much with them.' Mr. Stopford Brooke means here, so far as I understand him, to imply that there not being a word said against the friars in the poem in question marks the close of their religious influence. That is rather a subtle inference for a young reader to follow. Mr. Stopford Brooke, however, seems to feel (for I am really not quite sure that I understand him) that he may have been too subtle; and he adds: 'It is true, the author living far in the country may not have been thrown much with them.' That is to say: 'If you consider the thing more subtly, perhaps you had better not make the inference I have suggested.' A subtlety requiring immediately to be relieved by another subtlety, is rather too much for a young reader. The writer of a primer should attempt to convey nothing but what can be conveyed in a quite plain and straightforward fashion.

But presently we come to Layamon's *Brut*, and here we see how admirably Mr. Stopford Brooke understands his business. It is not difficult to be dull in speaking of Layamon's *Brut*, or even in quoting from it. But what Mr. Stopford Brooke says of Layamon and his work is just what every one will feel interested in hearing of them; and what he quotes is exactly what will complete and enhance this feeling of interest:—

'There was a priest in the land,' Layamon writes of himself, 'whose name was Layamon; he was son of Leovenath; may the Lord be gracious unto him! He dwelt at Earnley, a noble church on the bank of Severn, near Radstone, where he read books. It came in mind to him and in his chiefest thought that he would tell the noble deeds of England, what the men were named, and whence they came, who first had English land.'

Freshness of touch, a treatment always the very opposite of the pedant's treatment of things, make the great charm of Mr. Stopford Brooke's work. He owes them, no doubt, to his genuine love for nature and poetry:—

In 1300 we meet with a few lyric poems, full of charm. They sing of spring-time with its blossoms of the woods ringing with the thrush and nightingale, of the flowers and the seemingly sun, of country work, of the woes and joy of love, and many other delightful things.

No such secret of freshness as delight in all these 'delightful things' and in the poetry which tells of them!

This second chapter, giving the history of English literature from the Conquest to Chaucer, is admirably proportioned. The figures come in due order, the humblest not without his due word of introduction; the chief figures pause awhile and stand clear before us, each in his due degree of prominence. To do justice to the charm of Mr. Stopford Brooke's primer, let the reader turn to the pages on Chaucer. Something I must quote from them; I wish I could quote all!

Chaucer's first and great delight was in human nature, and he makes us love the noble characters in his poems, and feel with kindness towards the baser and ruder sort. He never sneers, for he had a wide charity, and we can always smile in his pages at the follies and forgive the sins of men. He had a true and chivalrous regard for women, and his wife and he must have been very happy if they fulfilled the ideal he had of marriage. He lived in aristocratic society, and yet he thought him the greatest gentleman who was 'most virtuous alway, Privé and pert (open), and most entendeth aye To do the gentil dedes that he can.' He lived frankly among men, and, as we have seen, saw many different types of men, and in his own time filled many parts as a man of the world and of business. Yet with all this active and observant life, he was commonly very quiet and kept much to himself. The Host in the Tales japes at him for his lonely, abstracted air. 'Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare, And ever on the ground I see thee stare.' Being a good scholar, he read morning and night alone, and he says that after his (office) work he would go home and sit at another book as dumb as a stone, till his look was dazed. While at study and when he was making of songs and ditties, 'nothing else that God had made' had any interest for him. There was but one thing that roused him then, and that too he liked to enjoy alone. It was the beauty of the morning and the fields, the woods, the streams, the flowers, and the singing of the little birds. This made his heart full of revel and solace, and when spring came after winter, he rose with the lark and cried, 'Farewell my book and my devotion.' He was the first who made the love of nature a distinct element in our poetry. He was the first who, in spending the whole day gazing alone on the daisy, set going that lonely delight in natural scenery which is so special a mark of our later poets. He lived thus a double life, in and out of the world, but never a gloomy one. For he was fond of mirth and good-living, and when he grew towards age was portly of waist, 'no poppet to embrace.' But he kept to the end his elfish

countenance, the shy, delicate, half mischievous face which looked on men from its grey hair and forked beard, and was set off by his light grey-colored dress and hood. A knife and inkhorn hung on his dress, we see a rosary in his hand, and when he was alone he walked swiftly.

I could not bring myself to make the quotation shorter, although Mr. Stopford Brooke may ask me, indeed, why I do not observe in a review the proportion which I demand in a primer.

The third and fourth chapters bring us to the Renaissance and the Elizabethan age. Spenser is touched by Mr. Stopford Brooke almost as charmingly as Chaucer. The pages on Shakspeare are full of interest, and the great poet gains by the mode in which we are led up to him. Mr. Stopford Brooke has remembered that Shakspeare is, as Goethe said, not truly seen when he is regarded as a great single mountain rising straight out of the plain; he is truly seen when seen among the hills of his *Riesen-Heimath*, his giant home—among them, though towering high above them. Only one or two sentences I could wish otherwise. Mr. Stopford Brooke says of Shakspeare's last plays:—

All these belong to and praise forgiveness, and it seems, if we may conjecture, that looking back on all the wrong he had suffered and on all that he had done, Shakspeare could say in the forgiveness he gave to men and in the forgiveness he sought of heaven the words he had written in earlier days: *The quality of mercy is not strained.*

Perhaps that might not be out of place in a volume of lectures on Shakspeare. But it is certainly somewhat far-fetched and fanciful; too fanciful for our primer. Nor is it quite sound and sober criticism, again, to say of Shakspeare: 'He was altogether, from end to end, an artist, and the greatest artist the modern world has known;' or again: 'In the unchangeableness of pure art-power Shakspeare stands entirely alone.' There is a peculiarity in Mr. Stopford Brooke's use of the words *art, artist*. He means by an artist one whose aim in writing is not to reveal himself, but to please; he says most truly that Shakspeare's aim was to please, that Shakspeare 'made men and women whose dramatic action on each other and towards a catastrophe was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.' This is indeed the true

temper of the artist. But when we call a man emphatically *artist*, a *great artist*, we mean something more than this temper in which he works; we mean by art, not merely an aim to please, but also, and more, a law of pure and flawless workmanship. As living always under the sway of *this* law, and as, therefore, a perfect artist, we do not conceive of Shakspeare. His workmanship is often far from being pure and flawless.

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in  
proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons.

There is but one name for such writing as that, if Shakspeare had signed it a thousand times—it is detestable. And it abounds in Shakspeare. In a book, therefore, where every sentence should be sure, simple, and solid, not requiring mental reservations, nor raising questions, we ought not to speak of Shakspeare as 'altogether, from end to end, an artist,' as 'standing entirely alone in the unchangeableness of pure art-power.' He is the richest, the most wonderful, the most powerful, the most delightful of poets; he is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist.

In the fifth chapter we reach Milton. Mr. Stopford Brooke characterises Milton's poems well when he speaks of 'their majestic movement, their grand style, and their grave poetry.' But I wonder at his designating Milton *our greatest poet*. Nor does the criticism of *Paradise Lost* quite satisfy me. I do not think that 'as we read the great epic, we feel that the lightness and grace of Milton's youthful time are gone.' True, the poet of *Paradise Lost* differs from the poet of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; but the feeling raised by *Paradise Lost* is not a feeling that lightness and grace are gone. That would be a negative feeling, a feeling of disappointment; and the feeling raised by *Paradise Lost* is far other. Yet neither is it a feeling which justifies Mr. Stopford Brooke in saying that 'at last all thought and emotion centre round Adam and Eve, until the closing lines leave us with their lonely image in our minds.' The personages have no growing, absorbing interest of this kind; when we finish the poem, it is not with our minds agitated by them and full of them. The power of *Paradise*

*Lost* is to be sought elsewhere. Nor is it true to say that Milton 'summed up in himself all the higher influences of the Renaissance.' The disinterested curiosity, the *humanism* of the Renaissance, are not characteristics of Milton—of Milton, that is to say, when he is fully formed and has taken his ply. Nor again can it rightly be said that Milton 'began that pure poetry of natural description which has no higher examples to show in Wordsworth or Scott or Keats than his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are charming, but they are not pure poetry of natural description in the sense in which the *Highland Reaper* is, or the *Ode to Autumn*. The poems do not touch the same chords or belong to the same order. Scott is altogether out of place in the comparison. His natural description in verse has the merits of his natural description in prose, which are very considerable. But it never has the grace and felicity of Milton, or the natural magic of Wordsworth and Keats. As poetical work, it is not to be even named with theirs.

Shakspeare and Milton are such prominent objects in a primer of English literature that one dwells on them, strives to have them presented quite aright. After Milton we come to a century when literature has no figures of this grandeur. The literary importance of the eighteenth century lies mainly in its having wrought out a revolution begun in the seventeenth—no less a revolution than the establishment of what Mr. Stopford Brooke well calls 'the second period of English prose, in which the style is easy, unaffected, moulded to the subject, and the proper words are put in their proper places.' With his strong love of poetry, Mr. Stopford Brooke could not, perhaps, feel the same sympathy and delight in dealing with this prose century as in dealing with the times of Chaucer or Elizabeth. Still his account of its writers does not fail in interest, and is in general just. But his arrangement is here not quite satisfactory. The periods of time covered by his chapters should be literary periods, not merely periods in political history. His sixth chapter has for its title: *From the Restoration to George III.* The period from the Restoration to George III. is a period in political history only. George III. has noth-



ing to do with literature; his accession marks no epoch in our civilisation or in our literature, such as is marked by the Conquest or the reign of Elizabeth. I wish that Mr. Stopford Brooke would change the title of this chapter, and make it: *From the Restoration to the Death of Pope and Swift*. Pope died in 1744, Swift in 1745. The following chapter should be: *From 1745 to the French Revolution*. The next and last: *From the French Revolution to the Death of Scott*. These are real periods in our literature. Mr. Stopford Brooke enumerates, at the beginning of his seventh chapter, causes which from the early part of the eighteenth century were at work to influence literature:—

The long peace after the accession of the House of Hanover had left England at rest and given it wealth. The reclaiming of waste tracts, the increased wealth and trade, made better communication necessary; and the country was soon covered with a network of highways. The leisure gave time to men to think and write; the quicker interchange between the capital and the country spread over England the literature of the capital, and stirred men everywhere to write. The coaching services and the post carried the new book and the literary criticism to the villages. Communication with the Continent had increased during the peaceable times of Walpole.

By the middle of the century, by a time well marked by the death of Pope and Swift, these influences had been in operation long enough to form a second period in the eighteenth century, sufficiently distinguishable from the period of Addison and Pope, and lasting down to a period of far more decisive change, the period of the French Revolution.

Prose and poetry, within these periods, should not have each their separate chapter; it is unnecessary, and leads to some confusion. Scott is at present noticed in one of Mr. Stopford Brooke's chapters as a poet, in another as a prose writer. And the limits of each period should be observed; authors and works should not be mentioned out of their order of date. At present Mr. Stopford Brooke mentions the *Rivals* and *School for Scandal* of Sheridan in his sixth chapter, a chapter which professes to go from the Restoration to the accession of George III. At the very beginning of the following chapter, which goes from 1760 to 1837, he introduces his mention

of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Post*, the *Herald*, and the *Times*, of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews*, and of *Blackwood's Magazine*. By being freed from all such defects in lucid and orderly arrangement, the primer would gain in clearness. It would gain in brevity and proportion by ending with the death of Scott in 1832. I wish I might prevail upon Mr. Stopford Brooke to bring his primer to an end with Scott's death in that year. I wish he would leave out every word about his contemporaries, and about publications which have appeared since 1832. The death of Scott is a real epoch; it marks the end of one period and the beginning of another—the period in which we are ourselves now living. No man can trust himself to speak of his own time and his own contemporaries with the same sureness and proportion as of times and men gone by; and in a primer of literature we should avoid, so far as we can, all hindrances to sureness of speech and to proportion. The readers of the primer, too, are not likely to hear too little of contemporary literature if its praises are unrehearsed in their primer; they are certain, under all circumstances, to hear quite enough of it, probably too much.

Charlotte Brontë revived in *Jane Eyre* the novel of Passion, and Miss Yonge set on foot the Religious novel in support of a special school of theology. Miss Martineau and Mr. Disraeli carried on the novel of Political opinion and economy, and Charles Kingsley applied the novel to the social and theological problems of our own day.

Let Mr. Stopford Brooke make a clean sweep of all this, I entreat him. And if his date of 1832 compels him to include Rogers and his poetry, let him give to them, not a third part of a page, but one line. I reckon that these reductions would shorten the last part of the primer by five pages. A little condensation in the judgments on Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley would abridge it by another page; the omission of the first pages of the volume by two more. Our primer shortened by eight pages! no small gain in a work of this character.

The last three chapters of the book, therefore, I could wish recast, and one or two phrases in his criticism Mr. Stopford Brooke might perhaps revise at the same time. He says most truly of Addi-

son that his *Spectator* 'gave a better tone to manners and a gentler one to political and literary criticism.' He says truly, too, of Addison's best papers: 'No humor is more fine and tender; and, like Chaucer's, it is never bitter.' He has a right to the conclusion, therefore, that 'Addison's work was a great one, lightly done.' But to say of Addison's style, that 'in its varied cadence and subtle ease it has never been surpassed,' seems to me to be going a little too far. One could not say more of Plato's. Whatever his services to his time, Addison is for us now a writer whose range and force of thought are not considerable enough to make him interesting; and his style cannot equal in varied cadence and subtle ease the style of a man like Plato, because without range and force of thought all the resources of style, whether in cadence or in subtlety, are not brought out.

Is it an entirely accurate judgment, again, on the poems of Gray and Collins, to call them 'exquisite examples of perfectly English work wrought in the spirit of classic art'? I confess, this language seems to me to be too strong. Much as I admire Gray, one feels, I think, in reading his poetry, never quite safe against the poetical style of the eighteenth century. It is always near at hand, sometimes it breaks in; and the sense of this prevents the security one enjoys with truly classic work, the fullness of pleasure, the cordial satisfaction.

Thy joys no glittering female meets—  
or even things in the *Elegy*:

He gave to misery all he had—a tear;  
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a  
friend—

are instances of the sort of drawback I mean. And the false style which here comes to the surface we are never very far from in Gray; and therefore to call his poems 'exquisite examples of perfectly English work wrought in the spirit of classic art' seems to me an exaggeration.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's Cowper is excellent, but again there seems to me to be somewhat of sobriety in the praise given. Philanthropy, no doubt, animated Cowper's heart and shows itself in his poetry. But it is too much to say of the apparition of Cowper and of his philan-

thropy in English poetry: 'It is a wonderful change, a change so wonderful that it is like a new world. It is, in fact, the concentration into our retired poet's work of all the new thought upon the subject of mankind which was soon to take so fierce a form in Paris.' Cowper, with his morbid religion and lumbering movement, was no precursor, as Mr. Stopford Brooke would make him, of Byron and Shelley. His true praise is, that, by his simple affections and genuine love of nature, he was a precursor of Wordsworth.

Of Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature Mr. Stopford Brooke draws out, I think, a more elaborate account than we require in a primer. No one will be much helped by Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature, as a scheme in itself and disjoined from his poems. Nor shall we be led to enjoy the poems the more by having a philosophy of Nature abstracted from them and presented to us in its nakedness. Of the page and a quarter which Mr. Stopford Brooke has given to Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature, all might with advantage, perhaps, be dropped but this:—

Nature was a person to Wordsworth, distinct from himself, and capable of being loved. He could brood on her character, her ways, her words, her life. Hence arose his minute and loving observation of her, and his passionate description of all her forms.

There might be some condensation, too, in the criticism of Byron as the poet of *Don Juan* and as the poet of Nature. But some touches in the criticism of Byron are admirable: 'We feel naturally great interest in this strong personality put before us with such obstinate power; but it wearies at last. *Finally it wearied himself.*' Or again: 'It is his colossal power and the ease which comes from it, in which he resembles Dryden, that marks him specially.' Nothing could be better.

On Shelley, also, Mr. Stopford Brooke has an excellent sentence. He says of his lyrics: 'They form together the most sensitive, the most imaginative, and the most musical, but the least tangible lyrical poetry we possess.' But in the pages on Shelley, yet more than in those on Byron, condensation is desirable. Shelley is a most interesting and attractive personage; but in a work of the

dimensions of this primer, neither his *Queen Mab*, nor his *Alastor*, nor his *Revolt of Islam*, nor his *Prometheus Unbound*, deserve the space which Mr. Stopford Brooke gives to them. And finally, as the sentence which I have last quoted is just a sentence of the right stamp for a primer, so a passage such as the following is just of the sort which is unsuitable:—

Shelley wants the closeness of grasp of nature which Wordsworth and Keats had, but he had the power in a far greater degree than they of describing a vast landscape melting into indefinite distance. In this he stands first among English poets, and is in poetry what Turner was in landscape painting. Along with this special quality of vastness

his color is as true as Scott's, but truer in this that it is full of half tones, while Scott's is laid out in broad yellow, crimson, and blue, in black and white.

Very clever, but rather fantastic, and utterly out of place in a primer!

Mr. Stopford Brooke will forgive me for my plain-speaking. It comes from my hearty esteem and admiration for his primer, and my desire to clear it of every speck and flaw, so that it may win its way into every one's hands. I hope he will revise it, and then I shall read it again with a fresh pleasure. But indeed, whether he revises it or no, I shall read it again: *δὲς ἡ τρὶς τὰ καλὰ!*—*The Nineteenth Century*.

#### A RECENT VISIT TO MONTENEGRO AND ITS CAPITAL.

WE had long wished to visit Montenegro, a country with whose history we were familiar, and in which we had taken a deep interest. It was originally known as the independent principality of Zeta, the name of the river which descends from Herzegovina, past Niksich, and, leaving the present Montenegro territory near Spush, continues its course until it reaches the northern end of the Lake of Scutari, into which it flows. When the last of the Czars of free Servia, the unfortunate Lazar, fought the disastrous battle of Kossowo against the Turks under Sultan Amurath in 1389, the Prince of Zeta sent some of his own troops as auxiliaries; and, after the overthrow of the Servian host, its shattered bands retreated to the safe recesses of the Tchernagora or Black Mountain, which, known under the name of Montenegro since the time when the Republic of Venice asserted her supremacy in Dalmatia, became the home of these Servian fugitives. There, mingling with the native race, they have, for four centuries, resisted every effort of the Turk to conquer the country, and remain now, as they were then, a free Christian people, though surrounded on all sides, except where the narrow strip of Dalmatian coast forms their frontier on the west, by the formidable hosts of Turkey.

But our object is not to relate the history of this gallant race of mountaineers, but to describe briefly our visit to their territory, and their little capital, Cetinje.

We left Trieste, in one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, on a Saturday afternoon, and reached Cattaro on the following Tuesday, towards evening. In passing, we may mention that this line of steamers is exceedingly good and well found in everything, with comfortable cabins and a very fair *cuisine*. One great advantage to the traveller to whom the coast of Dalmatia is new, is that the steamer stops, generally for two or three hours at least, at all the principal ports, and thus enables him to see the objects of interest which each place contains. By this means, both in going and returning, we had a good opportunity of exploring Pola, Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, and Ragusa, besides other places of less note. Pola is on the coast of Istria, and is reached just before crossing the mouth of the Gulf of Fiume, or the Quarnero, as it is called. Since Austria lost Venice she has made it her chief port and naval arsenal in the Adriatic. It is a magnificent harbor, completely sheltered from the wind, and protected by frowning batteries. We saw there nine or ten Austrian ironclads, one of which had been launched only the day before. The town was *en fête*, as the heir-apparent of the Austrian throne was paying it a visit. But the chief interest of Pola to us were its Roman remains. The town is of great antiquity, and according to the fable of tradition, was founded by the Colchians who sailed in pursuit of Jason to recover the Golden Fleece which that

chieftain carried off accompanied by the runaway Medea. It was conquered by the Romans, B.C. 178, and a colony was founded there, known as Pietas Julia. The arena or amphitheatre is a striking object on the left hand as you enter the harbor. The outer wall is in excellent preservation, and the whole of the ellipse is perfect in form; but the interior is wholly dismantled, and there are no remains of seats, as in the Colosseum, and the amphitheatres at Nismes, Verona, and Capua (now called Santa Maria). The contrast between this gaunt and venerable relic of antiquity, with its gaping windows and time-stained walls, and the bran-new white buildings of the Austrian marine which approach close to it, is too glaring and almost painful. To the credit, however, of the Government be it said, that the monuments of antiquity in Dalmatia are carefully guarded by railings or low walls, to prevent their ruthless spoliation by the Vandals of the present day.

But Pola yields altogether in interest to Spalato which contains the remains of the famous palace of Diocletian. The Emperor built it as a place of retirement after he had abdicated the throne, nine years before his death, A.D. 305. He ransacked the East and West for embellishments with which to adorn it; and when in all the glory of completion it must have been a right royal residence. It was in the form of a square, each side a quarter of a mile long, with a gate on each, one of which was called the *Porta aurea*, and another the *Porta aenea*. In the centre was the Temple of Jupiter, or Diana—for antiquarians dispute about the title—for many centuries since used as a Christian cathedral, of octagonal form, with eight columns of porphyry and granite crowned with Corinthian capitals. Round the building, above the pillars, and below the *tufa* dome, are figures in *basso relievo* representing a stag-hunt, and now called the *Caccia di Diana*, whence probably the idea arose that the temple was dedicated to Diana. When we were there divine service was going on; and the effect of the music of the organ, the rich dresses of the officiating priests, the incense-caskets swung by the acolytes, and the sonorous chant of the liturgy, all seen and heard in "the dim religious light" of the old pagan

temple, was striking in the extreme. In the topmost gallery, just below the cupola or dome, there is a curious phenomenon. If you whisper a few words in a hole, they are distinctly and loudly heard on the opposite side. At a little distance from this temple there is another, generally called the Temple of *Æsculapius*, now used as a chapel. But there is good reason to believe that this was the mausoleum of Diocletian; and in the centre, within a stone enclosure which is still there, was found a richly-sculptured sarcophagus, which is supposed to have contained the ashes of the deceased emperor. We believe the sarcophagus itself is now in the Spalato museum; but at all events it exists, and one of its sides represents the hunt of the Calydonian boar by Meleager and his companions. The roof of this little temple is extremely beautiful. It is formed of sixty-four *tablettes* of stone or marble, exquisitely cut, and as fresh and perfect as if they had been chiselled only yesterday. An account of the palace of Diocletian was published in the beginning of the reign of George III., and dedicated to that monarch, by the distinguished architect and Scotchman, Adam. It is a large quarto volume, but is now extremely scarce, and only a very few copies are known to exist. But by far the best and most exhaustive description is one that was printed, but, we believe, not published, in Trieste in 1855 by Professor Dr. Francesco Lanzá, which we have had the advantage of reading. It is accompanied by plans and elevations, and is full of learning and ingenious criticism. We would willingly avail ourselves of the information it contains to give much fuller details if the limits of our space allowed; but we must hasten on.

In approaching Spalato (*S(acrum) Palatium*) from the Adriatic you are told that you see the Temple of Diocletian before you; but you look for it in vain. The fact is that the western wall, or rather series of pillars facing the sea, has for centuries been occupied by houses, and all you see from a little distance is a line of wall with a great many windows. The interior of the palace became the original town of Spalato when the inhabitants of the neighboring city of Salona, in the year A.D. 640, fled from



the barbarian hordes of Avari, and took refuge within its walls. It is now so completely filled with houses and narrow streets, that it is impossible, without an experienced guide, to have any idea of its plan, or extricate the old Roman remains from the mass of modern building with which they are incorporated. We did not visit Salona, for we had not time; but we may mention that no place in Dalmatia has yielded richer antiquarian treasures. It is three miles from Spalato, between the sea and the mountains, and is of great antiquity, for it withstood the attack of the Consul Cæcilius Metellus, B.C. 117. It is now a mere village; but the plain around is covered with Roman remains, and the museum at Spalato is full of them. A few days before our arrival a bronze figure of a youth in the attitude of a quoit-player was dug up at Salona in a state of perfect preservation. A German from Vienna who happened to be on the spot purchased it, and he told us he gave for it a thousand florins. We should think this an uncommonly good speculation if the figure turns out to be as good a specimen of art as the well-known *betende Knabe* at Berlin, which was found in the bed of a river, and is valued at an enormous sum.

From Spalato we sailed westward to the island of Lissa, where, in the waters between it and the island of Lesina, the naval battle was fought in 1866 between Austria and Italy, in which Austria was victorious. The town of Lissa is a poor little place, not much better than a village. On the right hand, entering the harbor, there is a church and a cemetery, where a monument, with a finely-sculptured lion on the top, very much like Thorwaldsen's lion at Lucerne, commemorates the names of the officers and sailors who fell in the engagement. But a more interesting object to an Englishman is a small cemetery on the left hand close by the water-side, where rest the remains of our own countrymen who died during the period when the English fleet lay there in 1811 for the purpose of blockading the coast of Dalmatia.

The steamer does not enter the harbor of Ragusa, as it is not large enough, but stops in that of Gravosa, which is less than two miles distant, and separated

from Ragusa by an intervening ridge. Here, at Gravosa, we first met refugees from Herzegovina—men, women, and children, in their picturesque costume. The women wear on their heads a red cloth cap with a flat top, from which gracefully hangs over their shoulders and backs a white mantilla. Most of them wore white trousers coming down to their ankles, with an open white shirt or *capote*, and a red girdle round their waists. Such a dress, when new and clean, is extremely pretty; but these poor creatures were in wretched poverty, and their garments were generally tattered and dirty. Many of them had come from Montenegro to get the dole of meal supplied by the Austrian Government, which they carry to their families in heavy loads upon their backs across the mountain-tracks, which we will describe by-and-by; and to travel as far as Ragusa and return to Cetinje requires a journey of six days. Ragusa is a clean cheerful town, and its streets are paved, like those of all the towns in Dalmatia, with square blocks of limestone, perfectly smooth, which would excite the envy of a London parish vestry. Here we took a boat and visited the beautiful little island of Lacroma, a mass of trees and flowers and tropical plants. It was purchased by Maximilian, the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, and brother of the present Emperor of Austria, who intended to convert the old convent in the centre into a magnificent palace; but the works had barely commenced before he was taken prisoner and shot by the revolutionary leader Juarez. The property was then sold for an insignificant sum, and now belongs to a Viennese, who wishes to sell it, and asks the price of 100,000 florins. At present the old convent, or rather so much of it as remains, is occupied by the English consul, Mr. St. John; and it is certainly a most charming residence. There is a wilderness of beautiful and shady walks, commanding lovely views of the Adriatic and Dalmatian coast, and the highest point is crowned by an Austrian fortress. The cells of the monks have been converted into small rooms, and the corridor is hung with pictures and prints collected by Maximilian. Many of the latter are English, for which he had a great fancy. To

any one who has sufficient means, and likes a delicious climate and lovely scenery, we would recommend the purchase of Lacroma for a summer and autumn residence.

At Ragusa we took on board a motley crowd of passengers; insurgents from Bosnia, Turkish soldiers from Arabia, and some Austrian soldiers. The insurgents were all armed with daggers and loaded pistols in their belts. That they were loaded we know, for we examined them; and one of the Bosnians, a boy of fourteen, showed us with some pride the long loaded pistol he had. A Serbian on board asked him to prove to us that he could read; when he thrust his hand deep into the rough bag which is the common haversack of these countries, and pulled out a New Testament in Slav, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and read a few verses out of the Acts of the Apostles. It was curious to see how the insurgents fraternised with the Turks in the steamer, lighting each other's pipes, and amicably smoking and talking together. I found on inquiry that they all understood Turkish.

About ten miles south of Ragusa lies Ragusa Vecchia, the ancient Epidaurus, one of the oldest of the Greek colonies in Illyria. In the year A.D. 639 the Avari utterly destroyed it, and the inhabitants fled to northward, and built the comparatively modern town of Ragusa, which they gradually fortified with the strong walls and bastion that still engirdle it. Soon after leaving Ragusa we reached the entrance to the Bocche di Cattaro—a magnificent sheet of water which, with many turnings and windings, stretches inland as far as Cattaro, at the foot of stupendous limestone mountains, which rise above it like a steep colossal wall. On the left, not far from the entrance, there is a narrow strip of level land called Sutorina, which is the only part of Herzegovina that touches the coast. It was lately taken from the Turks by the Montenegrins; and we saw the flag of Prince Nicholas, red with a white cross, flying on the fortress that stands close to the shore. We then stopped at Castel Nuovo, built by Turtho I., king of Bosnia, in 1380, and for many years the capital of Herzegovina, until the whole country was con-

quered by the Turks; and after many vicissitudes it became, like the rest of Dalmatia, part of the dominions of the House of Austria. Its old walls have been much shattered by an earthquake, and some of the massive towers have sunk at a considerable angle into the ground, and look, like the leaning tower of Pisa, ready at any moment to fall. Passing Risano, the old Roman Rhizinium, on the left, we reached Cattaro in the evening, from which we were to proceed on our mountain journey to Cetinje.

Before, however, we bestride our mountain pony to climb the limestone rocks, we will say a few words about the general character and features of the Dalmatian coast, along which we have for four days been sailing. Dalmatia was known to the Romans originally as Illyria, and some of their best troops were here recruited when it became subject to their sway. The range of the Dinarian Alps and their subsidiary offshoots traverse it from north to south, at varying distances from the coast. In these mountains several rivers rise, and force their way through deep gorges to the Adriatic. In some of the valleys there are lakes, the sides of which are surrounded by marshy land, and there are many fine waterfalls. But the most magnificent of all, and indeed, the most magnificent in Europe, is that formed by the river Kerka, close to Scardona, a very ancient town, eight or nine miles distant from Sebenico. The Kerka rises in the Dinarian Alps, to the east of Knin, a town not far from the Turkish frontier of Bosnia, and, receiving the affluents of the Butishnica and the Chikola before it reaches Scardona, leaps down from its rocky bed into a fearful chasm and then pursues its course to the sea, which it reaches at Sebenico. We have seen Niagara, and we always thought that it was the King of Waterfalls; but we have heard those who have seen both dispute its supremacy with that of Scardona. The whole of Dalmatia is a mass of limestone rock, known as *pietra dura*, or *pietra bianca*. Between the mighty Dinarian range and the Adriatic there is, along the whole coast, a series of swelling hills, scantily spotted with verdure, formed by a kind of scrub, and here and there planted

with vines and olives. It is well known that some of the best vines grow in the stoniest places, where there seems to be no soil capable of giving nourishment to the root. This is the case at Bordeaux, and the same occurs in Dalmatia. The wines are excellent. The best in Istria is a strong red wine called Refosco; and the best in Dalmatia, to our taste, is Maraschina (Marashino is the *liqueur*), of which the principal manufacture is at Zara, where we tasted a bottle, which we were assured, on authority that we had reason to believe trustworthy, was one hundred years old! It was as soft as velvet, and, whatever its age may have been, was undoubtedly delicious. All along the coast are scattered innumerable islands, some of which, as Brazza, Lesina, Lissa, Curzola, and Meleda, are as large as, if not larger than, the Isle of Wight; but they have very few inhabitants. Most of the others are not inhabited at all; and these have almost all the same form—namely, that of a rounded *mamelon*, rising like paps out of the sea, very thinly coated with what at a little distance looks like a clothing of moss. We may mention that the long narrow island of Meleda has been supposed by Dalmatian authors to be identical with the Melita on which St. Paul suffered shipwreck on his way to Rome; but we must leave Malta to settle the question with her Adriatic rival. It deserves notice that the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, who was the companion of St. Paul, says,—“But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in *Adria*.” Now Malta is certainly not in the Adriatic, and Meleda is. The coast is indented with creeks and harbors, generally land-locked, where the little towns stand, completely sheltered from the wind. On our return voyage, as a heavy storm was approaching from the north-west, when we were near Sebenico, we ran for shelter into the bay of Capocesto, and there lay snugly for some hours until the weather became clear, and the moon shone. There is an active trade kept up from town to town by small sailing-boats, with huge sails, often painted with gaudy colors. We saw one which was covered from top to bottom with the figure of a centaur. But the chief supplies come from Trieste, and are brought by the Austrian

Lloyd steamers, whose return cargoes, however, are generally very light, consisting chiefly of wine, oil, and wool. The dress of the Dalmatian peasantry is by no means so picturesque as that of the Herzegovinans and Montenegrins; but still far more so than anything we see in England. The universal covering of the men is a little red cap, worked with black embroidery round the edge, which just fits the top of the head; and the women wear red jackets, open in front, with their bosoms covered by a white kerchief or chemise. The population of Dalmatia is about 450,000, and of this it is said that fully 350,000 are what is called “Analfabeti,”—that is, they can neither read nor write. Certainly it is high time that the *Volkschule*, of which there are now 300 in the territory, should bestir themselves.

But we are now at Cattaro, a dirty little garrison town in the form of a triangle, the base of which is at the foot of the mountains, and the apex at the harbor. It looks as if it had been squeezed there into the smallest possible space. Behind it the old walls climb the mountain-side in a triangular shape, enclosing above the town nothing but a wide space of barren rock, for the town itself lies, as we have said, entirely at the foot. We knew that we must ascend that steep and lofty mass of limestone barrier, over which lies the path—we should be entirely misleading if we called it a road—to Montenegro. But where *was* the path? We scanned the mountain-side in vain, but except for a short distance above Cattaro could see no sign or trace of it. The fact is that it is so narrow that its manifold zigzags can only be distinguished from below by a practised eye, and it seemed as if we were about to try and perform the impossible feat of riding a horse up a colossal wall, which is nearly perpendicular.

The first thing to be done is to procure a horse, or rather a pony, for the average height of a Montenegrin steed is about fourteen hands. These are generally found waiting outside the Fiumera Gate, so called from the torrent of that name which descends from the mountain in a deep and gloomy gorge. Here, on a level space of ground, sheltered by a few trees, is the market of the Montenegrins, who bring their scanty produce

from the interior, and dispose of it in exchange for such articles as they require. We were accompanied by two Germans, whose acquaintance we had made on board the steamer, and who, like ourselves, were bound for Cetinje. We engaged three horses, and a Montenegrin to carry a large travelling-bag, which we had very unnecessarily filled with things for which we had really no use, including a dress suit for the Court at Cetinje! Almost universally women are employed to carry the traveller's baggage across the mountains, and it is perfectly astonishing to see what loads they take upon their backs. We were glad, out of our respect for the sex, to secure a Montenegrin man for the purpose—who, according to the custom of the country, hoisted our heavy bag upon his shoulder and stepped gallantly forward up the path. No Montenegrin male will ever carry a load upon his back but always upon his shoulder, while with the women it is the reverse. We have often read descriptions of this mountain-path between Cattaro and Cetinje, but all that we have seen, except one by a Servian writer, fall short of the reality. We will try and do justice to its demerits in some little detail. It ascends the mountain behind Cattaro by a series of zigzags, which, as far as the Austrian frontier extends, may be pronounced tolerable. A carriage-road—the first ever heard of in Montenegro—had been commenced before the present war broke out, but since then nothing has been done on either side. Instead, however, of the old bridle-road, which is shorter and steeper, and leads right up the gorge through which the Fiumera flows, and is still used by the Montenegrins for themselves, their mules, and their horses, a new one has been made; and this, though horribly bad in most parts when it leaves the Austrian frontier, until it reaches the top of the mountain, is an improvement on the ancient path. When, however, you get into the Montenegrin territory above, you begin to realise the dangers of the road. It is at every step full of sharp rocky points, over which your horse has to step as carefully as a cat walking over broken glass, and there is no parapet or balustrade to save you from the precipice in case of a fall, to say nothing of the cer-

tainty of broken bones if your little steed makes a false step and stumbles. The horse that carried one of our German friends did fall when we were not far from Cetinje, and he was severely hurt in the ankle. But how shall we describe the view as, having mounted upwards for some time, we turn round in the ascent and look in the direction of the Adriatic? At our feet, as it were, but really at a great distance, lies the Fort of San Giovanni, and below this Cattaro. The ships in the harbor, into which you fancy you might almost throw a stone, look like cock-boats; and the people walking on the beach are no bigger than flies. Our eye wanders over the high rocky mass, crowned by a fortress which separates the Gulf of Cattaro from the sea, and in the distance glitter the blue waters of the Adriatic. On our right the Kersatsch mountain rears its lofty head; and on our left the Lovtschen, separated by the gorge of which we have already spoken. Behind us is the shoulder of the mountain, which we must cross before we begin to descend to Njegosh, the first Montenegrin plain or valley to which the traveller comes. We have never seen it noticed that there is a remarkably fine echo from the mountain on the left when you have climbed about two-thirds of the ascent; and it is quite worth while to give a loud shout and hear the sound sent back across the deep and yawning gorge. But if the ascent is difficult and dangerous, what shall we say of the descent into the interior? The path seems to grow worse and worse; and you can do nothing but commit yourself to the care of Providence, and put your trust in the sure-footedness of your horse, which walks down the rocky staircase with marvellous adroitness and care. The Montenegrin horses are shod with round shoes, hollow in the middle, and quite smooth. It seemed to us that this increased the danger of slipping on the bare rock on which they are constantly stepping; but anything like projecting nails would be much worse, for they would be liable to catch the points of rock, and trip up the foot. One source of inconvenience, if not danger, is the meeting of strings of mules and horses laden with goods, which turn up on all parts of the path. The packages project over the sides of



the animals; and sometimes you can hardly give them a berth wide enough to escape a collision, which would almost certainly cause a tumble; and we need hardly say that a tumble there is a very serious matter. The mules especially are sulky, obstinate brutes, that seem seldom disposed to get out of your way.

At last Njegosh appears in view, a wide, open plain, surrounded by barren rocks, and containing several small scattered villages. Patches of maize and potatoes here relieve the sterility of the scenery; and as we approached the first village, or rather group of stone cottages, we saw the Red Cross flag flying on a low building which is now used as a hospital for the wounded. It is difficult to describe the impoverished appearance of the district; and yet here is a house which is partly hid in the distance by some trees, where the present Prince of Montenegro, Nicholas I., was born. We drew the rein at a cottage which, we believe, in courtesy is called an inn, and were furnished by an old woman with some wine and bread. As we sat on the stone bench beside the door, a group of Montenegrins gathered round us; but, unfortunately, they could only speak Slav, and an acquaintance with that language is not amongst our accomplishments. Amongst them was the captain of the district, a fine old chief, with a long *chibouque* in his hand. They were all fully armed, and had a most martial appearance; but we smoked together quietly the pipe of peace. We then stepped across to the hospital, and visited the wounded men, most of them from Niksich, which had just capitulated. A young Russian doctor, assisted by three Russian *sœurs de charité*, or "deaconesses," as they are called, attended to their wants; and everything was clean and comfortable. The worst case we saw was that of a man with a broken back; but this was caused, not by the casualties of war, but by a fall from the rocks. One man begged us to give him some tobacco; and when we filled his pipe, he kissed our hand with great fervor. This is the Montenegrin way of expressing gratitude; and we have often been thus rewarded by both sexes.

Leaving Njegosh, we proceeded on our way, and had to ascend a steep ridge

to the right, and then began rapidly to descend. But, in fact, it was a succession of ups and downs the whole way; and often the shelving channels in the rock formed acute-angled troughs, into which the horse had to step, with his hoofs supported, not by the ground, but between the two sloping sides, so that there was imminent risk of slipping. Every now and then we came to a kind of hollow basin, surrounded by limestone rock, the bottom of which contained a patch of maize or potatoes; and there was throughout our whole journey a considerable quantity of stunted ash, whose green leaves were a refreshing contrast to the aridity of the jagged and sun-blistered limestone. Often we were obliged to dismount, for it was too dangerous to ride; and even our guides advised us to do this, fearless as they are, and confident of the sure-footedness of their horses. From some of the loftier heights to which we had to climb on the tortuous path, we had capital views of a great part of the territory of Montenegro, and we can only compare its aspect to what we might imagine the waves of the ocean would be, if, during some terrific storm, they were suddenly petrified. Everywhere you see nothing but sharp or rounded peaks and serrated ridges—and the land seems the picture of barrenness and desolation. One cannot help wondering why the Turks should so long have coveted the possession of such a territory, which really can add little or nothing to their resources. We can only attribute it to the lust of conquest and unconquerable hate of the *giaour*, who has dared to edge himself in, as it were, between Turkish Bosnia on the north, and Turkish Albania on the south, and presents to the enslaved subjects of the Porte the dangerous attraction of a free Christian community at their very doors. But *Lis est de pauvre regno*. As we approached Cetinje we caught a splendid view of the Lake of Scutari, about thirty miles distant to the south, glittering in the evening sun. The northern part properly belongs to Montenegro, but since the war it has been practically in the hands of the Turks, who keep an armed steamer on its waters. Not far from this we met a cavalcade of wounded men mounted on horses, on their way to the hospital at

Njegosh. Most of them had been struck in the hand or arm, but some were wounded in the head and had bandages over their foreheads. Our guides now exclaim "Cettinje!" and we see at some distance below a flat plain, with a few scattered cottages at the southern extremity. We can hardly believe that this is the capital of the country, for it looks more like a poor Scotch or Irish village, to which, in fact, owing to its low whitewashed houses, it does bear considerable resemblance. It is really a modern town, if the term town can be applied to it; for until the time of Danilo I., the former Vladika and uncle of the present Prince, Cettinje consisted of only a monastery or convent—of which we will speak hereafter—and a few huts. At present the number of houses, we believe, is less than two hundred. When we reach the plain, two miles and a half long, we come, to our inexpressible relief, to something like a decent piece of road, the first we have seen since leaving Cattaro; and after plodding along it for nearly half an hour, enter the one street of which alone Cettinje can boast. At the further extremity stands the *locanda*, an inn, supported by a subvention from the Prince, of the cleanliness of which the less that is said the better.

We had a letter of introduction to Prince Nikita, or Nicholas as we call him, but unfortunately he was absent with his army at Niksich. The Princess also had just left Cettinje, and was staying at the house of her father some distance off, so that we had no opportunity of seeing Montenegrin Court life; but, thanks to the kindness and attention of M. Duby, a Genevese gentleman, who is the Prince's secretary, we were able to turn our visit to good account. The residence, or Palace, as it is called, is, in the exterior, something like a large country-house, and is entirely devoid of ornament. It is surrounded by a wall in which there are two doors, one on the north and the other on the south side, and at each of these stands a sentry, which is the only sign of royalty about the place. There are no gardens or pleasure-grounds. Nothing but a flat meadow beyond the southern wall, which we believe does belong to the "palace," but which would hardly keep a couple

of English cows more than a week. The interior, however, of the building is comfortable, and well furnished in the Italian style. While we were at Cettinje it was undergoing a complete renovation, and workmen were employed in painting and papering the rooms. This residence was built by the present Prince, and the former one is now used as a hospital. It is a long low building of only one story, and was called Biljar, from the circumstance that it was, at the time when Peter II. was Vladika, provided with a billiard-table, which was quite a novelty in Montenegro. It has something of the appearance of a barrack, and is surrounded by a wall with four doors. But the residence of the old Vladikas, or Prince Bishops of Montenegro, was the convent at the foot of the rocks, on the south-western side of the plain. Even this convent is not the original residence, for that was destroyed by the Turks in 1714, on the last of the only two occasions when they have been able to penetrate to Cettinje. We saw a few loose stones which now mark its site, for even the ruins have disappeared. *Etiam perire ruina.* The present convent is built against the face of the rock, and is the only edifice in Cettinje that has a mediæval look. It is occupied by the Metropolitan Bishop and the Archimandrite, and one monk. We paid a visit to the Archimandrite, the Metropolitan being unwell, and had some interesting conversation with him. He is a tall thin man, fifty years of age, with a long grizzly beard, and has a singularly kind and courteous manner. He received us in a plainly-furnished room, not larger than a good-sized cell, and regaled us with wine and coffee. While we were sitting with him a young man came into the room in full Montenegrin costume, with its gay colors, and we took him for a soldier, but to our surprise found he was a deacon and intended for the Church. Amongst other things the Archimandrite told us that the clergy in Montenegro hardly ever preach; and he could give no satisfactory reason for this, but said that the practice was discouraged by the ecclesiastical authorities. We asked him about education, and he said that very few of the adult population could read or write; but a large school had lately been established at Cettinje for the bet-

ter class of young women, and instruction was going on there until the present war broke out. The building is now occupied by the Russian staff of doctors and Sisters of Mercy. Three of the five daughters of Prince Nicholas are being educated at St. Petersburg. The only son and heir-apparent is a boy of ten years old—and his two other sisters are at Cetinje under the care of a Swiss governess. We did not see the Princess, Milena Petrovna, but procured a good photograph of her, which shows that she must be strikingly handsome; and in default of personal observation we will quote a description of her written by a German some years ago. He says: "In her beautiful, highly attractive, and perfectly regular features, the Servian type is unmistakable. Her large brown eyes have that moist, glimmering brightness which in Europe I have only seen in Servian eyes. This expressive beauty of the eyes consists in their form and their long dark eye-lashes, as well as in the peculiarity of their glance. Her hair was rich and dark, rolled in bands at the back of the head, and covered with a black gold-embroidered veil, which hung down over her beautiful shoulders. The splendid Montenegrin costume—red, encircled by a broad girdle flecked with gold—showed to the greatest advantage her well-proportioned figure; and a gown of dark-brown silk reached from her waist to her feet. I was dazzled by her blinding beauty, and must confess that never in Western or Eastern lands have I seen a lady of such splendid and attractive beauty. The Prince is thirty-seven years old, and succeeded his uncle, Danilo I., in 1860. Danilo was murdered at Cattaro as he was going to take a bath on the shore, by a Montenegrin who had been exiled, and who came from Constantinople for the express purpose of assassinating his sovereign. He shot him on the 13th of August 1860, and was executed by the Austrian Government. Near the convent, on a rocky eminence, stands a low round tower of solid masonry called *Tabia*, to the inside of which you mount by a wooden ladder placed against the side. It is crowned by a large bell supported on a framework of wood. It is a mystery to us how such a weight as this bell, and other heavy articles of furniture which we saw

in the palace, can have been transported from Cattaro to Cetinje over the horrible road, which is generally so narrow that not more than two can walk abreast. They certainly cannot have been carried on the backs of women—and, of course, anything like a carriage on wheels is out of the question. You would be more likely to meet a cart in Venice than in Montenegro. This tower used formerly to present a ghastly spectacle, for round it were ranged the heads of Turks slain in battle by the Montenegrins, and for generations it had been the custom to keep these horrid trophies bleaching there in the sun until they rotted and dropped off. But nothing of the kind has taken place for the last thirty years, and the practice may be considered entirely at an end. The only sign of war in the tower now is a beautiful Turkish cannon—a field-piece—which lies peacefully on the ground inside. While we were there gazing on the scene around—for from no point is there a better view of Cetinje and its plain—we heard the sound of a woman weeping and wailing as if her heart would break. We looked, and saw her sitting on a rock, under the scorching sun, with her face buried in her hands, and an old sack or garment of some kind spread out before her. She was a Herzegovinan woman, and looked the picture of misery. Perhaps she was thinking of her husband slain, and her home destroyed, and her children starving. We could not help likening her to *Rizpah* the daughter of *Aiah* who "took sack-cloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." We got down from the tower and approached her, and gave her some silver, for which she kissed our hands with devout gratitude. Unfortunately we could not understand the cause of her grief, as she spoke in Slav. The number in Montenegro of the poor Herzegovinan fugitives, and those from the confines of Albania, whose houses have been burnt by the Turks, is said to be at least 50,000, and yet the whole native population does not exceed 197,000 souls. They are in a state of utter destitution, and are sup-

ported by the charity of the Austrian Government. Tickets are given to the women—the beasts of burden in this country—who have to go as far as Cetinje, and even Ragusa—the latter journey requiring six days to go and return, and receive their sacks of meal, which they carry home on their backs to their starving families, by the rocky path over the mountains which we have already described. We passed numbers of them on our way, heavily toiling up the steep ascents, and many of them carried loads which we could hardly lift. But they were cheerful and good-humored, and on no single occasion did they attempt to beg—although they gladly accepted the trifle of money that we offered. Some of the poor children of the fugitives have lost their fathers and mothers, and a kind of baby-farming has been established at Cetinje, where such families of orphans are committed to the care of Montenegrin mothers. We saw numbers of children running about nearly naked, which, as the weather was hot, did not much signify; but when winter comes on, their sufferings from cold will be severe. No greater boon could be given by England than a supply of clothes; and we found upon inquiring that the best things to send would be cotton shirts, wide drawers, and linsey-woolsey cloth.

There are two large hospitals at Cetinje, and two tents used for the same purpose. The whole arrangements are under the superintendence of M. Wasilichtchikoff, a Russian gentleman of good family and independent means, who devotes himself to the work of humanity with a zeal and disinterestedness which are beyond all praise. We accompanied him over the hospitals to see the wounded, of whom there were 220 in Cetinje. Most of the men had been struck by balls in the arm or leg, and in general they were doing well. The *physique* of the Montenegrins is so strong, and their vital force so great, that comparatively very few die under their wounds. We saw, however, one fine fellow, a captain, in the last agonies of death. He had been shot in the stomach, and his cure was hopeless. Seeing most of the sufferers lying with their heads completely covered by a blanket, we thought that they were dead; but we found that

it is the custom of the Montenegrins always to sleep with the coverlet drawn over the face, no matter how hot the weather may be. Russia has sent the surgeons, and supplies the medical wants; but with the terrible drain upon her resources, owing to the war in the East, it is impossible to say how long she will be able or willing to continue her help, and aid from England would be an act of charity, which would be sensibly felt and most gratefully received. And we think that, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the politics of the Eastern Question, there are few who would grudge pecuniary assistance to relieve the wants and sufferings of an heroic and Christian people, extremely poor, who have for centuries maintained their independence against all assaults of the Mohammedan hosts.

We have mentioned that the plain of Cetinje is about two miles and a half long—possibly a little more—and its average breadth is less than a mile. It stretches from north-west to south-east, and the capital itself is at the south-east extremity. The plain is perfectly flat, and no doubt has formerly been the bed of a lake. But what became of the water? for there is no apparent outlet in the rocky limestone range that surrounds it, as a frame surrounds a picture. Curiously enough, there are two small holes in the ground under some trees to the south of the Residence, which communicate by a subterranean passage with the Lake of Scutari, distant fully thirty miles. The story goes that when there has been much rain the water disappears through these holes; and that branches of trees thrown into them at Cetinje have been found floating on the lake. The Archimandrite showed us another hole in a cavern, which is used now as a cellar in the convent, through which even the waters of the Adriatic had been known to force their way—much to the detriment of the wine, we should think. The ordinary supply of water is from cisterns in the meadows; but in a very dry season, as the last has been, it sometimes fails, and the inhabitants are obliged to bring their supply from a distance of two miles. The southern end of the plain, where Cetinje stands, is the prettiest part of it. It widens out into a curvilinear shape, and the rocks



are covered with trees and bushes, which are very refreshing to the eye. Far off, on the north-west, is seen a lofty mountain crowned by a low tower, which has just the appearance of a cap. This is the last resting-place of a former Vladika, whose express desire was to be buried there without any sepulchral monument or inscription. The view from it dominates over the whole of Montenegro, and on a clear day the coast of Italy can be seen. A place of more lonely isolation it is impossible to conceive.

We need hardly say that there is no stirring movement of life at Cetinje—at least there was none when we were there—but the great majority of the men had gone to the frontier to fight against the Turks, so that we did not see it in its normal condition. The whole population, however, does not exceed 600; and in the rest of the plain there are perhaps 1500 more. We used to sit at the door of the *locanda*, gossiping with Servian journalists and war correspondents, and watching the women at their various avocations. We never saw anything of the contempt with which it is said that the Montenegrin man regards the Montenegrin woman; but it is undoubtedly true that on her falls all the heaviest share of labor, both in the house and in the fields. It is hardly true to say of this primitive people—

"For men must work, and women must weep;"

for the men do not work, and the women do not weep, but accept their lot with resignation and cheerfulness. And to give some idea of their Spartan courage, we will relate the following anecdote.

Four Montenegrins, accompanied by their sister, a maiden of twenty-one, were passing along a mountain-path near the frontier, when they were seen by seven Turks who were lurking near. The path was so narrow that the Montenegrins were obliged to walk in single file, with a precipice on their side. The Turks fired, and the foremost brother fell dead, while the second was dangerously wounded. The other two returned the fire, and killed two of the Turks; and the wounded man was able to support himself against the rock, and shot down two others when he himself re-

ceived a fatal ball. His sister then seized his gun, and loaded and fired with her two surviving brothers, until one of these fell dead from the enemy's shot. Another of the Turks had in the meantime been killed, and the two survivors now rushed upon the single Montenegrin and attacked him with their swords. He killed one of them with his axe or dagger, but being overmatched was himself slain. There now remained alive only one Turk and the maiden. For a moment she hesitated, and then in a beseeching attitude made signs that she begged for mercy. The Turk approached, and offered her her life on condition that she would yield to his desires. She seemed to consent; but the moment he came close to her she snatched out her dagger and plunged it into his side. The Turk, though mortally wounded, had sufficient force left to wrench out the weapon; and he came staggering towards her, when, exerting all her strength, she seized him in her arms and flung him headlong over the precipice.

The Montenegrin men are tall, broad-shouldered, and well-shaped. One of our guides was at least six feet three high. They wear the national cap, of black silk on the outside, with a red flat top, on which are worked the letters H. I., which stand for Nicholas I., for the H in Slav represents N. These letters are surrounded by a semicircle of gold lace surmounted by a cross. It is not so smart in appearance as the Dalmatian cap, of bright red, with black embroidery, worn jauntily on the side of the head. The dress is usually a white *capote*, reaching to the knees, with a belt full of pistols and daggers, and blue trousers fastened at the knee. The rest of the leg is covered with a white stocking, made of coarse flannel, at the back of which runs an embroidered line. The shoes are sharp-pointed, like canoes, laced in front with leather or string. A complete Montenegrin suit costs about £20; and when we expressed our surprise that they could afford such a sum, we were told that a dress will last a lifetime. They are all extremely courteous, and we hardly ever met a Montenegrin who did not put his hand to his cap and slightly raise it—a salutation which we took good care to return. Of course, in

speaking of the character and habits of the Montenegrins, we cannot pretend to know them ourselves, for our visit only extended to a few days; and we bear in mind the old story of the traveller, who, when he first entered France, finding that the chamber-maid in his inn had carrotty locks, put down in his note-book—"Mem. The women in France have red hair." But we have read much about them, and, from a general concurrence of testimony, we think we may say that they are not only an extremely brave, but a sober and honest people. Their food is of the simplest kind, and drunkenness is entirely unknown. Their wine is rather sharp, and is much improved by a little water; but a good deal of it may be drunk without affecting the head. Before the time of Danilo I., we believe they were rather addicted to marauding and robbery; but he promulgated a new code, and punished offenders with exemplary severity. It has been said that before he died a purse of gold might have been left on one of the mountain-paths, and no one would have attempted to take it. The effect has been to change the character of the nation in this respect, and we believe they fairly deserve the title of an honest people. But war has a demoralising effect; and we are told that lately symptoms have appeared which show that Montenegrin principle, as regards the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, is not quite so strict as it should be. We took some pains to ascertain from good authority whether there was any truth in the stories about their cruelty to wounded Turks, whom the fortune of war put into their hands, and we were glad to find that they are false. A Montenegrin neither gives nor expects quarter when fighting against his hereditary foes. When he strikes down his antagonist in the heat of battle, he will kill him outright; but after the battle is over, and the wounded are lying on the field, they are safe from outrage. When Niksich lately capitulated, after a siege of two years, the wounded Turks were placed in the Montenegrin field-hospital, where they now are, and are attended to with as much care as the Montenegrins themselves. And here we may, in passing, mention what may explain the cause of the mutilation of *dead* bodies of their

enemies by the Turks. It is a general belief amongst Mohammedans, that those who present themselves at the gate of Paradise maimed or disfigured, can only be admitted after a long and weary time of waiting. Hence their great aversion to the amputation of a limb, even when it is necessary to save life. Yriarte, in his interesting book, '*La Bosnia e l'Herzegovina durante l'Insurrezione*,' mentions that when he accompanied a Turkish column in Bosnia, and some of the soldiers were wounded in a conflict with the insurgents, no limb could be amputated by the surgeons without a tedious inquiry as to its absolute necessity, and permission by the military authorities, before which sometimes the patient died. And he furnishes the explanation we have given. We should suppose, however, that this feeling is not allowed to have any practical effect in the way of the surgeons of the Red Cross who attend the hospitals and ambulances in Bulgaria, where the war is raging.

While we were at Cetinje, we took a walk which gave us a magnificent view. Leaving the town behind us, and turning our steps to the south-east, we crossed the flat meadows, and went up the rocky path that leads to Rjeka. Of it we only say that it is neither better nor worse than the path between Cetinje and Cattaro, which means that it is as bad as possible. By carefully picking our way over the projecting stones and sharp points of rock, we reached the top of what we may call the pass, and were well rewarded for our trouble. We could not actually see Rjeka itself, for it is hid in a hollow some six or seven miles off, but we made out its position; and in the distance lay the Lake of Scutari, glittering in the sun, with the Turkish citadel at the southern extremity, barely visible to the naked eye. All around us were the rough serrated ridges of limestone, which form the general characteristic of Montenegrin scenery; and far off across the Zeta valley, to the east, rose the lofty mountains of the Brda, pronounced Breda, which are richly wooded, and abound in game. Here are bears and wolves and chamois; and the Prince—who is, however, not much of a sportsman—sometimes goes to Brda to indulge in the pleasures of the chase. We could see where the Zeta, coming down from

Nikšić, flows into the Scutari Lake; and to the south-east were the mountains that mark the end of Austrian territory and the commencement of Albania.

The chief wants of Montenegro are acquisition of fertile territory and the possession of a port. There are not more than six level plains worth mentioning in the whole country—those of Cetinje, Njegosh, Crmnica, Grahovo, Zeta, and Rjeka—of which that of Zeta is the largest. There are numbers of little hollows, like basins, at the bottom of which potatoes and maize are cultivated; but most of them are extremely small. Water is scarce; and sometimes, when the wells fail, cattle are driven to the higher parts of the mountains where snow lies in hollows, and this is melted and given to the beasts. Sheep and goats, and horses and mules, constitute the chief stock; but we saw some pigs which were uncommonly like wild boars in appearance, and we kept at a respectful distance from them. As may be easily supposed, the products of Montenegro are very few: hides, wool, honey, and insect-powder! constitute, we believe, the principal articles of export, and these find their way to Cattaro for shipment. At the close of the great French war the port of Cattaro belonged to Montenegro; for, in return for the assistance she had rendered to England during the operations on the coast of Dalmatia, we gave it over to her; but when peace was concluded, it was agreed that Austria should possess the territory that had formerly been the dominion of Venice in Dalmatia, and as Cattaro was included in it, she claimed Cattaro, and the Montenegrins, to their great disgust, were obliged to surrender it. We do not think, however, that the mere possession of a port without some addition of territory would be of much consequence. We have already mentioned that the Montenegrins have lately taken from the Turks Sutorina, which is part of Herzegovina, and is on the Adriatic, at the entrance of the Bocche. It is at the mouth of a valley which seems fertile; but we suspect that Austria has no intention of allowing Montenegro to keep it, for she is very jealous of any intrusion of a foreign port on her Dalmatian coast. We believe that it would

be a wise policy to annex the whole of Herzegovina to Montenegro, for the people strongly sympathise with each other and disturbances there are sure to find an echo in the Black Mountain. And whatever be the issue of the present war, the course of events will have tended to knit more closely than ever the Herzegovinans and Montenegrins in bonds of union. But, looking at the question not in a political but an economical point of view, we doubt whether Herzegovina would add anything to the prosperity of her neighbor. The character of the region is much the same in the two countries, and an addition of so many more square miles of mountain and rock would be of little material advantage. But the quarter from which Montenegro might obtain solid and lasting advantage is the Turkish territory in the south, including the Lake of Scutari and the port of Antivari. There is fertile land there, which is just what Montenegro needs. Whatever be the issue of the conflict now raging between Russia and Turkey, some change in the present distribution of political power and territory in the East must take place; and we should think that Turkey herself would find it to her interest to keep Montenegro quiet. This she will never be, so long as she has to struggle for bare existence, and has no means of developing even such resources as she possesses. The Porte has for centuries attempted in vain, in successive struggles, to destroy her independence; and we may hope that it begins to see the futility of sending its troops to be shot down and slaughtered by the mountaineers, who, availing themselves of their rocky fastnesses, are determined to maintain their freedom or perish to the last man. At all events we trust that when the great European Powers meet again to settle the Eastern Question, the interests of this little State will not be forgotten. Hitherto it has looked upon Russia as its chief, if not its only, friend, and Russia has perhaps had interests of her own which made her not unwilling to keep it as a thorn in the side of Turkey. But this, if to last for ever, would be a miserable destiny, for thereby education and civilisation are indefinitely thrown back. With quiet, good government, and elbow-room, Montenegro would attain a prosperity she has

never known. The romance of her history might be less, but this she might well exchange for solid, substantial comforts, and the alleviation of much poverty. She could hardly turn her sword into a ploughshare, for there are no fields to plough; but there are many peaceful pursuits she could follow; and almost anything, except slavery, is better than a constant state of armed existence, which develops some virtues, but arrests the progress of humanity.

We need not dwell on the incidents of

our return journey. We were obliged to telegraph to Cattaro for a horse, and reached it after a ride of seven hours. We ought rather to say a ride and walk, for we were obliged constantly to dismount, and had not descended far on the mountain-side that looks down on Cattaro when, warned by a stumble of our horse, we got off and led him the whole of the rest of the way, preferring fatigue under a broiling sun to the chance of a broken leg.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THE NINETY YEARS' AGONY OF FRANCE.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

FOR ninety years, since the time when Calonne called together his Assembly of Notables, and when the voice of the Revolution was first heard announcing a reign of hope, love, freedom, and universal peace,—for ninety years has France struggled to attain a settled form of constitutional government; and apparently she is farther from it now than she was in 1787,—apparently, but not, we will hope, in reality. In this last crisis the mass of her people have exhibited not only a steadiness of purpose for which we were little prepared, but a self-control which is full of the highest promise. In spite of everything that the conspirators who had seized the government could do to provoke the nation to violence which might have afforded a pretext for using the public force against the public liberties, the nation has conquered by calmness. Conspiracy and illegality have passed from the side of the people to that of the Reactionary Government. This shows that considerable way has been made since the days of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Real progress is to be measured, not by change of institutions, but by change of character. The Revolution made a vast change in French institutions: it could not change French character, which remained as servile under the despotism of Robespierre as it had been under that of Louis XIV. Character seems now, after ninety years of desperate effort and terrible experience, to be coming up to the level of institutions. Perhaps France has reason to be grate-

ful to De Broglie and his Marshal for giving her assurance of that fact, though their names will be infamous for ever.

The reasons of the political failure of 1789 are manifest enough; we need not seek them in any mysterious incapacity of the Celtic race in general or of the French branch of it in particular for constitutional government. These mysterious capabilities and incapacities of races in truth are questionable things, and generally tend, upon closer inspection, to resolve themselves into the influence of circumstance perpetuated and accumulated through many generations. England, guarded by the sea, has had comparatively little need of standing armies, and she has thus escaped military despotism, since fleets cannot interfere with politics; yet even she might have fallen under a military despotism, and foreign critics might now be moralizing on the inherent incapacity of her people for any government but that of force, if when the army of James II. was encamped on Hounslow Heath there had not been a William of Orange to come over to our rescue. France has had frontiers; therefore she has had standing armies, and her rulers have been masters of legions. She was exposed to foreign invasion for a whole century, from the time of Edward III. to that of Henry VI., and again, at the crisis of her destiny in 1791, she was assailed by the arms of the coalesced powers of Reaction. On each occasion her people, to secure national independence, were compelled to renounce liberty, and the



Government was inevitably invested with a military dictatorship of defence, which, once acquired, was perpetuated in political despotism. It would be difficult to prove that, under more auspicious circumstances, the States-General, which at one period in the fourteenth century entered on a course of reform as bold and comprehensive as anything done by the framers of the Great Charter or the Parliaments of Henry III., might not have developed into a British House of Commons.

The political crisis of 1789 was in itself one of the most tremendous kind; it was nothing less than the collapse, amidst bankruptcy and general ruin, of the hereditary principle of government, the only principle which France or the greater part of Europe up to that time had known. But it was desperately complicated by its connection with a social and a religious crisis equally tremendous. It came upon a people totally untrained to political action, without political instruction, without a political press, without even the common information which a newspaper gives about passing events; without the means of judiciously choosing its political leaders, or even political leaders among whom a judicious choice could be made; without any good political writers, except Montesquieu, whose authority, as we shall presently see, was practically misleading. At the same time this people had, in common with all intellectual Europe, been excited by visions of boundless and universal happiness, of new heavens and a new earth, to be attained by a change of the social system and of the form of government. Amidst such disadvantages, and in face of a reaction at once political, social, and religious, the desperate reaction of privilege, both social and ecclesiastical, fighting for its existence, and not scrupling, in its transports of rage and terror at the appearance of liberty and equality, to combine with Robespierre in order to defeat Lafayette, success would have been almost a miracle. But then, to extinguish the last hope, came the coalition of the kings, hounded on by the too eloquent ravings of Burke, whose total failure to understand the difficulties under which the French reformers labored was discreditable to him as a political philosopher, while his frantic invocations of

war, and, in his own hideous phrase, of "a long war," were disgraceful to him not only as a political philosopher but as a man.

The Republican Constitution formed after the overthrow of the Terrorists was not a good one. The institution of two Chambers was a mistake, arising from an illusion of which we shall presently have to speak; a sufficient control over the Executive Directory was not secured to the representatives of the nation; the judiciary was not placed on a proper footing. Still it is probable that the Constitution would in time have worked and given to France law and order under a Republic, had it been administered by tolerably honest hands, and had it not been exposed to military violence. But a revolution, especially an abortive revolution, leaves behind it a fearful legacy not only of disappointment, lassitude, mistrust among the people, but of depravity among the chiefs. It gives birth to a race of intriguers, utterly selfish, utterly unprincipled, trained to political infidelity in the school of fortunate apostasy, steeped in perfidy by the violation of unnumbered oaths, and at the same time familiar with the revolutionary use of violence. Such was the offspring of the revolutionary periods of ancient history both in Greece and Rome. Thucydides saw and painted them; they impressed their character on Roman politics after the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. Such again was the offspring of the English Revolution; the Lauderdale and Shaftesburys, the scoundrels who formed the governments and led the factions of the Restoration, who carried on religious persecutions while themselves were infidels, shut up the Exchequer, made the Treaty of Dover, got up the Popish Plot, seized the municipal charters, judicially murdered Russell and Sydney. But never was there such a generation of these men as that which emerged from the wreck of the dreams of Rousseau and from the deadly struggle of factions which ended with the fall of Robespierre—Tallien, Fréron, Barère, Barras, Rewbell, Talleyrand, Merlin, Fouché, and their crew. Political corruption was aggravated by the corruption of morals, caused by the outburst of sensualism which naturally ensued after the dreadful repression and the

savage Spartanism of the Terror. To this general depravity was added the volcanic fury, still unabated, of party passions raging in the breasts of factions which but yesterday had been alternately revelling in the blood of each other. It was by military violence, however, that the Constitution was at last overthrown, and its fall was the beginning of that supremacy of the army which unhappily has been from that hour, and still is, the fundamental fact of French politics. The hand which, at the bidding of traitors in the Directory, dealt the first blow, was that of Augereau, but the hand which planned it and dealt the final blow was that of Bonaparte. In estimating the result of the first experiment in Republican government, this must always be borne in mind.

The appearance of Bonaparte upon the scene with his character and his abilities may be truly called the most calamitous accident in history. An accident it was, for Bonaparte was not a Frenchman; he was made a French soldier by the chance which had annexed his country to France, without which he would have been a Corsican brigand, instead of being the scourge of the world. Little did Choiseul think that the rapacity which added to France Corsica, would be the cause a century afterwards of her losing Alsace-Lorraine. As to the greatness of the calamity, few doubt it except the train of mercenary adventurers whose existence in France, as a standing and most dangerous conspiracy against her liberties, is itself the fatal proof of the fact which they would deny. What may have been the extent of Napoleon's genius, political or military, is a question still under debate, and one of a kind which it is difficult to settle, because to take the measure of a force, whether mechanical or intellectual, we must know the strength of the resistance overcome. The Revolution had swept the ground clear for his ambition, and had left him in his career of aggrandisement almost as free from the usual obstacles without, as he was from any restraints of conscience or humanity within. Death removed the only three men who were likely to make a stand; Hoche, Marceau, and Kleber, from his path. He disposed absolutely of an army full of burning enthusiasm, and which, before he took the

command, though it had recently met with some reverses, had already hurled back the hosts of the Coalition. In Europe, when he set out on his career, there was nothing to oppose him but governments estranged from their nations, and armies without national spirit, mere military machines, rusty for the most part, and commanded by privileged incompetence. England was the only exception, and by England he was always beaten. The national resistance which his tyranny ultimately provoked, and by which, when he had provoked it, he was everywhere defeated, in Russia, in Germany, even in decrepit Spain, was called into existence by his own folly. He ended, not like Louis XIV., merely in reverses and humiliations, but in utter and redoubled ruin, which he and his country owed to his want of good sense and of self-control, and to this alone, for he was blindly served, and fortune can never be said to have betrayed him, unless he had a right to reckon upon finding no winter in Russia. Before he led his army to destruction he had destroyed its enthusiastic spirit by a process visible enough to common eyes, though invisible to his. Nor was he more successful as a founder of political institutions. He, in fact, founded nothing but a government of the sword, which lasted just so long as he was victorious and present. The instability of his political structure was shown in a lurid light by the conspiracy of Malet. Of its effect on political character it is needless to speak; a baser brood of sycophants was never gathered round any Eastern throne. At the touch of military disaster the first Empire, like the second, sank down in ignominious ruin, leaving behind it not a single great public man, nothing above the level of Talleyrand. The Code survived; but the Code was the work of the jurists of the Revolution. With no great legal principle was Bonaparte personally identified, except the truly Corsican principle of confiscation, to which he always clung. The genius of the moral reformer is to be measured by the moral effect which he produces, though his own end may be the cup of hemlock. The genius of the adventurer must be measured by his success; and his success is questionable when his career, however meteoric, ends in total disaster.

This is not the less manifest to reflecting minds because the pernicious brightness of the meteor still dazzles and misleads the crowd. But the greater Napoleon's genius was, the worse was it for France and for mankind. All his powers were employed in the service of the most utterly selfish and evil ambition that ever dwelt in human breast. It has been justly remarked that his freedom from every sort of moral restraint and compunction lent a unity to his aims and actions which gave him a great advantage over less perfectly wicked men. As to religion, he was atheist enough to use it without scruple as a political engine, and to regret that the time was past when he might, like Alexander, have given himself out as the son of a god. His selfishness is to be measured not merely by the unparalleled sacrifices of human blood and suffering which he offered to it; not merely by the unutterable scenes of horror which he witnessed without emotion, and repeated without a pang; but by the strength of the appeal which was made to his better nature, had he possessed one, and the splendor of the reward which was held out to him, if he would have kept his allegiance to the interests of his country and of humanity. What happiness and what glory would have been his if, after Marengo, he had given the world a lasting peace, and with it the fulfilment, so far as fulfilment was possible, of the social and political aspirations for which such immense and heroic efforts, such vast sacrifices, had been made! Never, in all history, has such a part been offered to man. Instead of accepting this part, Napoleon gave the reins to an ambition most vulgar as well as most noxious in its objects, and to the savage lust of war, which seems after all to have been the predominating element in this Corsican's character, and which gleamed in his evil eye when the chord was touched by those who visited him at Elba. The results were the devastation of Europe, the portentous development of the military system under which the world now groans, the proportionate depression of industry and of all pacific interests, the resurrection in a worse form of the despotisms around which the nations were fain to rally for protection against a foreign oppressor, and the new era of con-

vulsions and revolutions which the resurrection of the despotisms inevitably entailed.

Of all the effects of Napoleon's career, the worst perhaps was the revelation of the weakness and meanness of human nature. What hope is there for a race which will grovel at the feet of sheer wickedness because the crime is on an enormous scale, and the criminal is the scourge, not only of one nation but of his kind? Next in the order of evil were the ascendancy given to the military spirit and the example of military usurpation. The military spirit it was that, excited by the flagitious writings of Thiers, and weakly flattered by the house of Orleans, overturned constitutional government in 1832. The example of military usurpation was followed by Napoleon's reputed nephew, who in his turn was driven by the discontent of the army, combined with the influence of his priest-ridden wife, into the war which overthrew his Empire, at the same time bringing the invader for the third time into Paris. The blow which military passion and the spirit of aggrandisement received in that defeat was to France a blessing in disguise. To it she owes the recovery, however precarious, of free institutions, of which there would otherwise scarcely have been a hope. But even now, France, after all her efforts and revolutions, is to a fearful extent at the mercy of a stupid and self-willed soldier, a third-rate master even of his own trade, totally devoid of political knowledge and of sympathy with political aspirations, but at the head of the army, and, as his language to the soldiery on the eve of the elections proved, sufficiently wanting in the true sense of honor to admit into his mind the thought of using the public force with which he is entrusted for the overthrow of public liberty. No institutions, however sound and stable in themselves, can afford to a nation security for legal order while there is a constant danger of military usurpation. Nor is it easy to see how the danger can be removed, so long as an army strong enough to overpower all national resistance, and blindly obedient to command, is at the disposal of the executive for the time being.

Two years hence, if not before, there will be another crisis; and it is idle to

conceal the unhappy and ignominious fact, that the decision will rest ultimately with the army and with those whom the army obeys.

Whether, under the new system of universal military service, with such influences as that of the Erckmann-Chatrrian novels, the soldier has become more of a citizen and the army less of a knife ready, in any hand by which it may for the moment be grasped, to cut the throat of public liberty, the event will show. The French peasant, if left to himself, is not fond of war; he hates the conscription, and his done so from the time of Cæsar; the fatal ascendancy of the military spirit is due, not to him, but to a series of ambitious rulers. This is true, but it does not save France from being, as a matter of fact, to a lamentable extent a stratocracy. How the army can be placed in safe hands is a problem of which it is almost impossible to suggest a complete and permanent solution. The reduction of its numbers by the definite adoption of a pacific policy is the only real security for the continuance of political liberty. In France the peril is greatest and its manifestations have been most calamitous, but it extends more or less to all the European nations. Everywhere in Europe public liberty and human progress are to a fearful extent at the mercy of the vast standing armies which are maintained by the mutual jealousies of nations, assiduously stimulated by courts and aristocracies in the interest of moral and political reaction. He who said that science could not be better employed than in devising means of destroying prætorians, gave utterance, in a cynical form, to a melancholy truth. It would be a happier way of escape from the danger if soldiers could possibly be made to understand their real duty to their country.

By the Restoration of the Stuarts, and the temporary recovery of its ascendancy by a defeated and vindictive party, England was thrown back into political discord, violence, and intermittent civil war for three-quarters of a century. The same calamity befell France, though in her case the restoration was the work of foreign hands; and the same or even greater allowance for the disturbing influence must be made. As no institutions can be proof against military trea-

son, so none can be proof against passions which go beyond political antagonism, beyond even the utmost violence of party, and are, in fact, the passions of civil war. The factions which encountered each other in the legislative assemblies of the Restoration were the same which not long before had encountered each other, on the battle-fields of La Vendée. Their hostility, scarcely diminished since they met in arms, was incompatible with that common allegiance to the Constitution and its objects, in spite of divergences on special questions, which is the first condition of constitutional government. Both extremes in the assemblies of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were striving, not to give effect to their respective policies by constitutional means, but to overthrow the Constitution itself, one extreme in the interest of absolutism, the other in that of democracy. It was then as it is now, when the monarchical and aristocratic party is manifestly using the Marshalate and the Senate, not to modify legislation in a conservative sense, but to overthrow the Republic, as, if it had been successful in controlling the elections, it would unquestionably have done. In such a case institutions can do no more than prolong for themselves a precarious existence by being so ordered as to prevent rather than facilitate a pitched battle between parties which, when it once occurs, causes an outbreak of violence, and leads back to civil war.

Napoleon, besides restoring superstition for his political ends, restored aristocracy, though the fear of limiting his despotism made him dislike creating an hereditary House of Peers. This also has been a hostile and disturbing force, against which the Republic, founded on equality, has always had and still has to contend. The set of upstarts whom Bonaparte bedizened with tinsel dukedoms of course gave themselves greater airs than the old nobility of France. Such a fellow as Cambacères was very particular about being called Monseigneur; but a certain union of interest, if not a social union, has by this time been brought about between old privilege and new; and the attack on the Republic under De Broglie has been at least as much an aristocratic conspiracy as anything else. So manifest is this as to



found a hope that the army, which is tolerably loyal to equality, if not to liberty, might recoil from supporting what it must see to be an aristocratic reaction. An aristocracy, while it exists, will never cease to intrigue against institutions based upon equality; and the total prohibition of hereditary titles was justly felt by the framers of the American Constitution to be essential to the security of their Republic.

Another adverse force, against which free institutions have to contend in France, too often noted to need more than recognition in its place, is the tendency derived from the old *régime*, but handed on in an intensified form, by the Bonapartes, to administrative centralization, which, notwithstanding the improvement of local institutions, still decidedly preponderates over local self-government. The influence exercised by De Broglie and his accomplices over the elections, through prefects of their appointment, is a fatal proof of the fact. From the same inveterate spirit of encroachment on one side, and submission on the other, arises the want of independence in the judiciary which has been so disgracefully displayed in the late political trials. The resistance made by the constituencies to the prefects shows that improvement is going on; but a century of effort is not too much to throw off maladies so deeply-seated as these.

The special influence, however, to which we wish here to point as having interfered with the success of elective government, and as still imperilling its existence in European countries generally, but notably in France, is the ignorant and fallacious imitation of the British Constitution. We wish we could hope that the few words we have to say on this point would meet the eye of any French statesman, and direct his attention to the subject.

Burke denounced the political architects of 1789 for constructing their edifice according to theoretic principles instead of building it on old foundations, and he contrasted their folly with the wisdom of the old Whigs. Considering that the old Whigs were aristocrats who had inherited the territorial plunder of the courtiers of Henry VIII., and who desired to preserve that inheritance, and,

with it, the power of an aristocracy, their economy in innovation was as natural as it was wise. But it would have tasked the sagacity of Burke to discover what old foundations for constitutional government there were in the France of 1789. France had then been, for at least a century and a-half, a despotism with a strictly centralized administration. The semblance of provincial government survived; but it masked without really tempering the action of the satraps of the monarchy; and feudalism, crushed since Richelieu, had left behind no genuine remnant of local liberty, but only the antiquated machinery of social oppression, which Richelieu had done almost nothing to reform. Yet the political architects of 1789 did build on old foundations, the only old foundations which anywhere presented themselves—the foundations of the English Constitution. And it may confidently be said that, compared with that renowned, time-honored, and much-lauded model, the newest creation of the brain of Sieyès would have been a safe and practical guide. The clockwork constitutions of Sieyès displayed a fatal ignorance of the real forces; but at all events they involved no incurable self-contradiction. It was not absolutely impossible to make them work. But it was absolutely impossible, and had been actually proved to be so by English experience, to make the British Constitution work, as the British Constitution was understood by Frenchmen and by Englishmen themselves.

The received version of the British Constitution was that given by Montesquieu, in perfect accordance with the forms of British constitutional law. Montesquieu, a great genius in his day, while he explained the forms with philosophic eloquence, failed to pierce through them to the real political forces. In this respect he is like De Tocqueville, whose work, admirable in many respects, is still an account of the forms, not of the real forces, and consequently is of little value as a practical guide to American politics, and is seldom quoted by American politicians. The legislative power is the sovereign power. But Montesquieu believed that the sovereign power, in the case of the British Constitution, was really divided among King, Lords, and Commons. He

also believed that the legislative, executive, and judiciary powers were not only distinct, but independent of each other, and that the mutual independence of those powers was the palladium of constitutional government.

The British Constitution is a single elective assembly, in which the whole of the legislative, and therefore the whole of the sovereign power is really vested. This assembly virtually appoints the members of the executive, who are the leaders of its majority, and through the executive the ministers of justice. Round it still cling, as it were, the wrecks of an old feudal monarchy and of an old feudal House of Peers, but from both of them the power has long passed away, to centre in the Commons, though, strange to say, not only foreign observers, but English statesmen, long remained unconscious of the fact.

Whether the sovereign power, which could not be divided, should be vested in the Crown or in the representatives of the people, was the question which, after vain attempts to settle it by debate, was fought out with arms between the Parliament and the Stuarts. It was decided, after a century of conflict and several vicissitudes of fortune, in favor of the representatives of the people, who finally triumphed in 1688. From that time the monarchy has been *fainéant*, interfering with the government only by means of back-stairs influence, or by forming for itself, underhand, a party in the House of Commons, as it did during part of the reign of George III. William III., being the head and the general of a European coalition, kept for his life the Foreign Office and the War Office in his own hands; but after a slight resistance, ending with his attempt to veto the Triennial Act, he was obliged to relinquish every other kind of power; and, in the reign of his successor, the transfer of the sovereignty to Parliament was complete. As to the House of Lords, it has no power left in itself but that of obstruction on minor questions; on great questions it merely registers the vote of the majority of the House of Commons. This was settled in 1832, in the case of the Reform Bill, and again in 1846, in the case of the Corn Laws. On both those occasions the measures would notoriously have been rejected by an over-

whelming majority—had the House of Lords been an independent assembly. The result showed that it was nothing of the kind. King, Lords, and Commons work together harmoniously in England, not because each of them exercises its share of the sovereign power temperately, and with due respect for the rights of the others, which is the common and the orthodox belief, but because two of them are politically non-existent. Restore real sovereignty to the Crown, and you will have the Stuarts and the Long Parliament over again.

Following, however, as they thought the successful example of England, the framers of the French Constitution of 1789 attempted to divide the sovereign power, leaving a portion of it in the King, and vesting the remainder in the representatives of the people. The result, the inevitable result, was collision, and soon a conflict which, though neither party knew it, was essentially internecine. The weaker, that is to say, the Monarchy, fell; but in the desperate efforts necessary to get rid of the opposing force and to vindicate the sovereignty to itself, foreign intervention adding to the fury of the conflict and to the general difficulties of the crisis, the nation fell into convulsions, into a reign of violence, into the Terror, and after the Terror into military dictatorship and despotism. The same fatal situation was reproduced under the restored Monarchy; again an attempt was made to divide the sovereign power between the King and the Assembly which represented the nation. In which of the two that power should rest, was the issue once more really debated through all those fierce sessions of the Restoration Legislature, while the ground heaved with conspiracy, and ever and anon the mutterings of civil war were heard in the streets. At last Charles X. made a desperate effort to cut the knot and render himself sovereign; by his failure and fall the question of sovereignty was decided for the time in favor of the representatives of the people. What power Louis Philippe retained, was retained not of right (for he subscribed to the doctrine that he was to be guided by Constitutional advisers assigned him by the majority in the Chambers), but by personal influence and corruption. It was in corruption, in fact,

that monarchical power made clandestinely its last stand. Louis Philippe's fall, as we have already said, was due not so much to political causes, in the proper sense of the term, as to Chauvinism conspiring against a *bourgeois* King whose policy was peace, though he yielded too much to the fancied necessity of sacrificing, by military display and menace, to the idol of war. At the same time the fresh impulse given to the revolutionary movement in Europe by the struggles of oppressed nationalities caused an insurrection in France against the surviving forms of monarchy and the influences by which they were upheld. Chauvinism and the fear of anarchy together gave birth to the second Empire, under which the sovereign power reverted from the representatives of the nation to the monarch, who was in all but form a despot, as before the Legislature had been, in all but form and saving illicit influence, the King. The second Empire went to the grave of the first by the same road, the military aggressiveness which was the condition of its existence leading it on at last to ruinous defeat. Now again comes a nominal Republic; but, unfortunately, there is still a King, and the hopeless problem of carrying on government with a divided sovereignty presents itself afresh. The Marshal, having the command of the army, and being supported by those who desire a return to monarchy, struggles for the sovereign power; and the question at the late election was whether that power should belong to him and the Ministers of his personal choice, or to the nation. From 1789 onwards, there has been a chronic though intermittent struggle for the sovereign power several times; that power has been transferred and retransferred; there have been periods in which it was doubtful where it resided; but it has never been divided, nor is a division possible in the nature of things. The attempt can only lead to a conflict which will probably end, as it did in England, in civil war.

Those who found an elective government must not fancy that they can at the same time preserve monarchy. They must be logical, because they will find that in this case not to be logical is to plunge into practical confusion. They

must vest the sovereignty absolutely and beyond question in the nation. Their first care must be to establish on an immovable foundation the principles, that the nation alone makes and alone can alter the Constitution; that to the nation alone all allegiance is due, and against it alone can treason be committed; that all other authority, however high, is merely derivative, responsible, and bounded by the written law; that the sovereignty of the nation is exercised through its representatives duly elected; and that to these representatives the obedience of all executive officers must be paid. This done, they may afford to make any conservative regulations with regard to the election of the National Assembly and the mode of its proceeding that they please; and where freedom is young, they will find careful regulations of this kind needful. It is the game of the Bonapartists, first to assert the sovereignty of the nation, and then to make the nation permanently divest itself of its sovereignty by a *plébiscite* in favor of the Bonaparte family and the brood of adventurers whose instruments the Bonapartes are. Of course, no legislation can prevent a national suicide; but clear declarations of principle are not barren because they are not endowed with force to defend themselves against treachery or violence: and it would be important to declare that the national sovereignty is inherent as well as entire, and that no single generation can by its act divest future generations of their right.

So long as there is a single head to the State there will always be some danger of a revival of monarchical pretensions, and of a dispute as to the seat of the sovereign power, at least in any country where monarchy has long existed and monarchical ideas have taken root. America is Republican soil, on which hardly any but democratic ideas can grow; the sovereignty of the nation is firmly established, not only in documents, but in the minds of the people; the President is elected for a short term, his powers are clearly bounded by the written law, he has hardly any military force at his command; yet Jackson showed a tendency to encroachment, and the jobbers who plundered the community under Grant betrayed their desire not only of increasing, but of perpetuating his power.

A single head of the State is a fancied necessity; the Swiss Constitution, which, instead of a single man, has a Council with a President whose function is only to preside, presents great advantages in this respect, and is the safest model for adoption. It moreover gets rid of that which is the scourge even of America, but far more of any country where the questions that divide parties are so fundamental and party hostility is so deadly as in France—a Presidential election, which periodically stirs up from their depths all the most violent passions, excites the most turbulent ambitions, and brings all questions to a dangerous head. The framers of the American Constitution were in some degree misled, like the framers of the French Constitution, by their British model which they reproduced in a Republican form; they imagined that it was necessary to have something in place of the King, and the elective Presidency with all its evils is the result.

Another signal and calamitous instance of mistaken imitation of the British Constitution is the power of dissolution, which the other day, in the hands of a disloyal President and Senate, was so nearly the means of overturning the Republic. In the days in which the power of legislation, with the other attributes of sovereignty, resided in the Crown, and Parliaments were merely consultative, or at most instruments for supplying by the grant of subsidies the occasional necessities of the Crown, it was a matter of course that they should be summoned only when the Crown needed their presence, and dismissed as soon as their advice had been given and they had voted their supplies. Our modern power of dissolution is a survival of this original state of things. But with us it is no longer practically in the hands of the King, or of any authority outside Parliament; it has passed, with the other attributes of the sovereign power, to the Parliament itself. It is exercised by a Parliamentary Minister, by whose advice the Crown is bound on this as on all other questions to be guided, for the purpose of testing the relative position of parties in the country; and its exercise is limited to that object by restrictions which, though tacit and to be found in no book on constitutional

law, are perfectly understood and observed by both parties as the rules of the game. It is in fact the mode by which the House of Commons adjusts itself to the public opinion which is the basis of its power. This has not been seen by those who, thinking to reproduce the British Constitution, have vested in an authority really external to the Parliament, such as the French Marshalate, a power of dissolution, which is in fact a power of extinguishing for the time, and may in disloyal hands be used as a power of extinguishing for ever, the organ of the national sovereignty, and the national sovereignty itself. We know well that in the case of France the fault does not lie with the friends of the Republic; but it is not in France alone that the error respecting the power of dissolution has prevailed.

Dissolutions and general elections are alike obsolete bequests of old feudal politics; and though by the practical temperament and the political experience of the English they have been tacitly accommodated, like other parts of the historic system, to the requirements of the present day, they are alike in themselves evil as well as obsolete. The existence of the assembly which is the organ of the national sovereignty, and without which the nation is practically powerless, ought never to be suspended for an hour; from its suspension in any country in which elective institutions have still a disputed title, and are threatened by hostile machinations, the most serious dangers may arise. General elections are evil, because they bring on those violent conflicts of opinion, and pitched battles between parties, which when the differences of sentiment are so extreme as they are between the Ultramontanists and the Liberals, the Legitimists and the Radicals in France, are in the highest degree perilous, and, as the recent crisis has plainly indicated, might, in a very inflamed state of feeling, lead at once to an outbreak of violence and civil war. To avert such conflicts, to avoid pitched battles of opinion, to make the stream of political progress glide within its banks, and with as few cataracts as possible, ought to be the aim of all framers of elective constitutions. An elective assembly renewed, not all at once, but by instalments, and



at regular periods fixed by law, independent of the will of any functionary, will fulfil the condition of uninterrupted life, without which usurping Governments, like that of De Broglie, may always be tempted to suspend its existence or get rid of it altogether; and it will conform steadily, yet promptly enough, to the changes of public opinion, without those violent revolutions which general elections are apt to produce, and without giving the excessive predominance which they are apt to give to the question or the cry of the day. The necessity under which party leaders find themselves of providing a question and a cry for a general election has had a bad effect even on English legislation.

Another illusion which has led to strange consequences in France, and in all other countries where the building of constitutions has been going on, including the British Colonies, is the notion that the House of Lords is a Senate moderating by its mature wisdom the action of the more popular House. As we have had occasion to say elsewhere, the House of Lords is not a Senate; it is an old feudal estate of the realm: its action has been, not that of ripe wisdom moderating popular impulse, but simply that of privilege combating, so far as it dared, all change, in the interest of the privileged order. Whether its influence is really conservative may be doubted; in the first place, because its resistance to change, being unreasoning and anti-national, is very apt, as the history of the first Reform Bill shows, to provoke the revolutionary spirit rather than to allay it; and in the second place, because it operates as a practical ostracism of the great landowners, who, under the circumstances of English society, would otherwise certainly find seats in the House of Commons. The real stronghold of English Conservatism is the preponderance of the aristocratic, or rather plutocratic element in the House of Commons. But at all events the House of Lords furnishes no model to any country which has not an hereditary and territorial aristocracy, or a privileged order of some kind, having its base, and presenting a fulcrum of resistance, outside the body of the nation. If both assemblies emanate from the nation, whatever

diversities there may be in the mode of their election, and even if the Senate be not directly elected, but nominated by a Government itself the offspring of election, the attempt to make the national sovereignty check and restrain itself by acting through two organs instead of one, and confronting its own impulses with its own cooler wisdom, must ultimately fail. So long as the same party has a majority in both assemblies, the double machinery will work smoothly, but at the same time it will be ineffective. But when the party which is in a majority in the popular assembly is in a minority in the Senate, as soon as an important question arises there will be a collision between the two Houses, and the result will be a dead-lock, which will last till the nation compels one of the two assemblies to give way, declaring thereby in effect that the national sovereignty is delegated to the other. Nor is there any real advantage in the delay which the dead-lock causes, sufficient to compensate for the violence of the struggle, and the dangerous excitation of turbulent and revolutionary passions. Such is the experience of the British Colonies in Australia, while in Canada the Senate is a cipher, and its debates are not even reported. In Italy the same party was at first in the majority in both Chambers; but the other day a change took place in the popular Chamber, and at once there were symptoms of collision. In France, the Senate at each great crisis of the constitution has proved impotent or useless, as the historian of Parliamentary Government in France admits; but it is now showing a tendency, as might have been expected, to become the citadel of a party, or rather a group of parties, bent on overturning the Republic in the interest of some form of government more favorable to aristocracy; and in this way it threatens to prove not a nullity, but a danger of the first magnitude, and an instrument of attempts, such as the attempt of De Broglie, which may plunge the country again into civil war. If the example of the American Senate is cited in favor of a second Chamber, it must be remembered that the American Senate represents the Federal principle as opposed to the principle of population, and that its authority and usefulness, whatever

they may be, thus depend on its connection with a Federation.

Besides, of what special elements do you wish your Senate to consist? What is to be the special character of its members compared with those who sit in the Lower House? Till this is distinctly settled, all devices for particular modes of election or appointment are devices without an object; they are machines for producing something which itself is not determined. Do you wish your Senate to consist of old men, in accordance with the literal meaning of the name, and with the habit of primitive nations? It will represent the infirmities of old age. Do you wish it to consist of the rich? It will be the organ of a class interest, odious and the object of suspicion to all the rest of the nation. Or do you wish it to consist of the best and most trustworthy of your public men? If you succeed in putting these men into the Senate, you will deprive the popular Chamber of its guides and of those most able to control its impulses and passions, and in a manner ostracize your legislative wisdom. Something like this happened to Cromwell when he thought to temper the fractiousness of the House of Commons by restoring the Upper House: to supply materials for his Upper House he had to take his best men from the Lower; the lead in the Commons was broken up; the two Houses fell foul of each other; and the Parliament was dissolved in a storm.

Instead of attempting to divide the sovereignty, which is really indivisible, and to make the nation perform the chimerical operation of producing by election a check upon itself, attention should we venture to think, be directed, more carefully and systematically than it has ever yet been, to the constitution of the representative assembly, to the mode and rate of its renewal, to the securities for its deliberate action and for the exclusion from it of mere passion and impulse, to such questions as that between direct election and election through local councils or other intermediate bodies, to the qualifications for the franchise in the way of property, age, education, or performance of national duties. It is singular, for instance, that amidst all the discussions about vetoes, absolute or suspensive, to be reposed in kings or presi-

dents, no one has thought of requiring an absolute majority of the whole house for the passage of an opposed measure, or of giving to a minority, if it amounts to a certain proportion of the House, a limited power of delay.

But of all the things borrowed by France and other nations from the British Constitution the most palpably absurd and calamitous, in its general application, is the system of party, which sets up the great offices of state as the prizes of a perpetual conflict between two organized parties, and relies upon the perpetual existence of these two parties and the ceaseless continuance of their conflict as the only available means of carrying on constitutional government. It is strange that any one should have fallen into such a trap who had studied the Parliamentary history of England. In this country there have throughout been two Parliamentary parties, and two only; while the objects sought by both have been so definite and of such importance as at once to ensure cohesion, and to justify, in some degree at least, allegiance to the party standard. The conflict of parties has, in fact, been the means of carrying on and regulating a series of organic changes and reforms in a democratic, or at least in a popular, direction. The adherents of each party have been able to say, with truth, that they were contending for the ascendancy of certain definite principles in government and legislation. At the same time there have been certain principles common to both parties, which, with the remarkable aptitude of the nation, and the retention of the leadership on both sides by a section of the aristocracy, have always, in modern times, kept the contest within bounds. Even so, party has often shown that it is but a fine name for faction; and in the pauses of progress, when there was no great question before the country, the generous emulation of party leaders has sunk into a personal struggle for place with all its rancor and all its meanness. Such, however, as it is, the ground for the existence of the party system is peculiar to England, and has its explanation in her political history: the attempt to reproduce the system in other countries, without the ground for its existence, will be not only senseless, but noxious in the

highest degree. To divide a nation for ever into two factions, and to set these factions to wage a perpetual war, such a war as that of factions always is, and with the usual weapons of intrigue, mutual calumny, and corruption, is surely the strangest plan ever deliberately adopted by a political architect; and if we could be convinced that this was the only possible mode of carrying on constitutional government, we should regard the case of constitutional government as hopeless. How can our political salvation be found in a system of which it is the inherent tendency, one might almost say the avowed object, to stir up discord, to excite unpatriotic passions, to stimulate selfish ambitions, to deprave political character, to destroy that reasonable loyalty to the national government on which the very existence of a free community depends? If the absurdity of such a theory is not manifest enough in itself, let inquiry be made into the working of the system of party in the British colonies, where it has been retained for the personal benefit of groups of politicians, when, all organic questions having been settled, the public grounds for such combinations and for allegiance to party have ceased to exist; it will soon become manifest what are its effects upon the efficiency, purity, and stability of government, on the morality of public life, on the political character of the people. In the United States there was ground enough, and more than enough, for the existence of party while the nation was divided on the question of slavery; and it is not surprising the party spirit should have prevailed over allegiance to the nation, or that there should have been a party conflict of the utmost bitterness, which, being brought to a head by an election to the Presidency, ended in a civil war. But the old materials for party having been thus exhausted, and new materials not presenting themselves, the combinations are breaking up, the lines are becoming confused, and the present Government, in undertaking the work of administrative reform, hardly relies more on the support of its own party, the regular managers of which are all against it, than on that of the best section of the other party, and less on either than on that of the nation at large.

The historian of Parliamentary Gov-

ernment in France, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who tacitly assumes throughout his work the necessity of the party system, states its theory thus: "In free countries, where liberty is not of yesterday, there always exist, in the bosom of society, two principal tendencies, one towards liberty, the other towards authority, which manifest themselves in all legal ways, above all in the way of elections, and which usually produce two parties having each its principles, its opinions, its flag. Of these parties one has the majority, and governs, not directly but indirectly, by the influence which it exercises, the choices which it indicates, the measures which it defends or combats. The other becomes the Opposition, and watches the Government, controls it, keeps it up to the mark, till such time as faults or a movement of public opinion change the relative position of the parties, and give it in its turn the right and the power of governing." Two tendencies, according to this eminent writer, there must always be in the nation, one towards authority, the other towards liberty; and these tendencies are the foundations of the two parties, by the perpetual conflict of which government is to be carried on. But suppose a man to have an equal and well-balanced regard, both for authority and for liberty, to which party is he to belong? Or is he to remain in a state of suspension, and to be eliminated from politics, because he thinks rightly and is free from undue bias? Suppose the nation itself to have arrived at a reasonable frame of mind, to be practically convinced that, while the preservation of ordered liberty is the object for which authority exists, rational allegiance to authority was essential to the preservation of liberty—what then? Because the nation was all of one opinion, and that opinion evidently the right one, would the possibility of good government be at an end? Then, again, do not those who hold the view of M. Duvergier de Hauranne perceive that, while it is essential to their theory that there should be only two parties, that of authority and that of liberty, that of the Government and that of the Opposition, the fact is that in France there are a dozen, that the same is the case in other countries, and that even in England, though the Conservative

party, which is a party of interest, retains its unity, the Liberal party, which is a party of opinion, is splitting into sections, which are becoming every day less amenable to party discipline, and therefore weaker as a whole? It is evident that, as intellectual activity and independence of mind increase, sectional differences of opinion will multiply, and party organization will become more impracticable every day. Nothing will be left us but hollow, treacherous, and ephemeral combinations of cliques which have no real principle of union, and which will be torn asunder again by mutual jealousies almost as soon as they are combined. Intrigue and cabal will continually gain force; the hope of a stable government will grow more faint; until at last the people, in sheer weariness and despair, will fling themselves at the feet of any one who promises to give them stability and security with the strong hand.

An executive council, regularly elected by the legislature, in which the supreme power resides, and renewed by a proper rotation and at proper intervals, so as to preserve the harmony between the legislature and the executive, without a ministerial crisis or a vote of censure, is the natural and obvious crown of an elective polity; and to something of this sort, we venture to think, all free communities will be ultimately compelled to have recourse, by the manifest failure of the party system. If further security for the responsibility of the executive to the legislative, and for the maintenance of harmony between the two, were deemed needful, it might be provided that, besides the limitation of office to a certain term, each member of the council should be liable to removal at any time for special cause, by the vote of a certain proportion of the assembly. Such a provision would have enabled the French Legislature to get rid of Barras and his two accomplices in the Executive Directory as soon as it became manifest that they were conspiring against the Constitution.

A national assembly, elected under such conditions as may appear to be most favorable to the ascendancy of intelligence and public spirit, representing the undivided sovereignty of the nation, always in existence, renewed by such in-

stalments as may preserve its popular character without rendering it the sport of temporary passion, legislating under rules the best that can be devised for securing deliberate action, and in its turn electing the members of a responsible executive—such, once more, seems the natural organization of a community which, in the course of human progress, has discarded the hereditary principle, and adopted the elective principle in its stead. No constitution can protect itself against the external violence of a great army if the army is willing, at the bidding of a military usurper, to cut the throat of public liberty. No constitution can change the political character of a nation, or cure, as by magic, the weakness and servility contracted by centuries of submission to a centralized and arbitrary administration. No constitution can neutralize the bad effects produced on public spirit and on mutual confidence by the decay of religious belief in the minds of a great part of the nation, and the absence of imperfect development of any new faith. No constitution can eliminate the general vices of human nature, or the special vices of the particular nation. But such a constitution as we have indicated would at least not contain in itself the certain seeds of its own destruction; it would not be liable to legal dissolution by any external power; it would continue to exist, to do its work better or worse, to renew itself by an operation as regular as the seasons, and which there could never be a special temptation to interrupt; without inducing torpor, it would avoid anything like a violent crisis, such as is brought on by a general election, especially after a penal dissolution; it would keep the way always open to the reform of what is bad, by means of improved elections, and without a revolution; it would give full play to any increase of virtue and intelligence which there might be among the people; its course would no doubt be at first somewhat halting and unsatisfactory among a people whose training has been so unfortunate, but it could hardly fall to the ground, or fail to answer in a tolerable way the ordinary ends of government.

Of the present Constitution, unfortunately, the contrary is true. It does contain in itself the almost certain seeds of



its own destruction. The quasi-monarchical power, Presidency, Marshalate, or whatever it is to be called, and the Senate, which is sure to have an aristocratic character, will probably remain, as they are now, the double basis of a perpetual reaction in favor of the hereditary principle, to which privilege, with good reason, clings; and recent experience renders it highly probable that the two, if firmly united, would be able by successive dissolutions, combined with the exercise of Government influence in the elections, to place in the utmost peril, and practically to annihilate, the organ of the national sovereignty and the national sovereignty itself. The constitution of "three Powers" is a constitution of civil war.

In discussing constitutions, however, and the revision of constitutions, we are haunted by the unwelcome apprehension that something of a sterner kind may yet be in store for France. We do not greatly fear that a soldier, whose name is associated with nothing extraordinary or great except defeat, will conceive the design of founding a military empire in his own interest. We do not greatly fear the Clericals, since the catastrophe of Eugénie and her priests, and when Ultramontanism, in spite of its recent spasm of aggressive energy, is manifestly losing ground throughout educated Europe. We do not even greatly fear Bonapartism in itself, simply as a movement in favor of the restoration of a military despotism for the benefit of a discredited dynasty. What we fear is the implacable hostility of aristocracy to a Republic

based upon equality. In France the three aristocracies, Legitimist, Orleanist and Bonapartist, are now collectively strong; their wealth has greatly increased; they begin to feel a common interest, social and political, though they are at present ranged under the banners of different pretenders, and have hitherto, by their disunion, saved the Republic. One and all, they instinctively hate equality, and those hate it most bitterly whose nobility is of yesterday. You may demonstrate as clearly as you please that aristocracy has had its hour, that humanity is passing into another phase, that the best and most glorious part which a man who inherits the influence of aristocracy can play is to smooth the transition into a new era: some of the finer minds, and of those who can hope to maintain their position by their own character and intellect, will perhaps listen to you; the mass will obey the bias of class, cling to privilege, and constantly conspire against equality and any institutions by which equality is upheld. Their feelings towards the democratic masses are not those of mere political difference, but of hatred more bitter than that which is felt by a foreign enemy, and aggravated by contempt. The aristocratic conspiracy, for such at bottom it was, of De Broglie and Fourtou has for the moment failed; but the attempt will be perpetually renewed: and it will be fortunate indeed if the question between the Republic and the aristocracy is finally decided without adding another convulsion to the ninety years' agony of France.—*Contemporary Review*.

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ME AND MY MATE.—A WHITBY STORY.

MATES? ay, we've been mates together  
These threescore years and more;  
Lord, how we used to lake and cuff  
In t' caves down there on t' shore.

Well, he were as bad as orphaned,  
His father were drowned at sea,  
And his mother, poor fond dateless soul,  
Could do nought with such as he.

So my father, as were a kindly man,  
Though slow in his speech and stern,  
Sent us both off to the whalery,  
Our bit and sup to earn.

And we were mates in the cold and the toil,  
And mates o'er a cheery glass,  
Till we parted, as better men have done,  
For we'd words about a lass.

Poor Nance!—her red lips and bright blue eyes,  
And her smiles for one and another,  
I wot those pretty ways of hers  
Came betwixt us, friend and brother.

And she wouldn't have neither him nor me,  
But took up with an inland chap  
As daren't step in a boat nor haul a rope;  
But he'd brass—we hadn't a rap.

Still, for all we heard her wedding bells,  
Changed blows are bitter coin;  
We're hard to part, we Yorkshire folk,  
But we're harder yet to join.

Well, it were dree work to meet on t' pier,  
Nor once "Well, mate" to say;  
And one to start with the lifeboat crew,  
And the other to turn away.

To go alone for the Sunday walk;  
To smoke one's pipe alone;  
For while we shunned each other like,  
We'd go with never a one.

Only when the herring got agate,  
And the lobster-pots were set,  
We were partners in the *Nance*, you see,  
So we went together yet.

Together, but never a word we spoke  
Out on the dancing waves;  
Under sunlight, or moonlight, or great white stars,  
As silent as men in their graves.

I tell you, we've sate as sullen as aught,  
One at t' sheet and one at t' helm,  
Till the very ripples seemed to call,  
"Shame! shame!" in the sound of them.

Silent we pulled the fish aboard;  
Silent we turned her head,  
And steered her home, and leaped ashore,  
And never a word we said.

The very bairns stood back afeard  
As we came glooming in,  
And ever and aye I knew my heart  
Grew heavier in its sin.

One day the sky grew coarse and wild,  
And the wind kept shifting like,  
As a man that has planned a murder,  
And doesn't know where to strike.

"Best stay ashore, and leave the pots;  
There's mischief brewing there;"  
So spoke old Sam as could read the clouds;  
But I had an oath to swear,

And I muttered, "Cowards might bide at home,"  
As I glanced at Will the while;  
And he swung himself aboard the *Nance*,  
With one queer quiet smile.

Out ran the rope—up went the sail—  
She shot across the bar,  
And flew like a bird right through the surf  
As was whitening all the scar.

We reached the pots, and Will stretched out  
To draw the bladder near;  
I looked astern, and there well-nigh broke  
From my lips a cry of fear.

For, flying over the crested waves,  
Terrible, swift, and black,  
I saw the squall come sweeping on—  
All round us closed the wrack.

The boat heeled over to the blast,  
The thunder filled the air,  
Great seas came crashing over us—  
Scarce time to think a prayer.

But 'mid the foam that blinded us,  
And the turmoil of the sea,  
I saw Will seize the bladder up  
And heave it right to me.

Can you understand, you landsmen?  
It was all the chance he had;  
Ay, thou mayst growl thy fill out there,  
But I'll tell the truth, old lad!

It was all the chance he'd got, I say,  
And he gave it to his mate;  
I'd one hand on it, and one in his hair,  
When they found us, nigh too late.

For Sam had sent the lifeboat out,  
And they pulled us both aboard;  
There was not a plank of the *Nance* afloat;  
But I've got the bladder stored.

And whenever I'm vexed, or things go wrong,  
If Will should not be nigh,  
I light my pipe, and sit nigh hand  
Where it hangs there safe and dry.

And I know through good and evil  
We are mates on to the end,  
For the Book says, there is no greater love  
Than to give one's life for one's friend.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## HOURS IN A LIBRARY.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

THE well-known phrase as to critics being made of poets who have failed requires to be supplemented. The best critics are often the poets who have succeeded; a truth which has been more than once illustrated by Mr. Swinburne. I shall not ask whether this can be said, unreservedly in reference to his recent essay upon Miss Brontë. As usual, he bestows the most enthusiastic and generous praise with a lavish hand, and bestows it upon worthy objects. And, as usual, he seems to be a little too much impressed with the necessary connection between illuminating in honor of a hero and breaking the windows or burning the effigies of the hero's rivals. I do not wish to examine the justice of his assaults, and still less to limp on halting and prosaic feet after his bounding rhetoric. I propose only to follow an inquiry suggested by a part of his argument. After all, though criticism cannot boast of being a science, it ought to aim at something like a scientific basis, or at least to proceed in a scientific spirit. The critic, therefore, before abandoning himself to the oratorical impulse, should endeavor to classify the phenomena with which he is dealing as calmly as if he were ticketing a fossil in a museum. The most glowing eulogy, the most bitter denunciation have their proper place; but they belong to the art of persuasion, and form no part of scientific method. Our literary, if not our religious, creed should rest upon a purely rational ground, and be exposed to logical tests. Our faith in an author must in the first instance be the product of instinctive sympathy, instead of deliberate reason. It may be propagated by the contagion of enthusiasm, and preached with all the fervor of proselytism. But when we are seeking to justify our emotions, we must endeavor to get for the time into the position of an independent spectator, applying with rigid impartiality such methods as are best calculated to free us from the influence of personal bias.

Undoubtedly it is a very difficult task to be alternately witness and judge; to

feel strongly, and yet to analyse coolly; to love every feature in a familiar face, and yet to decide calmly upon its intrinsic ugliness or beauty. To be an adequate critic is almost to be a contradiction in terms; to be susceptible to a force, and yet free from its influence; to be moving with the stream, and yet to be standing on the bank. It is especially difficult in the case of writers like Miss Brontë, and of critics who were in the most enthusiastic age when her fame was in its early freshness. It is almost impossible not to have overpowering prejudices in regard to a character so intense, original, and full of special idiosyncrasy. If you did not love her, you must hate her; or, since hatred for so noble a sufferer would imply unreasonable brutality, we may say, feel strongly a hopeless uncongeniality of temperament. The power of exciting such feelings is, indeed, some testimony to an author's intrinsic force; and it may explain the assertion of her latest biographer. If it be true, as he says, that she has been comparatively neglected of late years, that is what may easily happen in the case of writers more remarkable for intensity than comprehensive power. Their real audience must always be the comparatively small number who are in sympathy with their peculiar moods. But their vigor begins by impressing and overawing a large number of persons who do not feel this spontaneous sympathy. They conquer by sheer force minds whom they do not attract by milder methods. In literature, at any rate, violent conquests are generally transitory; and, after a time, those who have obeyed the rule against their natural inclination, fall away and leave an audience composed of those alone who have been swayed by a deeper attraction. Charlotte Brontë, and perhaps her sister Emily in an even higher degree, must have a certain interest for all intelligent observers of character. But only a minority will thoroughly and unreservedly enjoy the writings which embody so peculiar an essence. Some scenery—rich pasturage and abounding rivers



and forest-clad hills—appeals more or less to everybody. It is only a few who really love the lonely cairn on a wind-swept moor. An accident may make it the fashion to affect admiration for such peculiar aspects of nature; but, like all affectations, it will die away after a time, and the faithful lovers be reduced to a narrow band.

The comparative eclipse then—if eclipse there be—of Charlotte Brontë's fame does not imply want of power, but want of comprehensiveness. There is a certain *primâ facie* presumption against a writer who appeals only to a few, though it may be amply rebutted by showing that the few are also fit. The two problems must go together; why is the charm so powerful, and why is it so limited? Any intense personality has so far a kind of double-edged influence. Shakespeare sympathises with everybody, and therefore every one with him. Swift scorns and loathes a great part of the world, and therefore if people in general read Swift, or said honestly what they felt, most readers would confess to a simple feeling of aversion to his writings. There is, however, a further distinction. One may dislike such a man as Swift, but one cannot set him aside. His amazing intellectual vigor, the power with which he states some of the great problems of life, and the trenchant decision of his answer, give him a right to be heard. We may shudder, but we are forced to listen. If with equal force of character his intellectual power had been less, we should feel the shock without the mysterious attraction. He would be an unpleasant phenomenon, and one which might be simply neglected. It is because he brings his peculiar views to bear upon problems of universal interest that we cannot afford simply to drop him out of mind. The power of grasping general truths is necessary to give a broad base to a writer's fame, though his capacity for tender and deep emotion is that which makes us love or hate him.

Mr. Swinburne takes Miss Brontë to illustrate the distinction between "genius" and "intellect." Genius, he says, as the most potent faculty, can most safely dispense with its ally. If genius be taken to mean the poetic as distinguished from the scientific type of mind—that which sees intuitively, prefers

synthesis to analysis, and embodies ideas in concrete symbols instead of proceeding by rule and measure, and constructing diagrams in preference to drawing pictures—the truth is undeniable and important. The reasoner gives us mechanism and constructs automata, where the seer creates living and feeling beings. The contrast used to be illustrated by the cases of Jonson and Shakespeare—by the difference between the imaginative vigor of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the elaborate construction of *Sejanus*. We must add, however, that the two qualities of mind are not mutually exclusive. The most analytic mind has some spark of creative power, and the great creators are capable of deliberate dissection. Shakespeare could reflect; and Jonson could see. The ideally perfect mind would be capable of applying each method with equal facility in its proper place.

Genius, therefore, manifested in any high degree, must be taken to include intellect, if the words are to be used in this sense. Genius begins where intellect ends; or takes by storm where intellect has to make elaborate approaches according to the rules of scientific strategy. One sees where the other demonstrates, but the same principles are common to both. To say that a writer shows more genius than intellect may mean simply that, as an artist, he proceeds by the true artistic method, and does not put us off with scientific formulæ galvanised into an internal semblance of life. But it may mean that his reflective powers are weak, that he has not assimilated the seminal ideas of his time, and is at a loss in the higher regions of philosophic thought. If so, you are setting limits to the sphere of his influence, and show that he is incapable of uttering the loftiest aspirations and the deepest emotions of his fellows. A great religious teacher may prefer a parable to a theory, but the parable is impressive because it gives the most vivid embodiment of a truly philosophical theory.

Miss Brontë, as her warmest admirers would grant, was not and did not in the least affect to be a philosophical thinker. And because a great writer, to whom she has been gratuitously compared, is strong just where she is weak, her friends

have in injudicious desire to make out that the matter is of no importance, and that her comparative poverty of thought is no injury to her work. There is no difficulty in following them so far as to admit that her work is none the worse for containing no theological or philosophical disquisitions, or for showing no familiarity with the technicalities of modern science and metaphysics. But the admission by no means follows that her work does not suffer very materially by the comparative narrowness of the circle of ideas in which her mind habitually revolved. Perhaps if she had been familiar with Hegel or Sir W. Hamilton, she would have intruded undigested lumps of metaphysics, and introduced vexatious allusions to the philosophy of identity or to the principle of the excluded middle. But it is possible, also, that her conceptions of life and the world would have been enriched and harmonised, and that, without giving us more scientific dogmas, her characters would have embodied more fully the dominating ideas of the time. There is no province of inquiry—historical, scientific, or philosophical—from which the artist may not derive useful material; the sole question is whether it has been properly assimilated and transformed by the action of the poetic imagination. By attempting to define how far Miss Brontë's powers were in fact thus bounded, we shall approximately decide her place in the great hierarchy of imaginative thinkers. That it was a very high one, I take to be undeniable. Putting aside living writers, the only female novelist whom one can put distinctly above her is George Sand; for Miss Austen, whom some fanatics place upon a still higher level, differs so widely in every way that "comparison" is absurd. It is almost silly to draw a parallel between writers when every great quality in one is "conspicuous by its absence" in the other.

The most obvious of all remarks about Miss Brontë is the close connection between her life and her writings. Nobody ever put so much of themselves into their work. She is the heroine of her two most powerful novels; for Lucy Snowe is avowedly her own likeness, and Lucy Snowe differs only by accidents from Jane Eyre; whilst her sister is the

heroine of the third. All the minor characters, with scarcely an exception, are simply portraits, and the more successful in proportion to their fidelity. The scenery and even the incidents are, for the most part, equally direct transcripts from reality. And, as this is almost too palpable a peculiarity to be expressly mentioned, it seems to be an identical proposition that the study of her life is the study of her novels. More or less true of all imaginable writers, this must be pre-eminently true of Miss Brontë. Her experience, we would say, has been scarcely transformed in passing through her mind. She has written down not only her feelings, but the more superficial accidents of her life. She has simply given fictitious names and dates, with a more or less imaginary thread of narrative, to her own experience at school, as a governess, at home and in Brussels. *Shirley* contains a continuous series of photographs of Haworth and its neighborhood; as *Villette* does of Brussels: and if *Jane Eyre* is not so literal, except in the opening account of the school-life, much of it is almost as strictly autobiographical. It is one of the oddest cases of an author's self-delusion that Miss Brontë should have imagined that she could remain anonymous after the publication of *Shirley*, and the introduction of such whole-length portraits from the life as the Yorke family. She does not appear to have been herself conscious of the closeness of her adherence to facts. "You are not to suppose," she says in a letter given by Mrs. Gaskell, "any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as real portraits. It would not suit the rules of art, nor of my own feelings, to write in that style. We only suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate." She seems to be thinking chiefly of her "heroes and heroines," and would perhaps have admitted that the minor personages were less idealised. But we must suppose also that she failed to appreciate fully the singularity of characters which, in her seclusion, she had taken for average specimens of the world at large. If I take my village for the world, I cannot distinguish the particular from the universal; and must assume that the most distinctive peculiarities are unnoticeably commonplace. The amazing vividness of her portrait-painting is the

quality which more than any other makes her work unique amongst modern fiction. Her realism is something peculiar to herself; and only the crudest of critics could depreciate its merits on the ground of its fidelity to facts. The hardest of all feats is to see what is before our eyes. What is called the creative power of genius is much more the power of insight into commonplace things and characters. The realism of the De Foe variety produces an illusion, by describing the most obvious aspects of everyday life, and introducing the irrelevant and accidental. A finer kind of realism is that which, like Miss Austen's, combines exquisite powers of minute perception with a skill which can light up the most delicate miniatures with a delicate play of humor. A more impressive kind is that of Balzac, where the most detailed reproduction of realities is used to give additional force to the social tragedies which are being enacted at our doors. The specific peculiarity of Miss Brontë seems to be the power of revealing to us the potentiality of intense passions lurking behind the scenery of everyday life. Except in the most melodramatic—which is also the weakest—part of *Jane Eyre*, we have lives almost as uneventful as those of Miss Austen, and yet charged to the utmost with latent power. A parson at the head of a school-feast somehow shows himself as a "Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood;" a professor lecturing a governess on composition is revealed as a potential Napoleon; a mischievous schoolboy is obviously capable of developing into a Columbus or a Nelson; even the most commonplace natural objects, such as a row of beds in a dormitory, are associated and naturally associated with the most intense emotions. Miss Austen makes you feel that a tea-party in a country parsonage may be as amusing as the most brilliant meeting of cosmopolitan celebrities; and Miss Brontë that it may display characters capable of shaking empires and discovering new worlds. The whole machinery is in a state of the highest electric tension, though there is no display of thunder and lightning to amaze us.

The power of producing this effect without stepping one hand's-breadth beyond the most literal and unmistakable

fidelity to ordinary facts is explicable, one would say, so far as genius is explicable at all, only in one way. A mind of extraordinary activity within a narrow sphere has been brooding constantly upon a small stock of materials, and a sensitive nature has been enforced to an unusual pressure from the hard facts of life. The surroundings must surely have been exceptional, and the receptive faculties impressible even to morbidness, to produce so startling a result, and the key seemed to be given by Mrs. Gaskell's touching biography, which, with certain minor faults, is still one of the most pathetic records of a heroic life in our literature. Charlotte Brontë and her sister, according to this account, resembled the sensitive plant exposed to the cutting breezes of the West Riding moors. Their writings were the cry of pain and of only half-triumphant faith, produced by a life-long martyrdom, tempered by mutual sympathy, but embittered by family sorrows and the trials of a dependent life. It is one more exemplification of the common theory, that great art is produced by taking an exceptionally delicate nature and mangling it slowly under the grinding wheels of the world.

A recent biographer has given us to understand that this is in great part a misconception, and, whilst paying high compliments to Mrs. Gaskell, he virtually accuses her of unintentionally substituting a fiction for a biography. Mr. Wemyss Reid's intention is excellent; and one can well believe that Mrs. Gaskell did in fact err by carrying into the earlier period the gloom of later years. Most certainly one would gladly believe this to be the case. Only when Mr. Reid seems to think that Charlotte Brontë was thoroughly a gay and high-spirited girl, and that the people of Haworth were commonplace, we begin to fear that we are in the presence of one of those well-meant attempts at whitewashing which "do justice" to a marked character by obliterating all its most prominent features. If Boswell had written in such a spirit, Johnson would have been a Chesterfield, and Goldsmith never have blundered in his talk. When we look at them fairly, Mr. Reid's proofs seem to be curiously inadequate for his conclusions, though calculated to cor-

rect some very important misconceptions. He quotes, for example, a couple of letters, in one of which Miss Brontë ends a little outburst of Tory politics by saying, "Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all that rhodomontade!" This sentence, omitted by Mrs. Gaskell, is taken to prove that Charlotte's interest in politics was "not unmingled with the happy levity of youth." Surely, it is just a phrase from the school-girl's Complete Letter Writer. It would be as sensible to quote from an orator the phrase, "but I fear that I am wearying the House," to prove that he was conscious of being an intolerable bore. The next letter is said to illustrate the "infinite variety of moods" of her true character, and its rapid transitions from grave to gay, because, whilst expressing very strongly some morbid feelings, she admits that they would be contemptible to common sense, and says that she had been "in one of her sentimental humors." Did anybody ever express a morbid feeling without some such qualification? And is not "infinite," even in the least mathematical sense, rather a strong expression for two? A sentimental mood and a reaction are mentioned in one letter. That scarcely proves much gaiety of heart or variety of mood. If, indeed, Charlotte had always been at her worst, she would have been mad: and we need not doubt that she too had some taste of the gladness as of the sorrows of childhood. The plain truth is, that Miss Brontë's letters, read without reference to the disputes of rival biographers, are disappointing. The most striking thing about them is that they are young-ladyish. Here and there a passage revealing the writer's literary power shines through the more commonplace matter, but, as a whole, they give a curious impression of immaturity. The explanation seems to be, in the first place, that Miss Brontë, with all her genius, was still a young lady. Her mind, with its exceptional powers in certain directions, never broke the fetters by which the parson's daughter of the last generation was restricted. Trifling indications of this are common in her novels. The idealised portrait of Emily, the daring and unconventional Shirley, shows her utmost courage by hinting a slight reluctance to repeat certain clauses

in the Athanasian Creed; and the energy with which the unlucky curates are satirised shows the state of mind to which even a young clergyman is still invested with more or less superhuman attributes. The warmth is generated by the previous assumption that a young gentleman who dons a white neckcloth must, in the normal state of things, put off the schoolboy and develop a hidden pair of wings. The wrath excited by their failure to fulfil this expectation strikes one as oddly disproportionate. And, in the next place, it seems that, even in writing to her best friends, Miss Brontë habitually dreaded any vivid expression of feeling, and perhaps observed that her sentiments when spread upon letter-paper had a morbid appearance. There are many people who can confide in the public more freely than in the most intimate friends. The mask of anonymous authorship and fictitious personages has a delusive appearance of security. The most sacred emotions are for ourselves or for the invisible public rather than for the intermediate sphere of concrete spectators. The letters may dissipate some of Mrs. Gaskell's romantic gloom, but they do not persuade us that the Brontës were ever like their neighbors. The doctrine that the people of Haworth were really commonplace mortals, may be accepted with a similar reserve. Undoubtedly every Scotch peasant is not a Davie Deans, nor every Irishman a Captain Costigan. There are natives of the mining districts who do not throw half-bricks at every stranger they see; there are Yankees who do not chew tobacco, and Englishmen who do not eat raw beefsteaks. And so one may well believe that many inhabitants of Haworth would have passed muster at Charing Cross; and one may hope and believe that a man like Heathcliff was an exaggeration even of the most extravagant of the squires in Craven. If there were many such people in any corner of this world, it would be greatly in want of a thorough clearing out. And, therefore, one may understand why the good people of Haworth should be amazed when Mrs. Gaskell set forth as common types the gentleman who fired small shot from his parlor window at any one who came within convenient



range, and the man who chuckled over his luck at dying just after insuring his life.

But, for all this, it is permissible also to suppose that there was a strongly marked provincial character in that region, even if Miss Brontë's life-like portraits were not their own sufficient evidence. All people seem to be commonplace to the commonplace observer. Genius reveals the difference; it does not invent it. In one sense, doubtless, the people were commonplace enough, and in that fact lay part of their offensiveness. Many of the upper classes, one may guess, were hard, crabbed men of business, with even less than the average of English toleration for sentiment or æsthetic fancies; and their inferiors were sturdy workmen, capable of taking a pride in their own brutality, which would have shocked gentler races. But the precise degree in which these characteristics were manifested must be left to the decision of local observers. We cannot affect to know accurately in what proportion the charge of originality is to be shared between the Brontës and their neighbors; how far the surroundings were unusually harsh and the surounded abnormally tender. In any case, one may assume that Miss Brontë and her sisters were at once even morbidly sensitive and exposed to the contact of persons emphatically intolerant of morbid sentiment. Their ordinary relation to the outside world seems to be indicated by one peculiarity of Miss Brontë's writing. When young Mark Yorke sees that Moore has been flattered by hearing a lady describe him as "not sentimental," that offensive lad gets down a dictionary and endeavors to dash Moore's pleasure by proving that "not sentimental" must mean destitute of ideas. The trait is very probably from life, and is at any rate life-like. There are many amiable people who take a keen pleasure in dashing cold water upon any little manifestation of self-complacency in their neighbors. To find out a man's tenderest corn, and then to bring your heel down upon it with a good rasping scrunch, is somehow gratifying to corrupt human nature. A kindly wit contrives to convey a compliment in affected satire. But the whole aim of a humorist of this variety is to

convey the most mortifying truths in the most brutal plain-speaking. Now speeches modelled upon this plan are curiously frequent in Miss Brontë's conversations. Hunsden, the first sketch of the Yorke family in the *Professor*, composes his whole talk of a string of brutal home-truths. The worse characters, like Miss Fanshawe in *Villette*, thoroughly enjoy telling a friendless governess that she is poor, plain, and sickly. And even her favorites, Rochester and Shirley and Paul Emanuel, have just a leaning to the same trick of speech, though with them it is an occasional bitter to heighten the flavor of their substantial kindness. Miss Brontë has as little sense of humor as Milton or Wordsworth; but her nearest approach to it is in some of those shrewd, bitter sayings which are rather more of a gibe than a compliment. When one remembers that the originals of the Yorkes were amongst her most cherished and cultivated friends, and that they are admittedly painted to the life, one may fancy that she had received a good many of those left-handed compliments which seem to have done duty for pleasant jests in the district.

The soliloquies in which her heroines indulge proceed upon the same plan. Jane Eyre sits in judgment upon herself, and listens to the evidence of Memory and Reason, "accusing her of rejecting the real and "ravidly devouring the ideal." And she decides in accordance with her witnesses. "Listen, Jane Eyre, to your sentence; to-morrow place the glass before you and draw in chalk your own picture, faithfully, without softening one defect; omit no harsh line; smooth away no displeasing irregularity: write under it, 'Portrait of a governess, disconnected, poor, and plain!'"

Similar passages occur in *Shirley* and *Villette*, and obviously represent a familiar mood. The original of this portrait was frequently engaged, it would seem, in forcing herself to hear such unpalatable truths. When other people snubbed her, after the fashion of the Yorkes, she might be vexed by their harshness, but her own thoughts echoed their opinion. Lucy Snowe is rather gratified than otherwise when Miss Fanshawe treats her to one of these pleasing fits of frank thinking aloud. She pardons the want of feeling for the sake of the honesty.

Sensitive natures brought into contact with those of coarser grain may relieve themselves in various ways. Some might have been driven into revolt against the proprieties which found so harsh an expression. Poor Branwell Brontë took the unluckily commonplace path of escape from a too frigid code of external morality which leads to the public-house. His sisters followed the more characteristically feminine method. They learnt to be proud of the fetters by which they were bound. Instead of fretting against the stern law of repression, they identified it with the eternal code of duty, and rejoiced in trampling on their own weakness. The current thus restrained ran all the more powerfully in its narrow channel. What might have been bright and genial sentiment was transformed and chastened into a kind of austere enthusiasm. They became recluses in spirit, sternly enforcing a self-imposed rule, though, in their case, the convent walls were invisible and the objects of their devotion not those which dominate the ascetic imagination.

Theorists who trace the inheritance of race-characteristics might be interested in the curious development thus effected. The father of the family was an Irishman, and the mother a Cornish woman; the aunt, who succeeded her in the management of the household, had a persistent dislike for the character of her northern neighbors; even Charlotte herself, we are told, spake in her childhood with a strong Irish accent. And yet, as we find her saying in reference to the troubles of 1848, she has "no sympathy" with French or Irish. She had been spiritually annexed by the people with whom she lived. She was obtrusively and emphatically a Yorkshire woman, though only by adoption; she is never tired of proclaiming or implying her hearty preference of rough Yorkshire people to cockneys, sentimentalists, and that large part of the human race [which we describe contemptuously as "foreigners." She is a typical example of the "patriotism of the steeple." She loved with her whole heart the narrowest insular type. She idolised the Duke of Wellington, with his grand contempt for humbug and ideas, terms synonymous—perhaps rightly synonymous—with many people. When she came in contact with fine for-

eigners and Papists, it only increased her hearty contempt for forms of character and religion which, one might have fancied *a priori*, would have had many attractions for her. If at times she felt the æsthetic charm of parts of the Catholic system, she was but the more convinced that it was a poison, dangerous in proportion to its sweetness. The habit of trampling on some of her own impulses had become a religion for her. She had learnt to make a shield of reserve and self-repression, and could not be tempted to lay it aside when gentle persuasion took the place of rougher intimidation. Much is said by her biographers of the heroic force of will of her sister Emily, who presents the same type in an intensified form. Undoubtedly both sisters had powerful wills; but their natures had not less been moulded, and their characters, so to speak, turned inward by the early influence of surrounding circumstances. The force was not of that kind which resists the pressure from without, but of the kind which accepts and intensifies it, and makes a rigid inward law for itself of the law embodied in external conditions.

The sisters, indeed, differed widely, though with a strong resemblance. The iron had not entered so deeply into Charlotte's nature. Emily's naturally subjective mode of thought—to use the unpleasant technical phrase—found its most appropriate utterance in lyrical poetry. She represents, that is, the mood of pure passion, and is rather encumbered than otherwise by the necessity of using the more indirect method of concrete symbols. She feels, rather than observes; whereas Charlotte feels in observing. Charlotte had not that strange self-concentration which made the external world unreal to her sister. Her powers of observation, though restricted by circumstances and narrowed by limitations of her intellect, showed amazing penetration within her proper province. The greatest of all her triumphs in this direction is the character of Paul Emanuel, which has tasked Mr. Swinburne's powers of expressing admiration, and which one feels to be, in its way, inimitable. A more charming hero was never drawn, or one whose reality is more vivid and unmistakable. We know him as we know a familiar friend, or rather as we

should know a friend whose character had been explained for us by a common acquaintance of unusual acuteness and opportunity of observation. Perhaps we might venture to add, that it is hardly explicable, except as a portrait drawn by a skilful hand guided by love, and by love intensified by the consciousness of some impassible barrier.

Mr. Swinburne compares this masterpiece of Miss Brontë's art with the famous heroes of fiction, Don Quixote, Uncle Toby, and Colonel Newcome. Don Quixote admittedly stands apart as one of the greatest creations of poetic imagination. Of Colonel Newcome I will not speak; but the comparison with Uncle Toby is enough to suggest what is the great secret both of Miss Brontë's success and its limitations. In one sense Paul Emanuel is superior even to such characters as these. He is more real: he is so real that we feel at once that he must have been drawn from a living model, though we may leave some indefinable margin of idealisation. If the merit of fiction were simply its approach to producing illusion, we might infer that Paul Emanuel was one of the first characters in the world of fiction. But such a test implies an erroneous theory of art; and, in fact, the intense individuality of Paul Emanuel is, in a different sense, the most serious objection to him. He is a real human being who gave lectures at a particular date in a *pension* at Brussels. We are as much convinced of that fact as we are of the reality of Miss Brontë herself; but the fact is also a presumption that he is not one of those great typical characters, the creation of which is the highest triumph of the dramatist or novelist. There is too much of the temporary and accidental—too little of the permanent and essential.

We all know and love Uncle Toby, but we feel quite sure that no such man ever existed except in Sterne's brain. There may have been some real being who vaguely suggested him; but he is, we assume, the creation of Sterne, and the projection into concrete form of certain ideas which had affected Sterne's imagination. He is not, indeed, nor is any fictitious character, a creation out of nothing. Partly, no doubt, he is Sterne himself or Sterne in a particular mood; but Uncle Toby's soul, that which makes

him live and excite our sympathy and love, is something which might be expressed by the philosopher as a theory, and which has been expressed in an outward symbol by an artist of extraordinary skill. Don Quixote is of perennial interest, because he is the most powerful type ever set forth of the contrast between the ideal and the commonplace, and his figure comes before us whenever we are forced to meditate upon some of the most vital and most melancholy truths about human life. Uncle Toby, in a far less degree, is a great creation, because he is the embodiment of one answer to a profound and enduring problem. He represents, it has been said, the wisdom of love, as Mr. Shandy exemplifies the love of wisdom. More precisely he is an incarnation of the sentimentalism of the eighteenth century. It is a phenomenon which has its bad and its good side, and which may be analysed and explained by historians of the time. Sterne, in describing Uncle Toby, gave a concrete symbol for one of the most important currents of thought of the time, which took religious, moral, and political, as well as artistic, shapes. In many ways the sentiment has lost much of its interest for us; but, though an utterance of an imperfect doctrine, we may infer that Uncle Toby's soul will transmigrate into new shapes, and perhaps develop into higher forms.

When we measure M. Paul Emanuel by this test, we feel instinctively that there is something wanting. The most obvious contrast is that M. Emanuel is no humorist himself, nor even a product of humor. The imperfections, the lovable absurdities, of Uncle Toby are imbedded in the structure of character. His whims and oddities always leave us in the appropriate mood of blended smiles and tears. Many people, especially "earnest" young ladies, will prefer M. Paul Emanuel, who, like his creator, is always in deadly earnest. At bottom he is always (like all ladies' heroes) a true woman, simple, pure, heroic, and loving—a real Joan of Arc, as Mr. Thackeray said of his creator, in the beard and blouse of a French professor. He attaches extravagant importance to trifles, indeed, for his irascible and impetuous temperament is always converting him into an Æolus of the duck-pond.

So far there is, we may admit, a kind of pseudo-humorous element in his composition; but the humor, such as it is, lies entirely on the surface. He is perfectly sane and sensible, though a trifle choleric. Give him a larger sphere of action, and his impetuosity will be imposing instead of absurd. It is the mere accident of situation which gives, even for a moment, a ludicrous tinge to his proceedings.

Uncle Toby, on the contrary, would be even more of a humorist as a general on the battle-field than in his mimic sieges on the bowling-green. The humor is in his very marrow, not in his surroundings; and the reason is that Sterne feels what every genuine humorist feels, and what, indeed, it is his main function to express—a strong sense of the irony of fate, of the queer mixture of good and bad, of the heroic and the ludicrous, of this world of ours, and of what we may call the perversity of things in general. Whether such a treatment is altogether right and healthy is another question; and most certainly Sterne's view of life is in many respects not only unworthy, but positively base. But it remains true that the deep humorist is finding a voice for one of the most pervading and profound of the sentiments raised in a philosophical observer who is struck by the discords of the universe. Sensitiveness to such discords is one of the marks of a truly reflective intellect, though a humorist suggests one mode of escape from the pain which they cause, whilst a philosophic and religious mind may find another and perhaps a more profound solution.

Now M. Paul Emanuel, admirable and amiable as he is, never carries us into the higher regions of thought. We are told, even ostentatiously, of the narrow prejudices which he shares, though they do not make him harsh and uncharitable. The prejudices were obvious in this case to the creator, because her own happened to be of a different kind. The "Tory and clergyman's daughter" was rather puzzled by finding that a bigoted Papist with a Jesuit education might still be a good man, and points out conscientiously the defects which she ascribes to his early training. But the mere fact of the narrowness, the want of familiarity with a wider sphere of thought, the ac-

ceptance of a narrow code of belief and morality, does not strike her as in itself having either a comic or a melancholy side. M. Paul has the wrong set of prejudices, but is not as wrong as prejudiced; and therefore we feel that a Sterne, or, say, a George Sand, whilst doing equal justice to M. Emanuel's excellent qualities, would have had a feeling (which in her was altogether wanting) of his limitation and his incongruity with the great system of the world. Seen from an intellectual point of view, placed in his due relation to the great currents of thought and feeling of the time, we should have been made to feel the pathetic and humorous aspects of M. Emanuel's character, and he might have been equally a living individual and yet a type of some more general idea. The philosopher might ask, for example, what is the exact value of unselfish heroism guided by narrow theories or employed on unworthy tasks; and the philosophic humorist or artist might embody the answer in a portrait of M. Emanuel considered from a cosmic or a cosmopolitan point of view. From the lower standpoint accessible to Miss Brontë he is still most attractive; but we see only his relations to the little scholastic circle, and have no such perception as the greatest writers would give us of his relations to the universe, or, as the next order would give, of his relations to the great world without.

Although the secret of Miss Brontë's power lies, to a great extent, in the singular force with which she can reproduce acute observations of character from without, her most esoteric teaching, the most accurate reflex from her familiar idiosyncrasy, is of course to be found in the characters painted from within. We may infer her personality more or less accurately from the mode in which she contemplates her neighbors, but it is directly manifested in various avatars of her own spirit. Among the characters who are more or less mouthpieces of her peculiar sentiment we may reckon not only Lucy Snowe and Jane Eyre, but, to some extent, Shirley, and, even more decidedly, Rochester. When they speak we are really listening to her own voice, though it is more or less disguised in conformity to dramatic necessity. There are



great differences between them; but they are such differences as would exist between members of the same family, or might be explained by change of health or internal circumstances. Jane Eyre has not had such bitter experience as Lucy Snowe; Shirley is generally Jane Eyre in high spirits, and freed from harassing anxiety; and Rochester is really a spirited sister of Shirley's, though he does his very best to be a man, and even an unusually masculine specimen of his sex.

Mr. Rochester, indeed, has imposed upon a good many people; and he is probably responsible in part for some of the muscular heroes who have appeared since his time in the world of fiction. I must, however, admit that, in spite of some opposing authority, he does not appear to me to be a real character at all, except as a reflection of a certain side of his creator. He is in reality the personification of a true woman's longing (may one say it now?) for a strong master. But the knowledge is wanting. He is a very bold but necessarily unsuccessful attempt at an impossibility. The parson's daughter did not really know anything about the class of which he is supposed to be a type, and he remains vague and inconsistent in spite of all his vigor. He is intended to be a person who has surfeited from the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and addresses the inexperienced governess from the height—or depth—of his worldly wisdom. And he really knows just as little of the world as she does. He has to impose upon her by giving an account of his adventures taken from the first novel at hand of the early Bulwer school, or a diluted recollection of Byron. There is not a trace of real cynicism—of the strong nature turned sour by experience—in his whole conversation. He is supposed to be specially simple and masculine, and yet he is as self-conscious as a young lady on her first appearance in society, and can do nothing but discourse about his feelings, and his looks, and his phrenological symptoms, to his admiring hearer. Set him beside any man's character of a man, and one feels at once that he has no real solidity or vitality in him. He has, of course, strong nerves and muscles, but they are articles which can be supplied in unlim-

ited quantities with little expense to the imagination. Nor can one deny that his conduct to Miss Eyre is abominable. If he had proposed to her to ignore the existence of the mad Mrs. Rochester, he would have acted like a rake, but not like a sneak. But the attempt to entrap Jane into a bigamous connection by concealing the wife's existence, is a piece of treachery for which it is hard to forgive him. When he challenges the lawyer and the clergyman to condemn him after putting themselves in his place, their answer is surely obvious. One may take a lenient view of a man who chooses by his own will to annul his marriage to a filthy lunatic; but he was a knave for trying to entrap a defenceless girl by a mock ceremony. He puts himself in a position in which the contemptible Mr. Mason has a moral advantage.

This is by far the worst blot in Miss Brontë's work, and may partly explain, though it cannot justify, the harsh criticisms made at the time. It is easy now to win a cheap reputation for generosity by trampling upon the dead bodies of the luckless critics who blundered so hopelessly. The time for anger is past; and mere oblivion is the fittest doom for such offenders. Inexperience, and consequently inadequate appreciation of the demands of the situation, was Miss Brontë's chief fault in this matter, and most certainly not any want of true purity and moral elevation. But the fact that she, in whom an instinctive nobility of spirit is, perhaps, the most marked characteristic, should have given scandal to the respectable, is suggestive of another inference. What, in fact, is the true significance of this singular strain of thought and feeling, which puts on various and yet closely allied forms in the three remarkable novels we have been considering? It displays itself at one moment in some vivid description, or—for "description" seems too faint a word—some forcible presentation to our mind's eye of a fragment of moorland scenery; at another, it appears as an ardently sympathetic portrayal of some trait of character at once vigorous and tender; then it utters itself in a passionate soliloquy, which establishes the fact that its author possessed the proverbial claim to knowledge of the heav-

only powers; or again, it produces one of those singular little prose-poems—such as Shirley's description of Eve—which, with all their force, have just enough flavor of the "devoirs" at M. Heger's establishment to suggest that they are the work of an inspired school-girl. To gather up into a single formula the meaning of such a character as Lucy Snowe, or in other words, of Charlotte Brontë, is, of course, impossible. But at least such utterances always give us the impression of a fiery soul imprisoned in too narrow and too frail a tenement. The fire is pure and intense. It is kindled in a nature intensely emotional, and yet aided by a heroic sense of duty. The imprisonment is not merely that of a feeble body in uncongenial regions, but that of a narrow circle of thought, and consequently of a mind which has never worked itself clear by reflection, or developed a harmonious and consistent view of life. There is a certain feverish disquiet which is marked by the peculiar mannerism of the style. At its best, we have admirable flashes of vivid expression, where the material of language is the incarnation of keen intuitive thought. At its worst, it is strangely contorted, crowded by rather awkward personifications, and degenerates towards a rather unpleasant Ossianesque. More severity of taste would increase the power by restraining the abuse. We feel an aspiration after more than can be accomplished, an unsatisfied yearning for potent excitement, which is sometimes more fretful than forcible.

The symptoms are significant of the pervading flaw in otherwise most effective workmanship. They imply what, in a scientific sense, would be an inconsistent theory, and, in an aesthetic sense, an inharmonious representation of life. One great aim of the writing, explained in the preface to the second edition of *Jane Eyre*, is a protest against conventionality. But the protest is combined with a most unflinching adherence to the proper conventions of society; and we are left in great doubt as to where the line ought to be drawn. Where does the unlawful pressure of society upon the individual begin, and what are the demands which it may rightfully make upon our respect? At one moment in *Jane Eyre* we seem to be drift-

ing towards the solution that strong passion is the one really good thing in the world, and that all human conventions which oppose it should be disregarded. This was the tendency which shocked the respectable reviewers of the time. Of course they should have seen that the strongest sympathy of the author goes with the heroic self-conquest of the heroine under temptation. She triumphs at the cost of a determined self-sacrifice, and undoubtedly we are meant to sympathise with the martyr. Yet it is also true that we are left with the sense of an unsolved discord. Sheer stoical regard for duty is represented as something repulsive, however imposing, in the figure of St. John Rivers, and virtue is rewarded by the arbitrary removal of the obstacles which made it unpleasant. What would Jane Eyre have done, and what would our sympathies have been, had she found that Mrs. Rochester had not been burnt in the fire at Thornfield? That is rather an awkward question. Duty is supreme, seems to be the moral of the story; but duty sometimes involves a strain almost too hard for mortal faculties.

If in the conflict between duty and passion, the good so often borders upon the impracticable, the greatest blessing in the world should be a will powerful enough to be an inflexible law for itself under all pressure of circumstances. Even a will directed to evil purposes has a kind of royal prerogative, and we may rightly do it homage. That seems to be the seminal thought in *Wuthering Heights*, that strange book to which we can hardly find a parallel in our literature, unless in such works as the *Revenge's Tragedy*, and some other crude but startling productions of the Elizabethan dramatists. But Emily Brontë's feeble grasp of external facts makes her book a kind of baseless nightmare, which we read with wonder and with distressing curiosity, but with far more pain than pleasure or profit. Charlotte's mode of conceiving the problem is given most fully in *Villette*, the book of which one can hardly say, with a recent critic, that it represents her "ripest wisdom," but which seems to give her best solution of the great problem of life. Wisdom, in fact, is not the word to apply to a state of mind which seems to be radically in-

consistent and tentative. The spontaneous and intense affection of kindred and noble natures is the one really precious thing in life, it seems to say; and, so far, the thought is true or a partial aspect of the truth, and the high feeling undeniable. But then, the author seems to add, such happiness is all but chimerical. It falls to the lot only of a few exceptional people, upon whom fortune or Providence has delighted to shower its gifts. To all others life is either a wretched grovelling business, an affair of making money and gratifying sensuality, or else it is a prolonged martyrdom. Yield to your feelings, and the chances are enormously great that you are trampled upon by the selfish, or that you come into collision with some of those conventions which must be venerated, for they are the only barriers against moral degradation, and which yet somehow seem to make in favor of the cruel and the self-seeking. The only safe plan is that of the lady in the ballad, to "lock your heart in a case of gold, and pin it with a silver pin." Mortify your affections, scourge yourself with rods, and sit in sackcloth and ashes; stamp vigorously upon the cruel thorns that strew your pathway, and learn not to shrink when they lacerate the most tender flesh. Be an ascetic, in brief, and yet without the true aim of the ascetic. For, unlike him, you must admit that these affections are precisely the best part of you, and that the offers of the Church, which proposes to wean you from the world, and reward you by a loftier prize, are a delusion and a snare. They are the lessons of a designing priesthood, and imply a blasphemy against the most divine instincts of human nature.

This is the unhappy discord which runs through Miss Brontë's conceptions of life, and, whilst it gives an indescribable pathos to many pages, leaves us with a sense of something morbid and unsatisfactory. She seems to be turning for relief alternately to different teachers, to the promptings of her own heart, to the precepts of those whom she has been taught to revere, and occasionally, though timidly and tentatively, to alien schools of thought. The attitude of mind is, in-

deed, best indicated by the story (a true story, like most of her incidents) of her visit to the confessional in Brussels. Had she been a Catholic, or a Positivist, or a rebel against all the creeds, she might have reached some consistency of doctrine, and therefore some harmony of design. As it is, she seems to be under a desire which makes her restless and unhappy, because her best impulses are continually warring against each other. She is between the opposite poles of duty and happiness, and cannot see how to reconcile their claims, or even—for perhaps no one can solve that, or any other great problem exhaustively—how distinctly to state the question at issue. She pursues one path energetically, till she feels herself to be in danger, and then shrinks with a kind of instinctive dread, and resolves not only that life is a mystery, but that happiness must be sought by courting misery. Undoubtedly such a position speaks of a mind diseased, and a more powerful intellect would even under her conditions have worked out some more comprehensible and harmonious solution.

For us, however, it is allowable to interpret her complaints in our own fashion, whatever it may be. We may give our own answer to the dark problem, or at least indicate the path by which an answer must be reached. For a poor soul so grievously beset within and without by troubles in which we all have a share, we can but feel the strongest sympathy. We cannot sit at her feet as a great teacher, nor admit that her view of life is satisfactory or even intelligible. But we feel for her as for a fellow-sufferer who has at least felt with extraordinary keenness the sorrows and disappointments which torture most cruelly the most noble virtues, and has clung throughout her troubles to beliefs which must in some form or other be the guiding lights of all worthy actions. She is not in the highest rank amongst those who have fought their way to a clearer atmosphere, and can help us to clearer conceptions; but she is amongst the first of those who have felt the necessity of consolation, and therefore stimulated to more successful efforts. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

## ON THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF PLANTS IN ROOMS AND THE OPEN AIR.

BY PROFESSOR MAX VON PETTENKOFER.

THE animal kingdom is, as we know, dependent on the vegetable kingdom, which must have existed on the earth before men and animals could live upon it. We may therefore rightly call plants children of the earth. But in so doing we use the language of metaphor, as when we speak of "mother earth." The earth does not directly bring forth either plants or animals. Every plant is the child of a mother plant, descends from one of its own kind like ourselves; but plants derive their nourishment directly from earth, air, and water, and, although generated by plants, are nourished directly by the inorganic breasts of nature, and imply no other organic life but their own. Had plants a voice, they would more correctly speak of "mother earth" than ourselves.

Plants live directly on the lifeless products of earth, and we live directly on the products of plants or on animals which live on them; our existence implies other organic life, and our nourishment is not derived so directly from the earth as that of plants. Since the vegetable world comes between us, *we* should rather call earth our grandmother than our mother. At all events it is an affectionate relationship.

We have a natural feeling of close affinity with the vegetable world, which expresses itself not only in our love of foliage and flowers, but in our fondness for metaphors derived from the vegetable world and its processes. If we were to reckon up how many metaphors in every-day life and in poetry are derived from the vegetable world, and how many from other spheres of nature, we should find a great excess of the former.

Our material relations to plants are also very numerous. The question we are now concerned with is not what food or what medicinal remedies plants provide us with, but the value of plants and plantations in dwellings and in the open air in conducing to health or preventing disease. We have given the subject very little consideration until quite recently, just as we have thought very little of the way in which the pleasures of

the table, fine raiment, comfortable dwellings, and many other things, conduce to our well-being. Meanwhile we have been guided by our instincts, which, like nature in general, have, on the whole, guided us rightly. Even now there is not much scientific knowledge on the subject; still there is a little, and something is gained when we begin seriously to reflect on anything, for knowledge is sure then to increase. All that man has ever aspired to and attained, has always existed much earlier in idea than in reality. Ideas are never fully realized, as we all know, and it is only very gradually that they are realized at all.

It is generally asserted that vegetation purifies the air, and chiefly by three functions: firstly, because plants absorb carbonic acid; secondly, because under the influence of sunlight they exhale an equivalent in oxygen; and lastly, because they produce ozone. These facts I need not demonstrate, as they have been placed beyond doubt by vegetable physiologists, chemists, and meteorologists. My task is to show what the direct sanitary effect of these three functions is.

I must at once state that none whatever can be proved to exist. And as this assertion will contradict the prepossessions of many readers, I feel bound to prove my proposition.

As to carbonic acid, the first question is, what is the proper and normal proportion of this gas in the air, next how much more carbonic acid is contained in air which is notoriously bad, and, lastly, whether the air on a surface without vegetation contains essentially more carbonic acid than one having vegetation upon it.

The amount of carbonic acid in the open air has been often determined, and is confined within very narrow limits. It may be said—leaving severe storms or very thick fogs out of the question—to vary between 3 and 4 parts in each 10,000 of the volume of the air.

Experiments have also been made on the quantity of carbonic acid in apartments occupied by man, and it is gener-



ally taken as the criterion of the quality of the air, ventilation being regulated by it. In very bad air which is undoubtedly deleterious, it has been found to amount to from three to five per mille. One per mille marks the boundary line between good and bad air in a room.

We next inquire whether the atmosphere over a vast tract of country destitute of vegetation contains more carbonic acid than one abounding in vegetation, whether in the former case the amount of carbonic acid approaches one per mille. In 1830, De Saussure began to make researches into the variations in the quantity of carbonic acid in Geneva, and they were continued about ten years later by Verver in Holland, and Bous-singault in Paris; in more recent, and very recent times, a great number of experiments have been made on the subject by Roscoe in Manchester, Schulze at Rostock, and myself and my pupils, particularly Dr. Wolffhügel, at Munich. The result is, in the main, that the variations—very small from the first—have been found to be still smaller as the methods of determining carbonic acid have been perfected.

Saussure, who worked by a method liable to give an excess, found from 3.7 to 6.2 parts in 10,000. He considered that there were also slight variations between summer and winter, day and night, town and country, land and sea, mountains and valleys, which might be ascribed to vegetation. Bous-singault, however, found the carbonic acid in the air to be rather less, and the same on an average in Paris and St. Cloud; in Paris 4.13 and at St. Cloud 4.14 in 10,000, which surprised him the more as he had reckoned that in Paris at least 2,944,000,000 litres of carbonic acid were exhaled by men, animals, and fuel.

Roscoe made experiments on the air at a station in the middle of Manchester, and at two stations in the country. He was originally of opinion that the vast manufacturers of Manchester, chiefly dependent on the consumption of coal, must produce a perceptible effect on the carbonic acid in the air; but he also discovered that the air in the space in front of Owen's College contained no more than the air at the country stations. He also observed occasional variations;

but when the carbonic acid increased or diminished in the city, it was generally just the same in the country. Roscoe found the greatest amount of carbonic acid in the air during one of the thick fogs prevalent in England.

Schulze found the amount of carbonic acid in the air at Rostock to be between  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 4 parts in 10,000. On an average it was somewhat higher when the wind blew off shore than off the sea.

In Munich, Wolffhügel found the carbonic acid to be between 3 and 4 parts in 10,000. Now and then, but very seldom, he observed variations, the maximum being 6.9 parts in 10,000 in a very thick fog, the minimum 1.5 parts in 10,000 in a heavy snow-storm, when the mercury was very low in the barometer.

It may be asked how the immense production of carbonic acid in cities like Paris or Manchester can thus vanish in the air. The answer is very simple: by rarefaction in the currents of the atmosphere. We are apt not to take this factor into account, but think rather of the air as stagnant. The average velocity of the air with us is 3 metres per second, and even in apparently absolute calm it is more than half a metre. If we therefore assume a column of air 100 feet high and of average velocity, it may be reckoned that the carbonic acid from all the lungs and chimneys of Paris or Manchester is not sufficient to increase its amount so as to be detected by our methods.

From this fact it may be logically concluded that if no increase in the carbonic acid in the air is observable, no diminution will be observable from vegetation.

It is a universally recognized and incontrovertible fact that the carbonic acid contained in all the vegetable life on earth is derived from the carbonic acid in the air, in water, and the soil. Many conclude therefore that the air in a green wood must contain less carbonic acid than that in a city or that of an extensive tract of waste land. But I can assure them that the air in the Sahara, so-called, of Munich, formerly called the Dultplatz, contains no more carbonic acid than the neighboring Eschen grounds. Of this I can give incontestable proof, an argument *ad hominem*. Dr. Zittel brought me several specimens of air in hermetically

sealed glass tubes, from his travels in the Libyan desert, from sandy wastes and from oases, on which I could conveniently make experiments at Munich. The amount of carbonic acid does not differ in the least in the air from the barren waste and the greenest oasis. The case is just the same with the amount of oxygen in the air. It was formerly thought, when imperfect methods were employed, that perceptible variations could be proved. Thus, for example, the outbreak of cholera in 1831 was attributed to a diminution of oxygen in the air, and here and there experiments were made which seemed to confirm the opinion. The hypothesis did not seem improbable, for it was concluded with certainty that in tropical swamps, which are the home of cholera, the oxygen in the air might have been in course of time diminished by the vast masses of decaying matter. But since the method of gas analysis has been arranged by Von Bunsen, the amount of oxygen in the air on the summit of Mont Blanc has not been found to differ from that in a city or in the swamps of Bengal. Neither is it greater in forest or sea air than in the air of the desert.

This absence of demonstrable variation, in spite of the production of oxygen by living plants and the absorption of it by the processes of combustion and decay, becomes intelligible when we consider first the mobility, and then the mass of the air encompassing our earth. The weight of this mass is, as the barometer tells us, equal to that of a layer of mercury which would cover the surface of the earth to the depth of 760 millimetres (more than three-quarters of a metre). From the weight of this, several billion kilos., some idea can be formed of the volume of the air, when we consider that air, even beneath a pressure of 760 millimetres of mercury is yet 10,395 times lighter than mercury. In masses like these, variations such as those we speak of go for nothing. The amount of carbonic acid and oxygen might perhaps be essentially changed in Paris or Manchester if all organic matter on and in the earth were burning at once.

Even if it is granted, however, in face of these incontrovertible facts, that vegetation exercises no perceptible influence upon the composition of the atmosphere in the open air, many persons will not be

disposed to give up the idea that the air in rooms can be improved by plants, because, as is well known, every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light. This idea may seem the more justifiable, because, although the production of carbonic acid is not perceptible in the greatest assemblages of human beings in the open air, it is always observed in confined spaces, although the actual production is but small. In the air of a closed apartment, every person and every light burning makes a perceptible difference in the increase of carbonic acid in the air. Must not, therefore, every plant in a pot, every spray, any plant with leaves, make a perceptible difference in a room? Every lover of flowers may be pardoned for wishing to see this question answered in the affirmative. Have not even medical men proposed to adorn schoolrooms with plants in pots instead of ventilating them better, in order that their leaves and stems might absorb carbonic acid from the mouths of the children, and give out oxygen in its stead? But Hygiene cannot agree even to this. Hygiene is a science of economics, and every such science has to ask not only what exists and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough. The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated. It must not be forgotten what a slow process the production of matter by plants is,—matter which the animal organism absorbs and again decomposes in a very short time, whereby as much oxygen is used up as has been set free in the production of it. It is for this reason that such great extents of vegetation are required for the sustenance of animals and man. The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cow-house grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest, and decompose in twenty-four hours! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest.

It would scarcely be intelligible if I

were to calculate how much carbonic acid and oxygen a rose, a geranium, or a bignonia would absorb and give out in a room in a day, and to what extent the air might be changed by it, taking into account the inevitable change of air always going on. I will draw attention to a concrete case which every one can understand.

When the Royal Winter Garden in Munich was completed and in use, it occurred to me to make experiments on the effect of the whole garden on the air within it. There could not be a more favorable opportunity for experimenting on the air in a space full of vegetation. This green and blooming space was not exposed to the free currents of air which at once immensely rarely all gaseous exhalations, but was kept warm under a dome of glass, through which only the light of heaven penetrated. Although not hermetically sealed, the circulation of air in such a building, compared with that in the open air, is reduced over a hundred-thousand-fold.

I asked permission to make experiments for several days at various hours of the day and night, which was readily granted. Now, what was the result? The proportion of carbonic acid in the air in the winter garden was almost as high as in the open air. This greatly surprised me, but I hoped at any rate to have one of my traditional ideas confirmed: I hoped to find less carbonic acid in the day than in the night, supported by the fact that the green portions of plants under the influence of light decompose carbonic acid and develop oxygen. But even here I was disappointed. I generally found carbonic acid increasing from morning till evening, and decreasing from night till morning. As this seemed really paradoxical, I doubled my tests and care, but the result remained the same. At that time I knew nothing of the large amount of carbonic acid of the air, in the soil, the air of the ground, or I should probably have been less surprised.

One day it suddenly became clear to me why there was always more carbonic acid by day than by night. I had been thinking only of the turf, the shrubs, and trees which consume carbonic acid and produce oxygen, and not of the men and birds in the winter garden. One day, when there were considerably more men

at work there than usual, the carbonic acid rose to the highest point, and sank again to the average during the night. The production of carbonic acid by the working and breathing human beings was so much greater than that consumed by the plants in the same time.

The oxygen in the winter garden was rather higher than in the open air; there it was about 21 per cent., and in the winter garden 22 to 23 per cent.

I did not make any experiments on ozone, for reasons which I will give by-and-by.

The amount of carbonic acid in the air in the winter garden cannot be reckoned as telling for or against the hygienic value of vegetation in an enclosed space. Let us inquire, then, into the value of the slight increase of oxygen.

There is a widespread opinion that the breathing of air rich in oxygen effects a more rapid transformation of matter, a more rapid combustion, as we say, in the body. Even great inquirers and thinkers have considered that we only eat and imbibe nourishment to satiate the oxygen streaming through us, which would otherwise consume us. We know now well enough that the quantity of oxygen which we imbibe does not depend on the quantity in the air we breathe, but far more on previous changes in and the amount of transformation of matter in the body, which are regulated by the requirements of breathing. The inhalation of oxygen is not a primary but a secondary thing. When we inhale air at every breath richer than usual in oxygen—for example, when breathing highly compressed air, as divers do, or laborers on the pneumatic foundations of bridge piers—the result is not a larger consumption of matter and an increased production of carbonic acid, but merely a decrease in the number of inhalations. If in air of ordinary density we make about sixteen respirations in a minute, in air of greater density we should involuntarily make only twelve, ten, or eight, according to the density and our need of oxygen; all else remains the same.

Lavoisier, and half a century later Regnault and Reiset, placed animals for twenty-four hours in air very rich in oxygen, but they did not consume more of it than in the ordinary air. An increase of oxygen in the air, therefore, or pure oxy-

gen gas, only produces an effect in certain morbid conditions, in cases of difficulty of breathing, or where breathing has been for some time suspended, because an inspiration communicates more oxygen to the blood than breathing ordinary air. A healthy person can, however, without difficulty or injury, compensate for considerable differences, and an increase or decrease of 1 or 2 per cent. of oxygen does no harm, for under ordinary circumstances we only inhale one-fourth of the oxygen in the air we breathe; we inhale it with 21 per cent. and exhale it with 16 per cent.

So far, therefore, as we feel ill or well in a winter garden, it does not depend on the quantity of oxygen in the air, and there is no greater appreciable quantity of oxygen in a wood of thick foliage than in a desert or on the open sea.

Let us, also, for a moment consider the ozone in the air, which may be looked upon as polarized or agitated oxygen. After its discovery, which has immortalized the name of Schönbein, was made known, it was thought for a time that the key had been found for the appearance and disappearance of various diseases, in the quantity of ozone in the air. But one fact, which was observed from the first, shows that it cannot be so; for the presence of ozone can never be detected in our dwellings, not even in the cleanest and best ventilated. Now, as it is a fact, that we spend the greater part of our lives in our houses, and are better than if we lived in the open air, the hygienic value of ozone does not seem so very great. Added to this, the medical men of Königsberg long had several ozone stations there, during which time various diseases came and went, without, as appears from the reports of Dr. Schiefferdecker, ozone having the slightest connection with the appearance or disappearance of any of them.

Dr. Wolfthügel, assistant at the Hygienic Institute at Munich, has lately been occupied with the question of the sanitary value of ozone, but has arrived at only negative results.

But in saying this I have no intention of denying that ozone is of great importance in the atmosphere, for I am of opinion that it is. It is the constant purifier of the atmosphere from all organic matter, which passes into it and might accumulate. The air would have

been long ago filled with the vapors of decomposition if it were not for ozone, which oxidizes all that is oxidizable, if only time enough is allowed for it, and too much is not expected at once; for, generally, the amount of ozone in the air is so small, that it is consumed in making its way into our houses, without disinfecting them, and we can no more dispense with the greatest cleanliness and best ventilation in our homes than we can essentially change the air in our rooms by means of plants in pots and foliage.

Some of my readers will perhaps ask in some disappointment, in what, then, does the hygienic value of plants and plantations consist? Or do I mean to say that all the money spent by one and another on a parterre of flowers in his house or on a garden, or by a community for beautiful grounds, or by a State for the preservation of forests, with the idea of promoting health, is mere luxury, without any hygienic value? These questions alter our standpoint, and I believe I shall be able to show that even hygiene does recognize a sanitary value in plants and flowers, in the laying out of grounds and plantations, only it offers a different explanation from the ordinary one.

I consider the impression which plants and plantations make upon our minds and senses to be of hygienic value; further, their influence on the conformation of the soil, with which health is in many respects connected; and, finally, their influence upon other qualities of the air than carbonic acid, oxygen, and ozone: among these may be mentioned, in passing, shade in summer, and decrease of wind and dust.

It is an old observation, needing no demonstration, that the cheerful and happy man lives not only an easier, but, on the average, a more healthy life than the depressed and morose man. Medical men, and especially "mad doctors," could tell us much of the great value of a certain relative proportion of pleasurable and painful impressions upon health, and how frequently some unfortunate position, an absence of pleasure, or too much of painful impression, are the causes of serious illness. Man always tries, and has an irresistible need, to balance painful sensations by some kind of



pleasure or other, so that often, in order to get himself into a tolerable frame of mind, or to deaden his feelings for a time, he will have recourse to wine, beer, or spirits, though he knows well enough that he will be worse afterwards than before. A certain amount of change and recreation is indispensable, and, failing others, we seek them by injurious means. There are, doubtless, some unhappy and morbid natures who are always discontented, to whom everything comes amiss, and whom it is impossible to help; but the majority of men are easily pleased, find pleasure in little things, though it is but a sorry life they lead. It is something the same with the pleasures of life as with the pleasures of the table; we must relish our food if it is to do us good. What good will the most nourishing diet do me if it creates disgust? Professor C. Voit has clearly pointed out, in his experimental researches into diet, the great value of palatable food, as well as nourishment, and how indispensable a certain variety in our meals is. We think we are only tickling the palate, and that it is nothing to the stomach and intestines whether food is agreeable to the palate or not, since they will digest it, if it is digestible at all. But it is not so indifferent, after all; for the nerves of the tongue are connected with other nerves and with the nerve centres, so that the pleasures of the palate, or some pleasure, at any rate, even if it is only imagination, which can only originate in the central organ, the brain, often has an active effect on other organs. This is a matter of daily experience. If you put your finger down your throat, you produce retching; many people have only to think of anything disgusting to produce the effect of an emetic, just as the thought of something nice makes the mouth water just as much as tasting the most dainty morsel. Voit showed me one of his dogs with a fistula in the stomach. So long as this dog is not thinking of food, his stomach secretes no gastric juice, but no sooner does he catch sight of a bit of meat, even at a distance, than the stomach prepares for digestion and secretes gastric juice in abundance. Without this secretion the assimilation of nourishment would be impossible. If therefore some provocatives induce and increase certain sensa-

tions and useful processes, they are of essential value to health, and it is no bad economy to spend something on them.

I consider flowers in a room, for all to whom they give pleasure, to be one of the enjoyments of life, like condiments in food. It is certainly one of the most harmless and refined. We cannot live on pleasure alone; but to those who have something to put up with in life, their beloved flowers perform good service.

The same may be said of private gardens and public grounds, and of the artistic perfecting of them. The more tastefully laid out, the better the effect. Though tastes differ, there is a general standard of taste which lasts for several generations, though it varies from time to time and is subject to fashion. As their object is to give pleasure, public grounds should accord with the taste of the age, or aim at cultivating it. This is a justification for going to some expense for æsthetic ends.

The influence of vegetation on the soil is much more easy to determine than on the mind of man. Space fails me to go into all the aspects of this subject, and I will confine myself to some of the most obvious. The difference is most apparent on comparing the soil of a tract of land covered with wood with the soil outside, in other respects alike. The Bavarian Forest Department deserves great credit for having established meteorological stations with special reference to forest culture, under the superintendence of Professor Ebermayer of Aschaffenburg. He has published his first year's observations in a work on "The Influence of Forests on the Air and Soil, and their Climatic and Hygienic Importance,"\* which may be recommended to every one who wishes to study the subject.

Modern hygiene has observed that certain variations in the moisture of the soil have a great influence on the origin and spread of certain epidemic diseases, as for instance cholera and typhoid fever—that these diseases do not become epidemic when the moisture in the soil

\* Die physikalischen Wirkungen des Waldes auf Luft und Boden und seine klimatologische und hygienische Bedeutung.

is not above or below a certain level, and has remained so for a time. These variations can be measured with greater accuracy by the ground-water of the soil than by the rainfall, because in the latter case we have to determine how much water penetrates the ground, how much runs off the surface, and how much evaporates at once. The amount of moisture in the soil of a forest is subject to considerably less variation than that outside. Ebermayer has deduced the following result from his meteorological observations on forestry:—"If from the soil of an open space 100 parts of water evaporate, then from the soil of a forest free from underwood 38 parts would evaporate, and from a soil covered with underwood only 15 parts would evaporate." This simple fact explains clearly why the cutting down of wood over tracts of country is always followed by the drying up of wells and springs.

In India, the home of cholera, much importance has been attached in recent times to plantations as preventives of it. It has been always observed that the villages in wooded districts suffer less than those in treeless plains. Many instances of this are given in the reports of Dr. Bryden, President of the Statistical Office in Calcutta, and Dr. Murray, Inspector of Hospitals. For instance, Bryden\* compares the district of the Mahanadda, one of the northern tributaries of the Ganges, the almost treeless district of Rajpore, with the forest district of Sambalpoor. It is stated that in the villages in the plain of Rajpore, 60 or 70 per cent. of the inhabitants are sometimes swept away by cholera in three or four days, while the wooded district of Sambalpoor is often free from it, or it is much less severe. The District Commissioner who had to make a tour in the district on account of the occurrence of cholera, reports, among other things, as follows:—

"The road to Sambalpoor runs for sixty or seventy miles through the forest, which round Potorah and Jenkfluss is very dense. Now, it is a remarkable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that on this route, traversed daily by hundreds of travellers, vehicles, and baggage trains, the cholera rarely appears in this extent of sixty miles, and when it does appear

it is in a mild form; but when we come to the road from Arang, westward to Chicholee Bungalow, which runs for about ninety miles through a barren treeless plain, we find the cholera every year in its more severe form, the dead and dying lying by the wayside, and trains of vehicles half of whose conductors are dead."

In the same report Dr. Bryden continues:—

"I will mention one other fact as a result of my observations, namely, that places surrounded by those vast and splendid groves which are occasionally seen, lying in low and probably marshy situations, surrounded by hills, and which, from the mass of decaying vegetation, are very subject to fever in September, October, and November, are seldom visited by cholera, and if it occurs there are but few deaths, while places on high ground, or in what are called fine airy situations, free from trees and without hills near, so that they are thoroughly ventilated, suffer very much from cholera."

Murray gives a number of instances showing the influence of trees on the spread of cholera. One of these may find a place here:—

"The fact is generally believed, and not long ago the medical officer of Jatisgar, in Central India, offered a striking proof of it. During the widespread epidemic of cholera in Allahabad, in 1859, those parts of the garrison whose barracks had the advantage of having trees near them enjoyed an indisputable exemption, and precisely in proportion to the thickness and nearness of the shelter. Thus the European Cavalry in the Wellington Barracks, which stand between four rows of mango trees, but are yet to a certain extent open, suffered much less than the 4th European regiment whose quarters were on a hill exposed to the full force of the wind; while the Bengal Horse Artillery, who were in a thicket of mango trees, had not a single case of sickness; and the exemption cannot be regarded as accidental, as the next year the comparative immunity was precisely the same."

We need not, however, go to India to observe similar instances of the influence of a certain degree of moisture in the soil favored by woods or other conditions; we can find them much nearer home. In the cholera epidemic of 1854, in Bavaria, it was generally observed that the places in the moors were spared, in spite of the otherwise bad condition of the inhabitants. The great plain of the Danube from Neuburg to Ingolstadt was surrounded by places where it was epidemic, while in the plain itself there

\* Epidemic Cholera in the Bengal Presidency, 1869, p. 225.

\* Report on the Treatment of Epidemic Cholera, 1869, p. 4.

were but a few scattered cases. The same thing has been demonstrated by Reinhard, President of the Saxon Medical College. Cholera has visited Saxony eight times since 1836, and every time it spared the northerly district between Pleisse and Spree, where ague is endemic.

In the English Garden at Munich there are several buildings, not sparsely tenanted—the Diana Baths, the Chinese Tower, with a tavern and outbuildings, the Gendarmerie Station, and the Kleinkesselöhe. In the three outbreaks of cholera at Munich none of these places have been affected by it. This fact is the more surprising, as three of them comprise public taverns into which the disease germs must have been occasionally introduced by the public; yet there was no epidemic in these houses, although it prevailed largely immediately beyond the English garden and close to the Diana Baths in 1854 and 1873. It must have been accidental that no isolated cases occurred, as the inmates of the Chinese Tower, or the Kleinkesselöhe, might have caught it in Munich, as others did who came from a distance, but had there been single cases, probably no epidemic would have occurred in these houses.

Even if these deductions must be accepted with caution from an etiological point of view, still, on the whole, they indisputably tell in favor of trees and woods.

Surface vegetation has also other advantages, besides its use in regulating the moisture in the soil; it purifies it from the drainage of human habitations, whereby it is contaminated and impregnated. If this refuse matter remains in soil destitute of growing vegetation, further decomposition sets in, and other processes are induced, not always of a salubrious nature, but often deleterious, the products of which reach us by means of air or water, and may penetrate into our houses. But from this indisputable fact, false conclusions are sometimes drawn. Many people imagine that if a few old trees are left standing in an open space their roots will absorb all the impurities from the houses around, and render the refuse which accumulates beneath them innocuous. This idea is not only false in a sanitary point of view, but very injurious, as it prevents people from taking the measures which alone can keep the ground under our houses pure.

We will now explain why the shade of gardens and woods is at certain seasons so beneficial. The human race during its pilgrimage on earth and wanderings over it has many difficult tasks to perform. One of the most difficult is involved in the necessity that all our internal organs, and the blood, whether at the Equator or the North Pole, should retain an equable temperature of  $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Centigrade ( $98^{\circ}$  Fahr.). Deviations of but one degree are signs of serious illness. The blood of the Negro and that of the Esquimaux is of the same temperature, while the one lives in a temperature of  $40^{\circ}$  above and the other  $40^{\circ}$  below zero (Centigrade). A difference of  $80^{\circ}$  has therefore to be equalized.

Our organism, doubtless, possesses a special apparatus for the performance of this colossal task, self-acting sluices so to speak, by means of which more or less of the heat generated in the body passes off: these consist mainly in the increase or diminution of the peripheric circulation, and the action of the pores of the skin. But we soon come to the end of our natural regulating apparatus, and have to resort to artificial means. Against cold we have excellent methods in clothing, dwellings, and fires; but at present our precautions against heat are very limited. This is doubtless the reason why higher civilization has extended so much farther towards the Polar regions than towards the Equator. The Germanic races, particularly, inevitably degenerate after living for a few generations in the tropics, and must be continually renewed by immigration if they desire to retain supremacy, as is proved by the case of the English in India. They will not be able to settle there and maintain the characteristics which have made them dominant, until means have been found of diminishing the heat of the body at pleasure, as we are able to maintain it in the north. At present our remedies against heat are baths, fans, and shade.

We lose the heat of our bodies in three different ways—by the medium in which we are,—generally the air,—and which can be warmed; by the evaporation of perspiration; and by radiation from bodies of a lower temperature, not taking into account a small portion of heat which goes off in mechanical labor. Under ordinary circumstances in temperate climates, we lose half the heat generated by radiation, one-fourth by evaporation, and one-fourth

by the conducting medium in which we are. In proportion as any of these methods is diminished, one or both the others must be increased. As long as possible, our organisms are so obliging as to open and close the sluices themselves without our cognizance, providing that our regulating apparatus is in order, that we are not ill. It is only when our good servant the skin, under certain conditions, has come to an end of its powers, that we begin to feel that we must lend our aid. And thus we have found by experience that in hot weather shade helps the body to keep cool to the needful extent. The chief effect of shelter is to prevent the sun's rays from striking us directly; but if this were all, it would be as cool in the height of summer indoors, or even under the leaden roofs of Venice—which have driven many to frenzy and desperation—as under the shade of a tree or in a wood. It also makes a great difference whether the sun's rays fall on thick foliage or on a roof of slate or metal. A great deal of heat is neutralized by evaporation from the leaves; another portion by the decomposition of carbonic acid, just so much as is set free when we burn the wood and other organic combinations into the composition of which it enters. The heat produced by burning wood in a stove is derived from the sun; it is but the captured rays of the sun again set free by combustion. We learn from Ebermayer's work that the temperature of the trees in a forest, and even in the tops of them, is always lower than the air in the forest.

Besides this, shade in the open air always causes a certain draught which acts as a kind of fan. All must have noticed when walking in oppressive heat, when the air seems still as death, that a refreshing breeze arises as soon as a cloud casts a shade.

The same thing may often be observed in summer in walking through a street with close rows of houses, when the air is still, and one side is sunny, the other in shade. On the sunny side there is not a breath of air, while on the other there may be a light breeze. This is easily explained; so far as the shade extends the air is cooler than in the sun; layers of air of unequal warmth are of different gravity, and this difference of temperature is the cause of the motion in the air.

The shade of a single tree, therefore, cools not only by intercepting the sun's rays, but also by the effect of gentle fanning. The shelter of a thick wood, however, is much more agreeable than that of a single tree. The air in a wood is cooler than that of an open space exposed to the sun. The air from outside is drawn into the wood, is cooled by it, and cools us again. And it is not only the air that cools us, but the trees themselves. Observation has shown that the trunks of trees in a wood breast-high, even at the hottest time of day, are 5° Cent. cooler than the air. We therefore lose considerable heat by radiation to these cooler objects, and can cool ourselves more easily at a temperature of 25° Cent. in a wood than at a much lower temperature in an open space. When the objects around us are as warm as ourselves we lose nothing by radiation; what is radiated from us is radiated back by them. This is why we are so uncomfortable in heated and overcrowded rooms. It is generally set down to bad air, and this does certainly contribute to it, but it is chiefly the result of disturbed distribution of heat, as has been plainly shown by experiments on the composition of such air, which makes many people feel ill.—*Contemporary Review*.

#### ANCIENT MYCENÆ.

DR. SCHLIEMANN's great find at Mycenæ has had the practical result of reviving travel in Græce, whose stony roads, almost entirely abandoned since the tragic expedition to Marathon in 1870, are once more being trodden by the English traveller. The tourist who has visited Athens and Mycenæ has performed the most popular and enviable "haj" of the present year, and on his return from his pilgrimage

may boast with pardonable vain-glory "non cuius homini contingit adire Mycenæ." But fortunate as may be held these favored few, it is yet a greater advantage to have visited the spot under the most competent guidance, and to have learnt through the courteous explanation of Signor Stamataki, the learned custodian of the treasures, the details of their recovery. To the finder himself belongs of



right the narrative of the search, and the description of the treasure-trove; yet it may be allowed to the traveller as he stands by the graves in the Mycenæan acropolis, and takes in at one glance the wide plain of Argos, low-lying Tiryns, and the proud eyrie of the Argive Larissa, to indulge in speculation as to what manner of men they were who built these mighty walls, who established these rival capitals, and who passed away in the very dawn of historic time.

The attempt is not an easy one; it has even been declared on high authority to be almost futile: "If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period of Greece by the name of Pelasgic, it is open to him to do so; but this is a name carrying with it no assured predicates, noway enlarging our insight into real history."\* Yet a historian of equal rank holds a more encouraging view: "There are several questions relating to the original population of Greece, which it may be fit to ask, though we cannot hope for a perfectly satisfactory answer; if for no other purpose, at least to ascertain the extent of our knowledge."† The few years that have elapsed since the expression of these opinions have already seen a great extension of archaeological, ethnological, and philological knowledge; and by virtue of the mutual support and illustration which these sciences afford to one another, it may reasonably be hoped that the domain of history may be extended to periods hitherto deemed beyond our reach. Among the pioneers of such an invading host, no name certainly will be entitled to a higher place on the roll of fame than that of the explorer of Troy and of Mycenæ.

Dr. Schliemann has indeed proved himself the very Columbus of archaeological research. Strong in the faith of his own convictions, he has gone forth like the intrepid Genoese in quest of a land to which a hardly more than mythical and legendary existence was conceded, and, undeterred by popular scepticism, and the scarce lukewarm support of an alien Government, he has prosecuted his search, and has returned with all the honors of a discoverer thick upon him. The position of Troy was at all times known within cer-

tain comparatively narrow limits; the wide Hellespont, Tenedos, and Imbros were indisputable landmarks: but beyond this all was conjecture, and rival disputants were content to base their theories on local features,—either natural, such as hills and streams—or artificial, such as ancient mounds hardly distinguishable from the natural landmarks of the wide plain that embraced them all. The site of the city of Agamemnon was more exactly defined. Early and complete though its decline and ruin were, yet the vast masonry of its walls remained as an imperishable witness; and the unbroken traditions of Rome, of Jerusalem, or of Damascus, do not afford more indisputable evidence of their sites than do the Cyclopean bulwarks of the citadel of Mycenæ. Here, some three thousand years ago, reigned the King of Men; and here seventeen hundred years ago still were shown (if we may trust to the use of the present tense by Pausanias) his subterranean treasure-house and the tombs of his royal race. The treasure-house, or the building which was probably shown to Pausanias as such, has preserved its tradition up to the present time, but the tomb of Agamemnon was lost; and succeeding travellers, as they gazed on the rocky enclosure of the acropolis, or the bare hillside by which they had ascended to it, may reasonably be held excused if they deemed it lost beyond recovery. It was reserved for Dr. Schliemann to reap an equal harvest of glory from the city of Priam and from the capital of its destroyer. To him the siege of Troy is no concrete expression of a solar myth, no minstrel's romance or legendary version of great deeds wrought by the heroic ancestors of his audience, but a great historical tragedy, of which the scene, the actors, and the plot are equally matters of fact to him who shall read it aright.

Strong in this faith, and in his own unswerving enthusiasm, Dr. Schliemann, first making a careful reconnaissance, and then attacking with the spade, entered upon a second siege of Troy, and conducted his operations, in spite of all obstacles, with such energy and success as to reveal—buried under the accumulations of subsequent ages, and of cities whose ruins have actually altered the configuration of the ground—the very walls, towers, and buildings of a city which he claims to be the

\* Grote, pt. ii. ch. ii.

† Thirlwall, i. c. 2.

Troy of Homer and of Priam. He exclaims confidently—

"Hâc ibat Simois, hac est Sigefa tellus,  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis."

Here, too, was the Scaean gate, and here the street down which Hector passed to conquest and to death; here, buried under the ruins of a building evidently destroyed by fire, are the jewels and ornaments of Helen or of Andromache.

Such a discovery, sufficient in itself for most men, did not, however, satisfy Dr. Schliemann; and while the archæological world was still ringing with the fame of his first exploration, he turned from the city of Priam to that of its chief assailant, and, guided by the same happy inspiration in his researches, laid bare, on a spot most plausible indeed to those who study it after the event, but neglected by previous explorers, the sepulchre of one who was clearly a mighty chief, and in whom Dr. Schliemann unhesitatingly claims to recognise the very "king of men."

The effect of these brilliant discoveries has been to narrow for a time the field of inquiry. That which was before dim and shadowy has shrunk under the fierce light of this material evidence to smaller dimensions, and the question seems no longer to be whether there ever was such a siege of Troy as Homer sang, or whether he may not have been singing, like a modern laureate, the epic of a king far removed from his own time, and already vanishing in the phantom-land of myth; but the point at issue is, whether we must not accept every word of Homer as describing events and things which the poet had under his personal cognisance, and whether we are not actually handling the jewels of the royal homes, the sword of Agamemnon, and gazing on the very face of the mighty dead.

If this be so, we must expect to find in every fresh discovery by Dr. Schliemann a direct confirmation of the descriptions of the poet. In some cases we shall, no doubt, have an explanation of what was previously obscure; but in no case will there be any contradiction. In his descriptions of men and manners, of objects of use or ornament, as well as on topographical points, we shall find the evidence on every point confirmatory. The site of Troy has been discussed at length by those who have made themselves more or

less familiar with the spot, and it need only be said here that Homer himself indicates a source of uncertainty in the future identification of the place, which has perhaps been insufficiently taken into account. In *Il. vii.*, when a truce has been proclaimed in order that both Greeks and Trojans may render due honor to their dead, the former heap a vast mound over the slain, and surround it with a wall and ditch, making it, in fact, a part of their intrenched camp. The mighty work excites the wonder of the gods, and the envy of Poseidôn, who complains that the glory of this work will eclipse that of the wall which he had raised for Laomedon. Zeus, however, promises that the glory of this very structure shall in the future belong to Poseidôn.

"Far as light extends,  
Of this great work to thee shall be the fame:  
When with their ships the long-haired Greeks  
shall take  
Their homeward voyage to their native land,  
This wall shall by the waves be broken  
through,  
And sink, a shapeless ruin, in the sea;  
O'er the wide shore again thy waves shall  
spread,  
And all the boasted work of Greeks o'er-  
whelm."\*

It may very safely be conjectured that the poet is in this passage uttering a prophecy that had, in fact, already fulfilled itself; and it may be added to such passages as that of *Il. xx. 307*, as to the rule in Troy of the grandchildren of Æneas, in evidence of the comparative dates of the poet and his subject. All that we have to observe is, that the prophecy attests the obliteration of the Greek camp, either by a storm of exceptional severity (for ten years' experience should have taught the Greeks to guard against the risks of an ordinary winter), or by an alteration of the coast-line. We in England are not wont to look on our country as being subject to vast convulsions of nature; yet a space of time that is but short as compared with the interval since the Homeric age has materially altered one corner at least of our coast,—and those who have looked down from the sister citadels of Winchester or Rye on the wide pastures which, as Homer would say, Demeter has wrested from Poseidôn, or who bear in mind the changes

\* *Il. vii. 458 et seq.*, Lord Derby's trans., 5th edit.

which have been wrought at Thermopylæ, may be allowed to conjecture that time has done its work also by means of the strong currents that sweep down from the broad Hellespont, and the blasts that vex the plains of windy Troy and the low-lying margin of Besika Bay.

There is no such uncertainty about the site of Mycenæ—no doubt that this was the city of Agamemnon. Here he ruled, rich in gold, over the inhabitants of the wide-wayed city; here, no doubt, were his treasures, and here his tomb;—but the proof that we have before us, in the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann—the very tomb, the very corpse, of the great ruler of men—is as yet incomplete. One thing is clear—that both Agamemnon and the occupants of these tombs were posterior in date to the building of the walls of Mycenæ by their mythical “Pelasgian” or “Cyclopean” architects. The position of the tombs, indeed—just inside the gate of the Lions, and enclosed in the wall of the lower citadel—might even lend some color to the conjecture that the architect of the wall drew its line with special intention to make this a burial-ground; and in enlarging his acropolis, purposely designed that the sepulchres of the royal race should be the first object to strike the eye of every one who entered the gate on his way to the upper citadel. The conditions of the ground would materially assist in this design; for while it would be difficult to excavate the spacious tombs in the hard mountain-side on which the city stands, facilities would be afforded for doing so through the necessity of filling in, to the level of the top of the retaining wall, the more or less crescent-shaped enclosure of the lower citadel: the space enclosed would otherwise have been too small to be available, lying, as it does, under the shadow of its mighty rampart.

Here, at any rate, was at some time buried a great chieftain and his race; and in trying to estimate the probabilities for or against his having been Agamemnon himself, we may naturally turn to Homer in order to judge whether such funeral rites as he describes accord with those of which we have positive evidence at Mycenæ. We have ample material in the writings of the poet; for, among many heroes of less renown who meet their fate in the tale of the Iliad and Odyssey, two are pre-eminent, and are buried with pecu-

liar honor—Hector and Patroclus. Of these, the former is the most doughty warrior, and the more conspicuous figure in the poem but the account of the sepulture of the Greek champion is naturally told with the greater minuteness. As soon as his comrades have dragged the corpse from the fight, they lay him on a couch (Il., xviii. 232), and all night long they raise the funeral dirge (xviii. 314)—the wake of the dead—Achilles himself being the chief mourner.

“Meantime the Greeks all night with tears  
and groans

Bewailed Patroclus: on his comrade's breast  
Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,  
And led, with bitter groans, the loud lament.”\*

Apparently after this, but according to a subsequent expression (xviii. 353), at an early stage, the corpse is washed, the wounds dressed with precious ointments (xviii. 351), and wrapped from head to foot (*ἐς πόδας ἐκ κεφαλῆς*) in a fair linen winding-sheet. In the morning Thetis comes to comfort her son, and in a remarkable passage (xix. 38) she is described as preserving the corpse from decay by dropping nectar and ambrosia into his nostrils: the reference appears to be to some adaptation of the Egyptian method of embalming, then in use in the camp before Troy. Then Briseïs (xix. 282) is introduced, and mourns for the dead, bruising her tender cheeks and breast, and raising the shrill wail (*αἶγ' ἐκώκνε*) that may yet be heard in Eastern lands, or even in the Gaelic countries of the West. It may be remarked, in passing, that the women take a more prominent part in the mourning for Hector than in that for Patroclus: for, in the one case, the corpse was in its own home among its own people, where there was every facility for due observance; in the other, the conditions of camp life imposed some deviation from custom, and Briseïs and her maidens do not come on the scene until the corpse has been washed and laid out by the Myrmidons themselves. It is, however, the maidens who lay out the corpse of Hector in the tent of Achilles (Il., xxiv. 587), while professional mourners raise the dirge when his corpse is received at Troy (xxiv. 720). On such details the silent evidence of Mycenæ can throw no

\* Lord Derby's translation.

light, nor on the funeral banquet that succeeded, in the case of Patroclus on the following day, in that of Hector after nine days' preparation.

"Nine days to public mourning would we give ;

The tenth, to funeral rites and funeral feast ;

Then on the eleventh would we raise his mound ;

The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must." \*

This preparation mainly consisted in the collection of fuel for a vast (*ἐκατόμποδον*) funeral pyre, on which the corpse was placed and consumed during the night-time by the flames (xxiv. 788). It is evidently the intention of the poet to signify that the corpse was thoroughly burned, for in the case of Patroclus strong winds are specially sent to fan the flame. When at last the fire begins to die out, the embers are quenched with wine, the bones are carefully sought out—with special care in the case of Patroclus to distinguish them from those of the captives and animals who were sacrificed on the pyre ; they are placed in a golden casket, which in turn is wrapped in fine linen. The remains of Patroclus are lodged in the tent—one can only conjecture that they are subsequently transferred to the vast mound that is raised about the pyre ; those of Hector are deposited in a grave (*κάπετος*, xxiv. 797), over which a pile of stones is raised, and a heap of earth covers all. In both these cases, as also in others, such as the burial of Elpenor (Od., xi. 75), or the burial of the dead after the battle before Troy (Il., vii. 425), the raising of a mound was a prominent part of the ceremony.

In the case of Elpenor there is indeed an apparent exception ; for when the shade of the unburied Elpenor meets Odysseus in Hades, he begs that due honor may be rendered to his remains, and that they may be burnt, "*ὅν τεύχεσιν ἄσσα μοι ἔσταιν*" (Od., xi. 74) ; and accordingly, on his return to earth, Odysseus celebrates the funeral rites of Elpenor, and buries the corpse, "*καὶ τεύχεα νεκροῦ*." —

"Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,

The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,

Fast by the roaring of the main we place ;

The rising tomb a lofty column bore,

And high above it rose the tapering oar." †

\* Il., xxiv. 664, Lord Derby's trans.

† Od., xii. 13, Pope's trans.

This may, however, be the exception that proves the rule, for Elpenor was but a common seaman. Homer especially says that he was but a poor fighting man, "*οὐδέ τι λίην ἄλκιμος ἐν πολέμῳ*" (x. 552) ; and the word *τεύχεα* may express merely his "gear" or "kit," perhaps even the oar itself, rather than weapons of war.

Too great importance need not be attached to the erection of a tumulus, for it is almost instinctive in all races to mark a battle-field by a mound, and from Marathon to Waterloo we have this record of the resting-place of the fallen warriors, and even the Pyramids may be but the elaboration in stone of an earthen tumulus ; but at any rate we see clearly that it was the recognised practice in the Homeric age. Now it might reasonably be supposed that the burial of Agamemnon would be celebrated in much the same way as those of the warriors who fell before Troy, and the tombs of Mycenæ should, as far as possible, supplement the Homeric account ; but, in fact, the evidence which they afford is not at all of this nature. Here the dead lie in spacious quadrangular graves ; and, from the observations made when these were uncovered, it appears that the bodies, dressed in rich array, profusely decorated with gold ornaments (and in the case of the men, wearing their swords, and protected by breastplates and masks of gold), were laid in order, as many as five in a grave, on the floor, there being no vestige of coffin. A double line of brazen caldrons, containing golden vases, &c., was arranged along two sides of the grave, and at each end of the row was placed a sheaf of swords. Then fire was applied ; but it is singular that whereas in the Homeric account it is clearly intended that the cremation should be as complete as possible—and no objects or arms of an incombustible nature appear to have been subjected to the flames\*—the heat applied in the Mycenaean process was evidently very slight, for in no case were the gold ornaments, thin and delicate though they be,

\* But Cf. Virgil, xi. 193—

"Hinc alii spolia occisis direpta Latinis  
Conjiciunt igni, galeas, ensesque decoros,  
Frænæque, serventesque rotas : pars, mune-  
ra nota,  
Ipsorum clipeos, et non felicia tela."

Virgil might easily be guilty of an anachronism ; his readers would not be likely *regarder de si près* : in Homer it would not be possible.



at all fused by the fire, and the state of preservation of the corpses points in the same direction. The fire indeed, in both cases, was quenched before it became finally extinct; but whereas this was done at Troy by pouring out wine on the embers, at Mycenæ the fire seems to have been subdued by casting earth into the tomb, various precious ornaments having first been thrown at random into the flames. That these processes were almost simultaneous is proved by the fact that the action of fire is traceable on one and only one side of these objects: that side which fell on the fire is scorched, the other is protected by the mass thrown in on it.

We have already seen that in every case of Homeric burial the monumental mound was raised over the pyre; but we have no trace of this at Mycenæ, neither is the situation of the tombs adapted for such an object, nor would it, when raised, have been in any way conspicuous. On the contrary, the surface appears to have been levelled, and a double circle of stone slabs, with a narrow entrance at one point, surrounded the burial-place. In this enclosure flat gravestones marked the exact situations of the tombs, which only occupied one-half of the area where the nature of the made-ground admitted of their being sunk most deeply below the surface; and from the character and patterns of the bas-reliefs and borders of these tombstones, it can hardly be doubted that they are coeval with the dead below. On the other hand, a point of agreement is established by the fact that no trace of written characters or money can be found at Mycenæ; but this does not prove more than that the tombs are of an age at least as early as that of the poet, and does not exclude the possibility of their being considerably earlier.\* With regard to the arms and accoutrements of Mycenæ some difference may be also noted: there is no helmet, no spear, and no shield; while the swords, almost exactly a yard long, double-edged, though single-handled, seem hardly in accord with the stout short weapon which art as well as tradition have attributed to Homeric warriors.† Too much stress, however, should not be laid on this last point, since it is possible that

the arms buried with the dead were of an ornamental description, such as were subsequently worn in Greece at processions and ceremonies—and were, in fact, more for parade than for use.

If, then, we find that Homeric burial-rites are but little in accord with the evidence offered by the Mycenæan graves, it is only reasonable to inquire whether these are in turn illustrated by similar discoveries elsewhere; and in such an inquiry we must be careful to cast aside all that is attributable solely to coincidence. In every phase of man's development intermediate between those semi-brutal races who appear to have no conception whatever of a future state, and that highest degree of religious thought in which it is acknowledged that the spirit has passed utterly and entirely away from the interests and occupations of this world, there is evidence of an inclination to look on the soul as having passed to a form of existence differing but in degree from the present life. In pursuance of this thought, it is almost instinctive to supply the dead with necessities for his long journey, or requisites for his life in the new country; and so, from the Esquimaux of Greenland to the Maorie of New Zealand, from the Tartar Kalmuk to the North American Indian, food, raiment, arms, even horses, wives, and companions accompany the soul on its way; and even in Christian burial-rites the tenacity of this idea can be recognised in the peculiar meaning that became attached to the word *viaticum*, and in the little niche cut in the side of the stone sarcophagi of medieval prelates. Thus we find remarkable points of resemblance between the *burials* of Mycenæ and those of Peru;\* but we may at once dismiss any idea of connection between the two races, save in ages far too remote for any purposes of the present inquiry. It is sufficient for us to try to ascertain whether the objects found by Dr. Schliemann belong to the early days of what we call the Hellenic period of Greek history; whether, if earlier than this, they should be referred to what is known as the "Pelagic" period—a period dim, on the very boundary of historic knowledge; or whether there be yet another theory not inconsistent with the evidence.

It is only from the earliest writers that we get any information even at second-

\* There is, indeed, one apparent exception; but the fragment of pottery on which letters occur was found very near the surface, and is no doubt of later date.

† II., iii. 334; xi. 29; xvi. 135; xix. 372.

\* Squier's Land of the Incas.

hand as to these Pelasgoi, whose origin was uncertain to Herodotus, though they were still extant in his day; but besides the historic evidence respecting them, they have left us their name, their works, and room for plausible conjecture as to their language. From all these sources we learn that they were predecessors of the Hellenic race on Greek soil; but beyond this it is not so easy to go, and the evidence is not altogether harmonious; for if we adopt the etymology of their name as Pelasgoi = Storks, this clearly indicates a migratory folk, since no one would make a stork an emblem of agriculture, because, in the same sense as does the rook or the paddy-bird, he follows the plough. This is, in fact, the point of view that Strabo takes; for he says that the writers on the Athenian antiquities relate of the Pelasgoi that some of them came to Athens, when on account of their wanderings and their settling like birds in any place where they chanced to come, they were called by the Athenians Pelasgoi.\* It is better to adopt the derivation from Pelagos, a plain—not of the sea, for history and language alike tend to show that the Pelasgoi were not a maritime people, but of the land: and here we are encouraged by finding that not only did Argos signify a plain in Thessalian and Macedonian dialects,† but also that Greek and Latin words of common use referring to live and dead nature, food, labor, the body, the family, the society, are correlated,‡ while the Pelasgic proper names in Homer are in many cases compounds of ἵππος,§ such as would be in use by a horse-breaking people, and Greek and Latin words relating to war or navigation are distinct. But we cannot follow this clue long without meeting with a difficulty; the Trojan Pelasgians of Homer (*Od.*, xix. 177) came from Crete, the last place which a nomadic population would reach. And when we come to examine their works, we find that, in the first place, they are of enormous solidity, the quality least attributable to a pastoral race—and, in the second, they are all on hill-tops; whereas a race of men once nomadic, but subsequently converted from migratory habits to a stationary agricultural life, would clearly have its settlements in the plain.

\* Strabo, v., ch. 2. sec. 4.

† Thirlwall, c. ii.

‡ Juv. *Mundi*, pp. 96-100.

§ *Ibid.* p. 103.

The vast walls of Argos, of Mycenæ, of Tiryns (which is less a hill city than any of the others), of Corinth, of Athens, of Cortona, of Perugia, and of many others both in Greece and Italy, are nothing else than the strongholds of mountaineers liable to constant attacks either from neighboring eyries or from the more numerous population of the plains; they are defences against organised and sustained siege, not a "kraal" into which the flocks and herds could be driven in the event of a sudden raid.\*

We have, then, the problem of a people whose records attest that they were a settled agricultural race, industrious, landsmen, while their generic name points to their being nomads, and their proper names show them to have been horsemen. The works, however, which are called after them are those which would be constructed by a race of hill-tribes used to war, and skilled in the art of defending their rocky citadels, from which they looked down on the wide-spreading plains. It is not easy to reconcile such opposing evidence, except on the assumption that the original Pelasgians, like some tribe of nomad Tartars, gradually found their way from the north into the plains of Thessaly, where they were strongest in the Homeric age, and so gradually advanced into Peloponnesos, while, perhaps at the same time, a parallel column was penetrating into the Italian peninsula. In either case, the sea ultimately would oppose their further march, and they would gradually settle down as cultivators, abandoning their old habits but retaining their names, as a settled life promoted increase of their numbers, and the place became too straitened for the continuance of nomadic habits.

An invasion of a piratical seafaring race, whether Phœnician, Egyptian, or other, would naturally disturb the peaceable life of these Pelasgic occupants; and as the Hellenic race, however compounded, began to press on them, they would gradually develop the art of constructing places of refuge, and as the pressure became more urgent, would gradually give way, retiring to the hills, and becoming more and more perfect in the constructive arts. Thus their ear-

\* Cf Strabo, v., ch. 2. sec. 6.

lier works, less durable, and of less massive stones, would tend to disappear under the occupancy of the invaders; but their latest walls, most carefully built, of enormous blocks, and in the most inaccessible position, would most successfully resist the destroying agencies of man and time alike. It is, on the other hand, quite inconceivable that a race that had in any way come in contact with the authors of such works as the Pyramids or Karnac, or of the vast substructions of Phœnician Baalbec, could have continued to pile up the shapeless masonry of the walls of Tiryns or Mycenæ; but that the construction of the treasures of Mycenæ and Orchomenos, when the art of hewing stone had attained perfection, may have been under such foreign influence, is by no means improbable. Yet that this was but slight may be inferred from the total absence of the symbolism which covered the walls of every Egyptian tomb or temple with sculpture, of which there is no trace in Pelasgic Greece.

It must be confessed that such an hypothesis is not free from difficulty, when we consider with what tenacity every race clings to its habits, its language, and its institutions. In such parallel cases as that of the Canaanite hill-tribes, and the Jews who succeeded them, surrounded by the lowland Arabs and Philistines, or of the mountain Kabyles of Algeria, looking down from their fastnesses on the successive waves of Carthaginian, Roman, Arab, and Christian invasion, nothing like fusion has taken place; and we must either assume the ultimate practical extinction of the Pelasgic stock, or suppose that the scanty space within which it was confined rendered it less capable of opposing effective resistance to external influences, and that an exclusiveness which was possible among the hills of Palestine and the mountains of Mauritania was impossible within the narrow limits of Helas. It may be, moreover, that there was no really radical difference between Pelasgian and Hellene, but that, being both of the great Aryan race, they had affinities which rendered fusion more easy; and so we see that the sites of Pelasgic cities were never abandoned, except, as in the notable cases of Tiryns and Mycenæ, from political reasons, but

that their Hellenic successors built superstructures on their foundations. The whole of Greece does not afford an instance of a true seaport of the first class. Argos, Athens, Megara, even Corinth, were all hill-forts. We must go to the Phœnician\* Corcyra for an example of a maritime city, whose walls were sea-beaten as those of Tyre or Sidon. If, then, we can bring ourselves to consider such a succession of events as not altogether impossible, and seek to confirm our opinion by actual evidence, we must retrace the way by which the original Pelasgic element would have invaded Greece.

In the earliest historic ages, two successive waves of emigration flowed from east to west over the old-world continent, differing in race as in habits: the Turanian, nomadic, predatory, and warlike; the Aryan, agricultural until forced by some unknown cause to leave the Eastern cradle of their race, industrious, and peaceful; and both of these passed across the wide plains of what is now Southern Russia in Europe. Here, in the early days of written history, dwelt the Scythians, whose origin and subsequent history have been a problem to ethnologists: in the opinion of great authorities, however, they are Indo-European. "The Scyths, as their language proves, are neither Medes, nor Slavs, nor Goths, nor Pelasgians; but their tongue possessed affinities to all these languages."† They have now disappeared; but, from the traces of their occupation which they have left behind, it seems that they were influenced to no small extent by the establishment on their seaboard of numerous settlements, which the colonising genius of the Hellenic race sent forth. It is, as usual, in their tombs that we must read the history of this ancient race, and we find "the wilds of Scythia studded with . . . tumuli . . . with the sole difference of their containing ashes without urns; and the west of Europe seems equally to have abounded with them in ancient times, composed in general of stones instead of earth, probably from being ready at hand, which is by no means the

\* Juv. Mun., 132; Mure, i. 510.

† Donaldson, Jac. Grimm. See Rawl. Herod. Book iv. Essay 2.

case in the Scythian deserts." \* While another much more recent explorer says: "How few there are who know that that kind of ancient vase, which is improperly called Etruscan, is also dug up in Russian ground,—that Greek sculptures of the highest art are dug up among us,—that we possess splendid monuments of Cyclopean architecture,—and that, on the extreme edge of the southern steppes, towards the Black Sea, there exists another Herculaneum, another subterranean Etruria, rich in treasures, often unique in their kind, which throw light upon the darkest periods of the past!" †

There is little doubt but that in the Tauric Chersonese, as elsewhere, "*Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit*;" and that while her colonies formed a mere fringe of settlements on the Scythian coast, such as were the early European pioneers in North America or New Zealand, her arts began to exercise a powerful influence in the country. An unacknowledged cousinship of race may have contributed, *bon gré, mal gré* to this result; so that although between the Red Indian and European, between Anglo-Saxon and Maori, there has been no alternative but annihilation for the weaker, yet the Aryan Greek was enabled to effect a fusion more or less complete with the no less Aryan Scyth on the borders of the Euxine, just as the remote ancestors of both had become fused among the hills of Peloponnesus. At any rate, the influence of Greek art made itself felt even in the tombs of the Scythians, whose remains are found, lying amid their ornaments and arms, with raiment and provision for their journey to the unknown land almost exactly as at Mycenæ, ‡ but also with works of the purest Greek art, coins, and inscriptions, to attest their own more modern date.

It cannot fail to strike the observer as a most remarkable fact, that in a Scythian tomb among the plains around Kertch there should be, just as in the citadel of Mycenæ, the same disposition of articles of use or ornament round the same quadrangular sepulchral chamber;

and in one, as in the other, there is the same lavish use of gold, sufficiently remarkable anywhere, and tending to prove a different relative value of what is to us the "precious" metal. Thus we are told that in one Scythian tomb "the human remains were laid on sheets of pure gold, and covered with similar sheets," the entire weight of the four sheets being 40 lb." A similar tomb was found near Alexandropol, and another contained 120 lb. of gold. Such profusion is the more easily understood among a people to whom the golden sands of Phasis were readily accessible, than in Greece, where gold is hardly, if at all, to be found; yet one of the tombs at Mycenæ has produced about 40 lb. weight of gold, which supplied not merely a mask and broad breastplate for the principal occupant, but a complete case for the tender limbs of an infant which lay folded in the embrace of its mother.

There are, indeed, two points of difference between the tombs of the Scythian and Grecian peninsula; for cremation appears to have had no place in the Scythian ceremonial, and we do not hear in the Tauric Chersonese of such a stone circle as has been laid bare at Mycenæ. The former point may be explained, if it be supposed that the Mycenæan citizens, converted by stress of circumstances from a pastoral and lowland to a martial highland way of life, may have adopted to a certain extent the Hellenic method of the race that had displaced them; and so, as we have seen, instead of the total cremation of the Greeks, they burnt their dead in a perfunctory fashion, retaining otherwise their traditional customs. On the second point we are brought face to face with the yet unsettled question as to the date and race of the builders of "rude stone monuments;" but the non-existence of the stone circle in Scythian tombs may be explained by the remark of the author † quoted above, that stones are exceedingly scarce on the steppes, and even if originally constructed, a stone circle would have but little chance of survival in a country where every available stone has been appropriated ‡

\* Guthrie, *Tour in Crimea*, p. 314.

† Erman, *Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Kunste von Russland*, quoted by McPherson, *Antiquities of Kertch*, 1857, p. 36.

‡ Rawl. Herod., iv. 71, note.

\* Cf. *sup.* p. 677.

† Guthrie, p. 314.

‡ Ibid. p. 313.



over and over again to various purposes by succeeding races. Where stone is abundant, as in the immediate neighborhood of Kertch, we at once find "Pelagian" or "Etruscan" work, a corridor with a false pointed arch\* of the same style which finds its earliest expression in the Syrix of Tiryns and its latest in the treasury of Mycenæ, the gates of Missolonghi,† or the tombs of Cære.‡ The description of the tomb to which this corridor leads might pass, with a slight alteration of measurements, for that of the "treasury of Atreus;" and the arrangement of its contents, as above stated, corresponds in a marvellous degree with that of the Mycenaean tomb, though much later in date. Finally, at the entrance of another tomb have been found § sculptured in relief lion-headed figures, whose appearance suggests, though it is but a suggestion, the famous guardians of the great Mycenaean portal.

The glory of Mycenæ belongs to an age almost prehistoric, and the great tragedy of the House of Tantalus may be said to make up the history of Mycenæ; it is not unnatural, therefore, that we should wish to identify the remains of the occupants of its royal tombs with the family of its great king. But before we can do so with a clear conscience, we must dispose of the difficulties that lie in the way of our faith. That these remains are of great antiquity there can be no doubt; but we have seen that neither are the objects contained in the tombs Hellenic, nor was the mode of burial such as Homer attributes to Greek heroes, nor such as was in historic times practised by their descendants. On the other hand, we find a similarity of structure, of ceremonial, and of objects, both of use and ornament, in the "Pelagic" tombs of Greece, of Italy, and of the Tauric Chersonese; we have evidence that all these countries were inhabited by an immigrant race originally pastoral, essentially landmen, dwellers in the plain, who afford no traces of contact with either the Phœnician or Egyptian stock. This people gradually retired to the hills, where their rude but mighty works remain as a monu-

ment to all time, while they themselves became absorbed by fresh waves of immigration into a people not altogether alien, in an ethnological sense, from themselves.

If some such theory as has been attempted to be set forth here should ultimately, and after further discoveries, be found necessary to the solution of this Mycenaean problem, (and already, at Spata, under Mount Hymettus, has there been discovered\* a suite of rock-hewn chambers, containing objects closely resembling those of Mycenæ, and equally non-Hellenic), then the predictions of former and careful explorers will be justified, and the forecast of Leake—

"It is by no means improbable that one or two of these edifices may have been more ancient than Atreus and the works of the Perseidæ. Nothing can more strongly show the extreme antiquity of the remains at Mycenæ, and that they really belong to the remote ages to which they are ascribed by Pausanias, than the singularity of some parts of them, and their general dissimilarity to other Hellenic remains" †—

will be made good, no less than that of his scarcely less accurate predecessor, Dodwell, who, writing some half a century ago, says:—

"There is no place in Greece where a regular and extensive plan of excavation might be prosecuted with more probable advantage, or where remains of greater interest, and a higher antiquity, might be brought to light, although specimens of singular curiosity, rather than of great beauty, would be found." ‡

How interesting, as well as how curious, are the objects which Dr. Schliemann has found at Mycenæ; how laborious was the enterprise, and how successful the final issue,—will soon be made known to the world. The narrative of the search will be hailed with pleasure by those who have visited Mycenæ, and whom an inspection of the spot, as well as of the treasures which it at length yielded up, has failed to convince that the theory of their Hellenic origin is free from very serious difficulty, no less than by those whose interest has been but stimulated by such occasional notices as have already been made public—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

\* McPherson, p. 61.

† Dodwell, vol. i. p. 98.

‡ Ferguson, *Rude St. Mon.*, p. 34.

§ McPherson, p. 76.

\* 'Times,' Aug. 9, 1877.

† Morea, ii. 385.

‡ Dodwell, ii. 237.

It were indeed hard to say whether the recovery from oblivion of one at least of these forgotten worthies, or the discovery of the grave of their mighty successor,

would be of more surpassing interest to the archæologist.\*—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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## ROUND THE WORLD IN A YACHT.

BY THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P.

### IV.

#### THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

We sailed from Ensenada on the 27th of September, and on the following day, at 3 P.M., being in latitude  $37^{\circ} 13' S.$ , and longitude  $55^{\circ} 31' W.$ , we saw a barque standing towards us under a press of sail, with the British ensign reversed. On reference to the signal-book the signal exhibited was made out to be, 'I am on fire.' The vessel proved to be the 'Monkshaven,' bound from Swansea to Valparaiso, with a cargo of coal for smelting purposes, sixty-eight days out. The cargo had been on fire already six days; and the crew were encamped on the quarter-deck, under very imperfect shelter, the sea breaking over them in rough weather.

The master told me that he had not closed his eyes since the first discovery of the fire. He now seemed quite worn out, and wished for an independent opinion as to the practicability of continuing his voyage. With my friend Commander Brown, R.N., I accordingly proceeded to examine the condition of the ship, which was a smart and well-built composite barque. The fore-castle and the master's cabin were filled with dense gaseous vapor, rendering it impossible to remain below.

Having completed our inspection of the cabins, the hatches were removed, and the smoke, which had previously been escaping at every crevice, burst forth in dense volumes. The heat was such, that it was impossible to descend into the hold, and it was evident that there was no chance of saving the ship unless she could make a port within a very short period. The wind was now in the west, blowing fresh, Monte Video was the nearest place of refuge, more than 100 miles away, in the wind's eye. With our small auxiliary power, it would have been useless to attempt to tow the ship. The only thing therefore, that I could do was to offer to receive the crew on board the 'Sunbeam.'

After further deliberation, the master of the 'Monkshaven' decided on abandoning his vessel. He did so with much hesitation; but I saw no alternative that could be adopted, without imminent peril to the lives of the crew. Had the 'Monkshaven' been provided with powerful boats, well equipped with sails, and able to keep the sea for days or weeks in case of need, the conditions would have been different. In that case, I should have recommended an effort to be made to pursue the voyage to Monte Video; for if the fire had gained too great a hold, it would always have been possible to take to the boats. In the 'Sunbeam' we possess two boats, in which we could easily have kept afloat in any weather we have as yet experienced since we left Torbay.

At half-past 5 P.M. the fourteen hands composing the crew of the 'Monkshaven' were assembled on the deck of my little vessel. Joy beamed brightly from their countenances; and the relief universally experienced was a sight which could not but gladden the hearts of those who had had the happy opportunity of coming to the rescue.

At sunset it became calm. At 7.30 P.M. we were once more under steam. Ere this short interval, however, had elapsed, flames were bursting forth from the fore-hatch of the derelict vessel. Her bows were completely concealed, and the rigging, as high up as the topsail-yard, was enveloped in smoke. It was a melancholy sight to see this handsome craft, only two hours ago as trim and taut, to the external eye, as ever, gradually consumed by smouldering and inaccessible fires, deep down in the hold. Of all the

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\* Those interested in this article should read Dr. Schliemann's book, of which an American edition is published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Dr. Schliemann constructs a very powerful argument in support of his theory that the Mycænean remains are indeed those of Agamemnon and his comrades.—Ed.

manifold dangers of the sea, a fire on board ship is the most terrible.

\* After a seven days' passage, with the crew of the 'Monkshaven' on board, we arrived at noon on the 5th of October off Cape Virgins. Having passed the cape, we had fairly entered the Straits of Magellan, and I shall now endeavor to describe briefly the physical geography and navigation of these waters. The following observations are transcribed from the Sailing Directions published by the Admiralty:—

The eastern entrance of Magellan Strait lies between Cape Virgins, on the north, and Cape Espiritu Santo, on the south, in the parallels of  $52^{\circ} 20'$  and  $52^{\circ} 40'$  S., and the meridians of  $68^{\circ} 21'$  and  $68^{\circ} 35'$  W. of Greenwich; whilst Cape Pillar, at the western entrance, is in latitude  $52^{\circ} 43'$  S. and longitude  $74^{\circ} 43'$  W. The distance therefore, in a straight line, from Cape Virgins to Cape Pillar does not exceed 240 miles; but the projection of Brunswick Peninsula adds more than 80 miles to the distance by water, obliging a ship to steer to the south-west and southward until Cape Froward is rounded, and then to the west and north-west.

In passing through the strait, an entire change in the features of the country, and probably in the weather, will be experienced in its various parts. From Cape Virgins to Cape Negro the land is low and covered with grass, but not a tree is visible. Throughout this portion, extending 130 miles, the depth of water rarely exceeds 30 or 40 fathoms. There are many banks and shoals; the tides are very rapid, with a rise and fall ranging from 15 to 42 feet; and anchorage may be found almost everywhere, except in the Narrows.

At Cape Negro, mountainous and wooded country commences, and continues, without even partial intermission, in all the Western part of the strait, and also northward as far as Chiloe Island. In this part the shores are steep, the water deep, and but little tide exists; the only difficulty in the navigation being that of obtaining suitable anchorage, at convenient distances, for the large steam-vessels which now pass through, and whose advent was not contemplated when the original surveys were made, in H.M.'s ships 'Adventure' and 'Beagle,' in 1826-32. In two places the strait contracts to a width of five or six miles, forming the two Narrows, of which the eastern is called De la Esperanza, and the second that of San Simon.

The Strait of Magellaens was discovered by the famous voyager, after whom it was named, in 1520. It is stated by the Rev. W. Ellis, in his *Polynesian Researches*, that the Pacific, the largest ocean in the world, extending over more than one-third of the surface of our globe, was discovered in the year 1513 by Vasco

Nuez del Balboa, governor of Santa Maria, in the Isthmus of Darien.

Seven years later, Magellan, despatched by the Spaniards to ascertain the position of the Molucca Islands, passed through the straits that bear his name, and was thus the first European navigator who had sailed on the South Seas. Pursuing his voyage, he discovered the Ladrone Islands and the Philippines, where he was killed by the natives. His ship, however, returned to Spain, having performed the first complete voyage of circumnavigation round the world.

The surveys now in use were originally made by the Spaniards. Cordova explored these channels at the end of the last century. His work was followed up and very materially advanced by the English surveyors, King, Fitzroy, Stokes, Skyring, and, in our own day, by Captain Mayne.

The immense responsibility of the task undertaken by the surveying officers cannot be exaggerated. The navigator is obliged to repose unlimited confidence in their work. He has no opportunity of testing its accuracy; and if any mistakes are made, if any dangers remain undetected, the most disastrous consequences must ensue. The labor bestowed by our officers on the many hundreds of miles of close navigation, through the land-locked channels of Tierra del Fuego, and the intricate archipelago of islands, off the south-western shores of the South American continent, will never be fully appreciated by the British public, for the simple reason that the results cannot be brought under the cognisance of any observers save the comparatively few who may happen to navigate these waters.

I have said that we passed Cape Virgins at noon on the 5th of October. The weather being clear, we directed our attention diligently to the task of identifying all the more or less distant landmarks on the mainland to the north. The coast of Tierra del Fuego is low, and not visible from the deck in the fairway from Cape Virgins to the First Narrows.

We had only just finished our reconnaissance of the coast when we saw the smoke of a large steamer, steering to the eastward. Presuming that this must be a homeward-bound vessel of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's fleet, we determined to transfer to her, if

possible, the crew of the 'Monkshaven.' We therefore hoisted the signal, 'Wish to communicate,' and stood across the bows of the approaching vessel, which proved to be the 'Illimani.' She stopped as we were seen approaching in the gig, and we were most courteously received by her captain. He consented to take our refugees to England, presented us with his latest newspapers, supplied us with fresh beef and vegetables, and gave us some useful advice as to the navigation of the straits. All this was accomplished in less than an hour; after which we stood in to Possession Bay, where we anchored at about 8 P.M., while the 'Illimani' proceeded at full speed on her voyage to Liverpool.

It was gratifying to observe the sincere reluctance with which the crew of the 'Monkshaven' bade adieu to the 'Sunbeam.' The mate, an intelligent Norwegian, gave the most practical evidences of the sincerity of his attachment to his new ship and messmates by applying for a berth before the mast. He told me that he had made eighteen voyages from Swansea, round the Horn, to the west coast of South America; that he had once been hove-to eleven days in that stormy region; but that he preferred the voyage, with all its drawbacks, to the China or East India trade, because of its superior healthiness.

*October 6th.*—After a quiet night at anchor, we weighed at 6 A.M., and proceeded under steam in the direction of Sandy Point. Our anchorage was named after the Japanese ironclad, the 'Stonewall,' which, in her passage through the straits, lay there for eight days, and received on board 100 tons of coal, from a barque alongside.

The pilotage to the First Narrows, from the eastward, presents some difficulties. On each side there are shoals, with deep water close to the banks. For this reason, soundings will not enable the navigator to determine his position so accurately as in parts of the sea where the variations of depth are more gradual. It is accordingly necessary to take bearings of the various headlands and landmarks, in addition to the use of the lead. When these bearings cannot be obtained, the rapidity of the tides, running at from three to six knots an hour, causes serious embarrassment. In thick weather, therefore, it would have

been imprudent to quit the Stonewall anchorage.

It was misty and rainy when we weighed anchor, but we made the buoy on the Narrows Bank without difficulty. Having steamed three miles farther, we stopped for a few minutes, took soundings and bearings of the beacon on Direction Hills and of the summit of Mount Aymond, and, having established accurately our position, steered for the northern shore of the First Narrows. In about half an hour we could distinguish Cape Orange, on the starboard beam, and Cape Delgada, on the port bow. The weather then cleared up, and we steamed through the First Narrows, in the brightest sunshine, and with a flood tide, at the rate of fourteen knots over the ground.

After passing through the first narrow channel, some fifteen miles in length, the navigator emerges into a broad strait fifteen miles in width. To the south the land is low; on the north, the Gregory Range, the home of the guanaco and the ostrich, is the most prominent feature. This chain of hills terminates abruptly towards the west, in a steep slope, called the Gregory Shoulder, which is often visible through the mist when other objects cannot be seen. Here I may remark that, though the Chilean Government has of late made an effort to facilitate the navigation of the straits, by laying down buoys on the most dangerous shoals, and by erecting beacons on the more prominent headlands, there still remains much to be done. Were the Chilians to take this work systematically in hand, they would be amply rewarded by the growing importance of Sandy Point as a coaling station, and by other advantages which are sure to follow upon the increase in the traffic passing through the straits.

As a hint to my brother yachtsmen, I may mention that, before undertaking any complicated navigation for the first time, it is my practice to note down on the chart in pencil an abstract of the description, given in the Sailing Directory, of the principal landmarks, together with any other information which it may be specially important to keep in mind.

The Second Narrows are seventeen miles long, and from four to six miles broad. We swept through them triumphantly, and then steered for the Queen Channel. On our starboard side we



passed Elizabeth Island, so named by Sir Francis Drake. It is covered at this season with swans and geese, the birds retiring here during the period of breeding, to escape the numerous foxes on the mainland. On our port side we passed Santa Magdalena, an island a mile long by half a mile broad. It is a favorite haunt of cormorants, penguins, and sea-lions; and the birds could to-day be seen in multitudes, covering the rocks. Steering a S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. course for fifteen miles from Elizabeth Island, we skirted the shores of Patagonia, which at this point become hilly and thickly wooded. In a short time the lofty spars of the men-of-war at anchor off Sandy Point came into view; and we brought up in the roadstead at 3 P.M., during a heavy shower of rain.

We had steamed ninety-five miles in nine hours, from Possession Bay, and, during that short space of time, had traversed a complicated navigation, delineated on two large charts, every detail of which must be mastered to insure safety, and a concise description of which fills thirty pages of the Admiralty Directory. It will be obvious from these statistical data, that the amount of knowledge required, in order to take a ship from Capé Possession to Sandy Point, represents several hours of preliminary study; and that the practical application of that knowledge, when acquired, represents a serious day's work to any navigator.

Sandy Point has been occupied for several years by the Chilians as a penal settlement. There are now fifty convicts undergoing sentence, and a guard of one hundred soldiers. The Government of the settlement is conducted, without the aid of the usual staff of subordinates, by Colonel Diégo Doublé Almeida, an officer from whom we received the greatest kindness, who speaks English fluently, and who is not only a perfect gentleman, but a judicious and vigorous administrator.

It is the aim of the Chilian Government to encourage a numerous civil population to establish themselves at Sandy Point. Ambitious lines have been drawn for wide streets and spacious *plazas*; but as yet the edifices of the future city are represented by nothing more important than plain one-storied wooden houses, just sufficient in number to contain a few hundreds of people, who have established themselves in

this, the southernmost town in the world inhabited by civilised men.

The chances of the ulterior development of Sandy Point depend on the results of the experimental coal-mining and gold-washing operations recently undertaken. The coal is abundant. It is found in thick seams about four miles from the settlement. A light tramway, equipped with a locomotive, has been made from the coal-beds to the beach, where the coal is shipped, by means of a rickety pier, into barges, to be conveyed on board steamers in the roadstead. This coal, however, is of inferior quality. It gives out a fierce heat, but is most destructive to fire-bars and furnaces, and the combustion is difficult to manage. In order to use Sandy Point coal to advantage, a special furnace is necessary. In consequence of this peculiarity the fuel has not as yet been extensively exported; and passing steamers, calling in here for a supply, have hitherto been the only important consumers. A company has now been formed in Chili to work the mines, and it may ultimately be found practicable to turn the coal of this district to good account.

The discovery of gold is another possible source of prosperity for Sandy Point. Gold, in the form of dust and very small nuggets, has been obtained from the rivers of Patagonia, along a wide extent of coast. It has been sold at the Chilian mint at Santiago at the rate of 19 dollars 55 cents per ounce, which is equivalent to 3*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, taking the silver dollar at 5*s.* 7*d.* The gold found at the Ballarat and Ovens diggings, in Australia, is sometimes worth 3*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* per ounce. As an experiment, Mr. Shanklin, the British Vice-Consul at Sandy Point, has washed some 3,000 cubic yards of earth, the gold extracted from which yielded 680 dollars, or 23 cents per yard. When compared with the product of a similar quantity of earth in the United States, this result may be considered as highly favorable. In the Gold Run district of California, it has been calculated that 43,000,000 cubic yards of soil have produced the gross sum of 2,000,000 dollars, or an average yield of 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents a yard; and hydraulic washings have been carried on under these conditions at a great profit. As compared with the Gold Run district of California, where

the gold-producing soil extends to a depth of two hundred feet, Sandy Point is at a disadvantage, inasmuch as the depth of earth to be washed for gold is only seventy feet. Here, too, the gravel is much coarser, large blocks of stone must occasionally be removed, and more labor therefore is required. On the other hand, at Sandy Point there is always an abundance of rain, and the water facilities are much greater than in California, where the long drought sometimes causes an almost complete suspension of hydraulic operations for washing out the gold.

The precious metal occurs in the gravel formation, which is found in terraces, uniform in level, extending for 1,200 miles north of Sandy Point. Along this coast immense beds of drift exist, varying in thickness from thirty to two hundred feet. The Cordillera range, in the interior of Patagonia, when first thrown up, was probably of great elevation. It is the opinion of Mr. Shanklin, who is a follower of Professor Darwin, that it has gradually been decomposed by chemical and atmospheric action. During the early Tertiary or Pluvial period, the detritus was washed down to the feet of the central chain. A general subsidence followed, which was succeeded by a gradual re-elevation, when the action of the sea levelled the beds of gravel into their present form of terraces. Thus it has happened that the contents of the veins of gold, which were contained in the Cordilleras, are now found scattered through the detritus on the present line of sea-shore.

While navigating the Straits of Magellan, the question has often presented itself, whether it might be possible to make the passage available for sailing ships as well as steamers. Without the aid of steam-tugs, the navigation of the straits from east to west against the prevailing wind is only practicable for sailing vessels of small size.

Viewed in connection with their proposals for creating an important establishment at Sandy Point, it may be that the Chilean Government would find it advantageous to give encouragement to a steam-tug service, by guaranteeing a minimum dividend for a limited period, for the purpose of testing the practicability and the commercial advantages of the route.

*October 8th.*—After spending a day at Sandy Point, we weighed anchor at 6 A.M., and proceeded under steam on our passage through the straits. Off Cape Virgins, topmasts had been housed, and top-gallant and topsail-yards sent down on deck, in order that our top hamper might offer the least possible resistance, in the event of our steaming against an adverse gale. The course from Sandy Point is almost due south, for a distance of forty miles, until Cape San Isidro is rounded. The scenery presents a striking contrast to that of the eastern entrance to the straits. There the shores are low, and the landscape tame; here, mountains covered with snow, rise abruptly on every side from the water. The ill-omened names of Famine Reach—through which we steamed, shortly after leaving our anchorage—and the deserted ruins of Port Famine, seemed to lend appropriate ideas to these rugged scenes. Port Famine is the site of one of the numerous forts built by the Spaniards to prevent Sir Francis Drake, and other English discoverers of his adventurous age, from passing through these straits into the South Seas. There is an account in Captain Wood's narrative, published in Dampier's Collection of Voyages, of the first settlements made by the Spaniards at Port Famine. Pedro Seranto, the best navigator in the Spanish service in these seas in the Elizabethan times, was sent here by the Viceroy of Peru, to 'view the straits, where they could be best fortified.' After enduring many mishaps, he landed 400 men and thirty women at Port Possession, where a fort was built. Thence he went to Port Famine by land, and built a tower there. 'Upon the approach of winter, Seranto,' says Captain Wood, 'took five-and-twenty seamen along with him, and departed for Spain. But in his way thither he was taken by the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, who carried him into England, while the Spaniards whom he left behind him at the straits were all starved to death.' Captain Wood expresses his surprise at the want of energy which led to this disaster. 'For,' he says, 'had the Spaniards been industrious, they needed not have famished here, where there are such plenty of fish and fowl.' He adds, that he here caught smelts, 'no less than twenty-one inches long and eight about.' Captain Wood's

account of the abundance of fish, especially smelts, is confirmed by our recent surveying officers. It is, indeed, remarkable how clear and accurate are the directions given to the navigator, and how complete was the local information obtained by Captain Wood in his early exploration, in 1670; and how little that was strikingly new, from a nautical point of view, he left to be discovered by those who came after him.

Advancing to the southward, it was nearly noon when we rounded Cape Froward, the southern extremity of South America. This cape is in latitude  $53^{\circ} 54'$  S., and  $71^{\circ} 18'$  W. In the exceptionally fine weather we enjoyed to-day, its varied landscape, composed of the freshest greens and richest browns, contrasting with a noble background of snow-clad mountains, presented a beautiful picture. The Sailing Directions describe the prevailing weather in the straits in the most gloomy terms. Furious squalls were experienced off Cape Froward by Cordova and the first explorers. Their accounts are confirmed by later authorities, who suggest that a lull may only be expected when sunset approaches. Ours was a much more agreeable experience. The weather was lovely, and we stopped for half an hour in order that the beautiful scenery might be sketched. In the afternoon we steamed up English Reach, steering a W. N.W. course. On our way we met a canoe, containing three of the miserable natives of Tierra del Fuego, two men and one woman. They wore no other garments than a seal-skin cloak, which they gladly disposed of in exchange for some biscuits, beads, and tobacco. At 7 P.M. we arrived off Borja Bay, an indentation in the southern coast of the Cordova peninsula, where we anchored for the night. The distance steamed from Sandy Point was about 105 miles.

*October 9th.*—At 7 A.M. we once more weighed anchor, and proceeded under steam through Long Reach, a perfectly straight channel, dividing the Cordova peninsula from the St. Innes' Island of Sarmiento. The reach is thirty-six miles long, and from two to four miles wide. The channel runs between precipitous mountains, deep glens, bold promontories, and tapering pinnacles of rock. The sky was dull, but neither mists nor rain ob-

scured the striking features of the stern and savage scenery, described by the old voyagers—and not in the language of exaggeration—as 'horrible.' The barren mountains rise to a height of 4,000 feet. With the exception of a few patches of brushwood, and an occasional sheltered glen at the foot of the hills, nothing meets the eye save huge masses of rock, mantled in perpetual snow. Emerging from Long Reach, we found ourselves, at noon, off Cape Monday, in  $53^{\circ} 12'$  N.,  $73^{\circ} 22'$  W. At this point the channel expands to a width of eight miles, forming what is called the Sea Reach, and extending a distance of seventy miles, to Cape Pillar. After steaming thirty miles along the mountainous coasts of the Isle of Desolation, vessels proceeding up Smyth's Channel diverge from the track followed by steamers intending to enter the Pacific at Cape Pillar. As we were bound for Smyth's Channel, our course was directed to the N.N.E., and the various landmarks were successively identified. The task is easy in fine weather, and where the mountains to be looked for attain so great an elevation, and assume such infinitely diverse shapes. At 3.30 P.M. we passed the Fairway Islands, which may be regarded as the entrance to Smyth's Channel. From this point onwards, the navigation becomes so confined that incessant vigilance is required in order to check with certainty the ship's position. The work of our surveyors is, however, so accurate, and is reproduced with such care and fidelity in the finely engraved plans issued by the Admiralty, that, with the exercise of constant watchfulness, and with experience in the art of comparing the delineations in the chart with the contour of the land, no difficulty should be experienced. The distance to be traversed through these narrow and tortuous channels to the Gulf of Penas is not less than 300 miles, and it is prudent to seek a harbor every night. Captain Mayne expresses his conviction that, with care, steamers of the largest class may go through with safety; and he instances the fact that American mail steamers of 4,000 tons have made the passage. On the other hand, the Pacific steamers which have tried this channel have ceased to adopt the route; while of other vessels which have attempted to pass through Smyth's Channel, no inconsiderable proportion have come to grief.

Men-of-war, belonging to our own, the French and Chilean navies, pass through occasionally. We anchored for the night in Otter Bay. This harbor is approached through an archipelago of low islands, and as we did not arrive until after nightfall, it was not easy to make out the entrance to the anchorage. The distance steamed to-day from Borja Bay was 105 miles. As a distraction for the crew, as well as for the purpose of training them in the most practical manner to resist a boarding party of Fuegians, should a flotilla of canoes venture to attack us when at anchor, I served out a few rounds of rifle ammunition for every man before the mast, and our tars amused themselves greatly during the afternoon by firing at a small target towed astern.

*October 10th.*—At 5.30 A.M. we were again under way. On emerging from Otter Bay, I was puzzled for three or four minutes to recognise the channel we ought to take. In running through such intricate passages as those we are now traversing, the eye and the chart are almost the only practical instruments of navigation. It is therefore the more necessary to take an accurate departure. This done, a sharp look-out will prevent the navigator from mistaking the channel. Mount Burney, 5,800 feet high, is the 'monarch of mountains' in King William the Fourth's Land. The summit, in the early morning, was enshrouded in clouds; but we saw the snowy flanks of this colossus of the Antarctic Alps, as we issued forth from Otter Bay. Our onward course to-day was along the western shore of the Zach peninsula, for a distance of twenty miles, and thence through a succession of tortuous channels, separated from the open waters of the Pacific by an archipelago of islands. On the eastern side of the Sarmiento Channel are the Staines Peninsula and Owen Island. The north-western extremity of this island has been named Cape Brassey. It was pleasing to a well-wisher to the British Navy to find his name thus recorded on a great monument of nature, few though the number must be of the passers-by who will read this inscription to his memory. After a most agreeable passage, we reached the harbor of Puerto Bueno, on the mainland shore of the Sarmiento Channel, at 5.30 P.M. Here we found the first vessel we had seen since

leaving Sandy Point, the 'Telegraph Construction Company's Ship 'Dacia.' She is attached to the Silvertown works, at North Woolwich, is of 1,500 tons, and has just been employed in laying a portion of the cable between Valparaiso and Lima. There were on board 82 persons, including a number of electricians and telegraph engineers. We fraternised cordially, as Englishmen do, who come together in the lonely places of the earth, far away from their native shores.

Captain Hildyard, of the 'Dacia,' dined with us, and told us some of the wonderful stories of the sea. In early life, when cruising in a schooner in the Pacific, he was cast ashore on one of the Pellew Islands. Here he and his shipmates were detained for many months in honorable captivity, the native king being desirous of securing some civilised men as allies in his wars with the neighboring islanders. At length, watching a favorable opportunity, the captives swam off one night to their schooner, which had been hauled off the rocks, compelled the native guard, consisting of two men, to swim ashore, and then made sail and escaped. While detained on the island, they discovered that the chief minister of the island king was a fellow-countryman. As the islanders were not generally consumers of ardent spirits of any kind, it struck Captain Hildyard and his companions as somewhat strange that the chief minister was so frequent in his suggestions that some whisky, which had formed part of the stores of the cast-away schooner, should be introduced on the various occasions when the captives had interviews with the king. At last, one day when he was a little more elated than usual, the tongue of the prime minister was unloosed, and he revealed to his English friends that he was an Irishman. Some fifty years before, being then about twenty years of age, he had been left on the island by a whaler, and had gradually risen to his present exalted station. After such a long interval, he had almost forgotten his native language. In complexion and habits he was as one born on the Pellew Islands; and he evinced no desire to return to a more civilised portion of the world.

At Puerto Bueno, there is a fresh-water lake, which empties itself by a cascade into the harbor. Here we filled the gig with three tons of water, and replenished



our empty casks. We enjoyed a walk on the banks of the lake, which are peaty, and in many places a mere swamp. Rare and beautiful ferns, and the *Berberis Darwinii*, abound. The other vegetation consists mainly of stunted firs, the antarctic beech, and dwarf birch trees. This humid climate is favorable to the growth of mosses and ferns, which render the banks of these land-locked harbors extremely beautiful. At all the anchorages we visited, we found the character of the soil and the vegetation of a similar nature, indicating an excessive rainfall, and a deficiency of sun-heat, during the greater part of the year.

October 11th was a day of Italian summer weather. We weighed at 5.30 A.M. and proceeded on our passage northwards.

At a distance of fifteen miles from Puerto Bueno, we entered the Guia Narrows. The scene was one of such rare and perfect loveliness that we paused awhile to admire its beauty. Advancing from the south, the channel is contracted between the Ladder Hill, a conical mountain 1,285 feet in height, and a massive wall of mountains on the eastern side. Steering between these barriers, you enter the Guia Narrows by a tortuous passage, a quarter of a mile in width, which, when passed, is enclosed in such a manner that the entrance to this land-locked basin is completely concealed. The vessel seems to have been wafted, as if by the magician's wand, into a mountain-lake, whence no outlet can be found. Let the readers of these pages imagine themselves to be standing for a few moments side by side with the writer on the deck of the 'Sunbeam.' Look to the north-east. You are gazing over a small inlet, called Unfit Bay, and up a magnificent gorge. You can trace the sinuous course of the deeply cloven ravine, winding among snow-clad peaks, of exquisite beauty, and precipices of imposing height, far up into the inmost recesses of the hills. Now let your eye travel towards the north and west, and you will see a cone-shaped mountain, rising sheer upwards from the waters to a height of more than 3,000 feet, in cloudless majesty. The first beams of the rising sun array its virgin snow in the mellow tender tints of the rosy dawn.

Far up, the solitary morning smote  
The streaks of virgin snow.

I have said that the mountain I am describing rises abruptly from the water. Its inaccessible slopes are arrayed in a robe of mossy vegetation, presenting a lovely combination of soft olive-brown tints. Still looking towards the north-west, we now perceive the outlet, whence we shall shortly issue, resembling rather an inland river than an arm of the sea, so narrow is it, and so still its glassy surface. In this quarter alone is there any discernible opening in the amphitheatre of mountains by which we are encompassed; and here we catch a glimpse of a far-away range of mountains, blue in the distance. Lastly, look back to the south, to the region we had lately traversed. Untravelled traveller, endeavor to imagine, for I cannot hope successfully to portray in this vague and inadequate description, the admirable landscape which nature has composed. In the fore-ground, you see an archipelago of islets covered with brushwood, and gay with the fresh green foliage of spring. The channels dividing these islets are like so many brooks flowing through a woodland country. This verdant scene presents an exquisite contrast to the more majestic features of the distance, where a superb citadel of rock and snow seems, as it were, to give shelter and protection to the vale, the lake, the river, and the wooded isles that lie in soft repose beneath its impending heights.

The patience of the reader would be exhausted if the description of scenes like these were often repeated. It is sufficient to say, that the journey of to-day presented many more views of hardly inferior splendor. Indeed, Smyth's Channel, along its whole length, affords a succession of superb mountain scenery. I would particularly mention the grand view of snow-clad mountains near Tryon Point, at the north end of the island of Esperanza; the very beautiful amphitheatre of mountains on the eastern side, before entering the Guia Narrows; the superb scenery in the glen, receding from the coast, a little north of Point Ochovario; the snow-clad mountain at the head of Europe Inlet; the exquisite peak of ice and snow, in form resembling the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral, at the head of Husband's Inlet; the cube-shaped summit of Singular Peak, and the superb peaks and ridges about Antrim Inlet.

In the afternoon we entered a channel called the Wide Channel, where the

navigation is often impeded by ice. We passed a few floating blocks to-day, but they were by no means numerous. Having reached the Saumarez Island, the Channel divides. On the east there is a broad passage, on the west a narrow ravine, five miles in length and less than a quarter of a mile wide, hemmed in by precipitous walls of rock, 3,000 feet in height, straight as a canal, but in its gloom and depth mysteriously grand. The day was declining when we steamed into this remarkable passage, appropriately named by our surveyors Chasm Reach. The sudden obscurity, as we passed from the full glow of the western sun into the savage dark ravine, gave a most impressive effect to the scene.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way:  
Each purple peak, and flinty spire,  
Was bath'd in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravine below.

The shades of night had fallen ere we issued from Chasm Reach, and it was quite a feat of pilotage to make out the entrance to the secure but confined harbor of Port Grappler. We brought up at about 8 P.M., having steamed 105 miles since leaving Puerto Bueno this morning.

*October 12th.*—At 5.30 A.M. we were once more under way. After traversing twelve miles of easy navigation we entered Indian Reach. Here great vigilance is necessary in order to avoid several rocks, just awash, which would cause the destruction of any vessel that might come in contact with them. The charts, it is true, point out the exact position of these obstacles, but the dangers to be avoided on every side are numerous. About ten miles from Indian Reach, the English Narrows, the most difficult passage in the whole channel, offer another impediment to navigation. As I am not writing a sailing directory, it is not necessary that I should describe in detail the dangers, or indicate the track by which they may best be avoided. I may observe, however, that several large steamers, which have imprudently attempted the passage, have here received most serious injury. The commander of the 'Dacia' specially urged me not to endeavor to pass through without

sending a boat ahead into the Narrows to ascertain the exact state of the tides. I did not, however, take this precaution. As it was neap tide, it was to be presumed that the current would be weak, and the 'Sunbeam' is remarkable for handiness under steam. Without a chart it would be equally impossible, either for the professional or the unprofessional reader, to appreciate the intricacies of the navigation in the English Narrows. Suffice it to say that, for the space of ten miles, the channel is contracted to the dimensions of a narrow river; that, now on one side, now on the other, sunken dangers abound, and that, in the most contracted passage, where the width does not exceed 400 yards, it is necessary to make a sharp turn, under the port helm, at right angles to the previous course. In order to give a more ample space for this manœuvre, the vessel must be steered so close to the western side of the channel that the boughs of the trees, which are by no means large, sweep through the rigging, and the side of the vessel is almost in contact with the rocks. Brushing close by the western shore, which we ventured to do at the rate of ten miles an hour, you see before you, in mid channel, a wooded island, which seems to present an impassable obstacle. The navigator, however, must put implicit trust in his charts, and proceed unhesitatingly on his course, feeling assured that on rounding the island the channel to the right will suddenly disclose itself. All went well with us in the execution of this manœuvre. 'Hard a-port' was the only word of command that passed. The order was instantly obeyed by two smart helmsmen, and in a minute more the 'Sunbeam' had threaded the most difficult of the many narrows in Smyth's Channel. I had heard stories, which were perhaps a little colored, of the narrow limits of the passages to be navigated. I had heard of captains being knocked down on the bridge, and of seamen being carried off the jib-boom by the overhanging branches. It can only be in the English Narrows that such adventures would be possible, but there they might certainly occur.

The South Reach and the Messier Channel extend for some eighty miles northward from the English Narrows to

the Gulf of Penas. The course steered is almost straight for the whole distance, and the navigation is perfectly simple. Grand ranges of snow-clad mountains on both sides, deep indentations running for many miles into the interior of this iron-bound coast, and islands rising to an elevation of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, afford a succession of magnificent views; and as it was still our happy fortune to enjoy the same serene and sunny weather which had prevailed ever since we entered Smyth's Channel, we surveyed these noble prospects under the most favorable auspices. At 7.30 P.M. we were close to the island of San Pedro I., the scene of the shipwreck of the 'Wager,' rendered for ever memorable by Byron's spirited narrative, and here we were once more on the broad waters of the ocean, and had fairly commenced our long cruise in the Pacific.

The inland navigation through the Straits of Magellan from Cape Virgins to the Gulf of Penas is certainly one of the most remarkable in the world; and as we have made a highly successful passage it may be well to give a summary of our itinerary.

| Date.  | Anchorage, &c.                 | Distances. | Hours under steam. |
|--------|--------------------------------|------------|--------------------|
|        |                                | Miles.     |                    |
| Oct. 5 | Rounded Cape Virgins at noon.  |            |                    |
|        | Anchored in Possession Bay.    | 38         | 5                  |
| " 6    | Possession Bay to Sandy Point. | 95         | 8                  |
| " 7    | At anchor, Sandy Point         |            |                    |
| " 8    | Borja Bay—Straits of Magellan. | 105        | 12½                |
| " 9    | Otter Bay—Smyth's Channel.     | 105        | 12                 |
| " 10   | Puerto Bueno                   | 95         | 11                 |
| " 11   | Port Grappler                  | 105        | 13                 |
| " 12   | Entered Gulf of Penas          | 106        | 13                 |
|        | Total                          | 649        | 74½                |

It is probable that this navigation has rarely, if ever, been traversed by a vessel of moderate steam-power so quickly, or so entirely without hindrance of any kind from weather. Every harbor at which we brought up afforded perfect shelter from all winds, and had the additional merit of possessing good holding ground, free from rocks, so that there was no risk of the loss of an anchor. As the vessels attached to the Pacific Squadron frequently take this passage, I can confidently recommend our itinerary to the commanders, at the same time gladly acknowledging my obligations to Lieu-

tenant Very, of the U.S. frigate 'Richmond,' for suggesting a most convenient succession of anchorages.

On the practicability of the Straits of Magellan for steamers, and for sailing vessels assisted by tugs, I have already offered some remarks. With regard to Smyth's Channel, it cannot be recommended with equal confidence for the ships, frequently 400 feet, or even more, in length, which are to be found both in the Royal Navy and the merchant service. The passage, however, is quite practicable, even for vessels of the largest class, from the entrance to Mayne Channel as far as the Trinidad Channel, which appears to be perfectly clear, and which, as it obviates the risks attending the navigation of the tortuous English Narrows, is the entrance that, in my opinion, should be selected for large vessels passing through Smyth's Channel. Captain Lecky used the passage in the 'Araucania,' and I am surprised that the ships of Her Majesty's Navy have not tried it. The 'Zealous,' on her return from the Pacific, struck a rock in the English Narrows, a misadventure which can excite no surprise in the mind of any nautical man who is acquainted with the channel. But why should not the 'Zealous' have been navigated, like the 'Araucania,' through the Trinidad Channel?

A few words may not be inappropriate, in connection with this narrative, on the question of amateur navigation. I shall venture to assume that very few among my yachting brethren would be competent to navigate Smyth's Channel without professional assistance. If I have found no difficulty in doing so, it is simply because I have had as much, or indeed more, practice in pilotage—or, in other words, in navigating by the eye—than the majority of professional seamen, whose lives are spent in traversing the ocean. How many days, how many nights, of the last ten years of my life, have been spent poring over charts in the cabin, or taking bearings of headlands, and endeavoring to pierce the darkness with a pair of night-glasses, on deck? Is it of any use to a single human being that the amateur navigator who pens these criticisms on his own misapplied labor has acquired a faculty for pilotage? Would not the pains and

labor bestowed on this useless accomplishment have been more profitably given to the acquisition of some other branch of knowledge that might have been turned to better account? When I ask myself these questions, which I cannot answer to my own satisfaction, I venture to say to my yachting brethren, who go to sea only for their health or pleasure, to imbibe the invigorating breeze, and to expand their muscular power by pulling on the ropes: 'Be not so unwise as to pervert a vigorous and engaging amusement into a sedentary and harassing occupation. Leave the strictly professional work to professional men; and do not, as an amateur, commit the error, into which I have fallen, of reducing yachting to a trying and exhausting professional employment.' Johnson has remarked that everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose, and he who rode on three horses at a time: in short, all such men deserve the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited. It is obvious, however, that these reflections are in no sense applicable in the present case.

The masses of snow, which enshroud every mountain on the coast we have recently navigated, suggest an examination of the physical conditions which determine the level of the line of perpetual snow, and cause the formation of glaciers. In Tierra del Fuego, in  $54^{\circ}$  S., the height of the snow-line is from 3,500 to 4,000 feet. In Norway, snow does not lie at this low level, until the parallels of from  $67^{\circ}$  to  $70^{\circ}$  N. are reached. Mr. Darwin observes that the snow-line is determined rather by the extreme heat of summer than by the mean temperature of the year. In the Straits of Magellan the winter is not more severe, but the summer is far colder, than in the corresponding latitude in the northern hemisphere. The extraordinary number of glaciers in these regions may be traced to the same cause. A tremendous glacier descends into almost every arm of the sea which penetrates far into the recesses of the mountains; and this phenomenon is observable, not only in

Tierra del Fuego, but on the coast, for 650 miles northwards. In Eyre's Sound, in the latitude corresponding to that of Paris, there are immense glaciers, and yet the loftiest mountain in the vicinity is only 6,700 feet high. The glacier farthest from the pole, surveyed during the voyages of the 'Adventure' and 'Beagle,' is in latitude of  $46^{\circ} 50'$  S., in the Gulf of Penas. It is fifteen miles long, and in one part seven miles broad, and it descends to the sea coast. The position of this glacier is the more striking, because it is situated, as Mr. Darwin points out, within less than  $9^{\circ}$  from where palms grow, within less than  $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  from aborescent grasses, and less than  $2^{\circ}$  from orchideous parasites, and within a single degree, looking westward, of tree-ferns. The humidity of the climate is the cause of the existence of glaciers in such numbers and of so large a size at the extremity of the continent of South America. 'The meteorological conditions,' says Professor Forbes, 'which produce a highly liquefied sludgy state of accumulated snows, are the most favorable to the production of glaciers, and to their progress into the valleys, the result being a certain ductility of parts, which enables them to overcome obstacles otherwise insurmountable.' Again, the same author tells us that the rate of the flow of glaciers is always increased where there is constant 'infiltration of the pores of the ice by water during sunshine or mild rain;' and mild rain is the normal condition of the climate of these regions. It may be repeated once more that the average temperature of the Straits of Magellan is not lower than that of other places in corresponding latitudes; but there is no settled summer, and no influences are ever at work to cause a rapid melting away of the perpetually falling snow.

One more phenomenon must be mentioned. In passing through the Messier Channel, we were involved for upwards of an hour in a shower of dust which, on examination under the microscope, appeared to be volcanic. The nearest volcano is Tanteles, in Chili, in  $43^{\circ} 30'$  S., and  $22^{\circ} 50'$  W. Our position at the time off Iceberg Sound, was  $48^{\circ} 45'$  S., and  $74^{\circ} 25'$  W. The distance, therefore, in a straight line, to the nearest volcano must have been not less than 300 miles.



The scantiness of the population in these regions is easily explained by the nature of the climate and the soil, which are so unfavorable for the production of suitable food for the sustenance of man.

In all our extensive inland voyage, we met only two canoes, one in the Straits of Magellan, the other off Eden Harbor, in Smyth's Channel. — *The Nineteenth Century*.

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THE HONEST FARMER.

(TO AN OLD TUNE.)

HAPPY I count the Farmer's life,  
Its various round of wholesome toil;  
An honest man with loving wife,  
And offspring native to the soil.

Thrice happy, surely!—in his breast  
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;  
His path more straight from east to west  
Than politician ever trod.

His gain's no loss to other men;  
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;  
Not busy with his tongue or pen,  
He questions truthful sky and ground.

Partner with seasons and the sun,  
Nature's co-worker; all his skill  
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,  
Winds blow, herb, beast their laws fulfil.

A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;  
A manly manhood; cheerful age;  
His comely children proudly hold  
Their parentage best heritage.

Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,  
Guilt,—needless woe, and useless strife,—  
O cities, vain, inane, insane!—  
How happy is the Farmer's life!

*Fraser's Magazine.*

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YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DELIVERER.

THE house was very still in the afternoon languor—all its life suspended. Between the sick-room, in which all the interest of the family existence was absorbed, and the servants' part of the house, in which life went on cheerfully enough under all circumstances, but without any intrusion into the still world

above stairs, there was nothing going on. Little Liliás went up into her own room, and down all the long staircases and passages, without meeting or seeing any one. Martuccia was in the old hall, tranquilly knitting and waiting for her young lady's return; but the house was empty of all sound or presence, nobody visible. It was like the enchanted palace through which the young prince walks, meeting no one, until he reaches the

one chamber in which the secret lies. This idea passed through the mind of Liliás, pre-occupied as she was. Any one might come in—might pass from room to room, finding all deserted, until he had penetrated to the dim centre of the family life where death was hovering. She went down the oak staircase with her light foot, a little tremulous, but inspired with resolution. It was the afternoon of Nello's last day at school. He had not quite made up his mind, or been driven by childish misery, to the determination of running away when his sister set out to succor him. Had he waited, Liliás no doubt would have arrived in time to introduce a new element into the matter; but what could the little girl's arrival have effected? Who would have given any importance to that? They would have taken Liliás in, and made a little prisoner of her, and sent her back. As it was, neither knew anything of what the other was doing. Liliás had opened her most secret place, a little old-fashioned wooden box, in which she kept some special relics, little trinkets (half toys, half ornaments), which she had brought with her, and the remains of the money which her father had given her when he sent the little party away. There had been something over when they arrived, and Liliás had guarded it carefully. She took it out now, and put the purse containing it within the bodice of her dress—the safest place. It might be wanted for Nello. He had the best right to everything; and if he was in trouble—. Liliás did not try to think what kind of trouble the little boy could be in. She took her little store, and went away with her heart beating high. This time she would herself do it; she would not trust to any one. Mr. Geoff had undertaken to deliver her father, and stopped her; but he had not done it. Already a long time had elapsed, and nothing had happened. She would not trust to Mr. Geoff or any one this time. If old 'Lizabeth had not gone away before Liliás returned to the hall, she had thoughts of asking the old woman to go with her; and even a weak inclination to take Martuccia as a companion and support had crossed her mind. Martuccia would have been useless, but she would have made all the difference be-

tween a feasible expedition and an impossible one; but perhaps it was for this very reason that Liliás rejected the idea. No; this time she would be kept back by no advice. She would go to Nello's aid by herself. He should owe his deliverance to no one but his sister. Who could understand him so well—know so well what he must want? And it was to her that papa had intrusted Nello. She made dismal pictures to herself of her little brother in trouble. What could in trouble mean? She thought of him as out in the cold, out in the rain, crying, with no place to go to, lost in a strange country; or perhaps ill with a fever, and nobody to sit by him, nobody to give him a drink when he wanted it, and tell him stories. What other kind of trouble was possible? That he might not be able to learn his lessons without her to help him, and that he might perhaps be whipped—could such an atrocity be?—just gleamed across the child's thoughts; but it made her heart beat so with rage and indignation, and her cheeks burn with such a flush, that she thrust the idea aside; but so long as he was unhappy, so long as he wanted her, was not that enough? She buttoned her little coat with a stout but trembling heart, and took a shawl over her arm (was not that how travellers always provided themselves?), and, with her sovereign in her hand for immediate expenditure, and her purse in her bosom, went down the silent stairs. How still, how deserted it seemed! Mr. Pen came out from the library door when he heard the step, to see who it was, but took no notice of her except a momentary glance of disappointment. Thus she went out of the house brave and resolute, yet with a tremor of the unknown in her breast.

Liliás knew what to do: to walk to Pennington, where the railway station was, and then to take tickets, and to get into a railway carriage. The walk along the highroad was long, but it was not so overwhelming as that early expedition she had made all alone up into the hills when she had met Geoff. How glad she had been to meet him, and to hear from him that she need go no further! Liliás had not ceased to believe in Mr. Geoff, but nothing had been done, and her heart was sick of the waiting. She did not want to meet him now; his little

heart gave a jump when she saw any one riding towards her; but it was certain she did not want to meet Geoff, to have her mission again taken out of her hands. Nothing was more likely than that she should meet him, and her eyes travelled along the dusty line of road, somewhat wistfully looking out—in hopes not to see him—which much resembled the hope of seeing him, though it was differently expressed. And now and then a cloud of dust would rise—now and then a horseman would appear far off, skimming lightly over the long line of road, which it took Liliás so much time to get over. Once a beautiful carriage dashed past her, with the beautiful lady in it whom she had once seen, and who had kissed and cried over Nello without taking much notice of Liliás. Could it be that the beautiful lady had heard too that he was in trouble? Liliás mended her pace and pushed on. What fancies she met with as she plodded along the road! It was a long dusty highway, running for a little while in sight of the lake, then turning through the village, then striking across the country up and down, as even a highroad is obliged to do in the north country, where there is nothing but heights and hollows. It seemed to stretch into infinity before Liliás, mounting one brae after another, showing in a long level line here and there; appearing on the other side of that clump of trees, beyond that far-off farmhouse, looking as if it led without pause back to the end of the world. Liliás wove one dream after another as she went along from landmark to landmark. How vivid they were! So real, that the child seemed to enact every scene in them as they floated through her mind; far more real than the actual events of her life. She saw herself arriving, at a great spacious place, which was Nello's school—undefined, yet lofty and wide and splendid, with marble pillars, and great colonnades and halls. She saw people coming to gaze and wonder at the little girl—the little wandering princess—who had come to seek her brother. The girl looked at them all, and said, "Take me to Nello." The girl turned round upon them, and her lip curled with scorn. (Liliás suited the action to the word; and her innocent lip did curl with what version of fine

disdain it could execute.) What did she care for all they could do for her? "It is my brother I want," she said. This was how she carried on her parable. Perhaps her own little figure was too much in the front of all these visions. Perhaps her own fine indifference to all blandishments and devotion to Nello was the chief principle made apparent. This was how it ran on, however, accompanying and shortening the way. She made long dialogues between herself and the master, between herself and Nello. How he clung to her; how glad he was that she had come. "It is Lily; I knew Lily would come," she made him say. He would not be surprised; he would know that this was the most natural thing. If they had locked her up in prison to keep her away from him, what would it have mattered? Liliás would have found a way to go to him when Nello was in trouble; and Nello knew that as well as she.

She was very tired, however, and it was dark when she arrived at Pennington. Liliás put on her grand air, but it was rather difficult to impose upon the stationmaster and porters. They all wanted to be very kind, to take care of her, and arrange everything for the little traveller. The stationmaster called her "my dear," and wanted Liliás to go to his house, where his wife would take care of her till the morning. "You are too little to travel by the night train," he said; and the porters were eloquent on the wickedness of sending a little lady like this by herself. "I am going to my brother who is ill," Liliás said, with dignity. "And have you no mamma to go to him, my little miss?" said the porter friendly, yet respectful. They were all very kind. No one knew her, and they asked many questions to find out who she was. They said to each other it was well seen she had no mother, and made Liliás's heart swell so, that she forgave them for treating her as a child, rather than as the little princess she had dreamed of being. Finally, they arranged for her that she should travel to the great junction where Nello had met Bampfylde—at once—and that the guard should take care of her, and put her in the night train, which arrived at a very early hour in the morning at the station she wanted to go to. All

this was arranged for her with the kindest care by these rough men. They installed her in the little waiting-room till the train should go. They came and fetched her when it was going, and placed her in her corner. "Poor little lady!" they said. Liliás was half-humiliated, half-pleased by all these attentions. She submitted to them, not able to be anything but grateful to the men who were so kind to her, yet feeling uneasily that it was not in this homely way that she meant them to be kind. They did not look up to her, but looked down upon her with compassionate tenderness, as upon a motherless little girl—a child who recalled children of their own. Just so the good woman looked upon her who got into the train along with her. "All that way, and all alone, my poor little thing?" the woman said. It hurt Liliás's pride to be called a poor little thing, but yet it was pleasant to have some one to creep close to. The world did not seem to be as it is represented in books, for nobody was unkind. Liliás was very glad to sit close to her new acquaintance, feeling comfort unspeakable in the breadth of the honest shoulder against which she leant as she travelled on in the dark. Those breadths of country which Nello had watched flying past the window were almost invisible now. Now and then a darker gloom in the air showed where the hills were high over the railway in a deep cutting. Sometimes there would be gleams of light visible here and there, which showed a village. Her companion dropped into a doze, but Liliás, leaning against her, was far too much excited for sleep. She watched the moon come out and shine over the breadth of country, reflecting itself in the little streams, and turning the houses to silver. It was late then, quite late, for the moon was on the wane. And the train was slow, stopping at every station, creeping (though when it was in motion it seemed to fly) across the plains and valleys. It was midnight when they got to the junction, and Liliás, with her great eyes more wide awake than ever, was handed out. There were only a few lights burning, and the place looked miserable and deserted, the cold wind sweeping through it, and the two or three people who got out, and the two porters who received

them, looking like ghosts in the imperfect light. The guard, who lived there, was very kind to the little girl before he went off to his house. He wanted to take her with him to make her comfortable till the morning, but Liliás could not be persuaded to wait. At last he established her in a corner, the least chilly possible, wrapping her shawl round her feet. There she was left alone, with one lamp to bear her company, the long lines running into darkness at either side of her, blackness taking refuge in the high roof of the station above the watch light of that one lamp. How strange it was to sit all alone, with the chill of the air and gloom of midnight all around her! Nobody was stirring in the deserted place. The one porter had withdrawn to some warm refuge, to reappear when the train came. But little Liliás sat alone in her corner, sole inhabitant of the big, chilly, desolate place. How her heart jumped to her mouth! What tremors and terrors at first every sigh of the wind, every creak of the lamp, gave her. But at last she perceived that nothing was going to happen, and sat still, and did not trouble except when imagination suggested to her a stealthy step, or some one behind in the darkness. How dreary it was! the night wind sang a dismal cadence in the telegraph wires, the air coursed over the deserted platforms, the dark lines of way, and blew the flames of gas about even within the enclosure of the lamp. Just then Nello was creeping, stumbling out of the window, making his way through the prickling hedge, standing alone eying the moon in the potato field. Liliás could not even see the moon in her corner. Nothing was before her but the waning gleam of that solitary lamp.

At last the train came lumbering up through the darkness, and the porters reappeared from corners where they had been attendant. One of them came for Lily, kind as everybody had been, and put her into a carriage by herself, and showed her how she could lie down and make herself comfortable. "You'll be there at five o'clock," the porter said. "Lie down, little miss, and get a sleep." Never in her life had Liliás been more wide awake, and there was no kind woman here with broad shoulders to lean upon and feel safe. The train



swept through the night while she sat upright and gazed out with big, round, unslumbering eyes.

Lilias watched and waked through the night, counting out the hours of darkness, saying her prayers over and over, feeling herself lost in the long whirl of distance and gloom and confusing sound; but as the night began to tremble towards the dawning, she began to doze unawares, her eyes closing in spite of herself, and much against her will; and it was with a shiver that she woke up very wide awake, but feeling wretched in consequence of her doze, at the little roadside station, one small house placed on the edge of a wide expanse of fields, chiefly pasture land, and with no character at all. A great belt of wood stretched to the right hand, to the left there was nothing but fields, and a long endless road dividing them, visible for miles, with a little turn in it here and there, but nothing beside to break its monotony. Lilias clambered out of the carriage when she felt the jar and clang of the stoppage, and heard the name of the station drowsily called out. The man in charge of it gazed at her as though she had dropped from the clouds; he did not even see her till the train was in motion again, creaking and swinging away into the distance. To see her standing there with her great eyes gave him a thrill of strange sensation, almost of terror. Fatigue and excitement had made her face paler than usual, and had drawn great circles round her eyes. She looked like a ghost standing there in the faint grey of the dawn, cold and trembling, yet courageous as ever. "Mr. Swan's? Oh, yes, I can tell you the way to Mr. Swan's; but you should have spoken sooner. They've been and carried off your luggage." Lilias had not strength of mind to confess that she had no luggage, and indeed was too much confused and upset by her snatch of sleep to be sure what he was saying, and stumbled forth on the road, when he showed her how to go, half-dazed, and scarcely more than half-conscious. But the pinch of the keen morning air, and the sensation of strange stillness and loneliness, soon restored her to the use of her faculties. The benevolent railway man was loath to let her go. "It's very early, and you're very small," he

said. "You're welcome to wait here, my little lady, till they send for you. Perhaps they did not expect you so early?" Oh, it does not matter," said Lilias. "Thank you; I am quite able to walk." The man stood and watched her as she made her way in the faint light along the road. He dared not leave his post, or he would have gone with her out of sheer compassion. So young, and with such a pale little beautiful face, and all alone at such an hour of the morning, while it was still night! "It will be one of them boysses sisters," he said to himself with singular discrimination. And then he recollected the pale little boy who had gone to Mr. Swan's so short a time before. This gave a clue to the mysterious little passenger, which set his mind at rest.

And Lilias went on along the darkling road. It was not possible to mistake the road—a long white streak upon the landscape, which was visible even in the dark; and it was not altogether dark now, but a ghostly, damp, autumnal glimmer of morning, before the sunrising. The hedges had mists of gossamer over them, which would shine like rainbow webs when the sun rose. The fields glimmered colorless still, but growing every moment more perceptible in the chill drowsiness of the season—not cold enough for frost, yet very cold. Everything was gray, the few shivering half-grown trees in the hedgerows, the sky all banked with clouds, the face of the half-seen landscape. There was one cottage by the roadside, and that was grey too, all shut up and asleep, the door closed, the windows all black. Little Lilias, the one moving atom in that great still landscape, felt afraid of it, and of herself, and the sound of her own steps, which seemed loud enough to wake a whole world of people. It seemed to Lilias that the kindly earth was dead, and she alone a little ghost walking about its grave. None of her dreams, none of the poetry, nor anything out of her fairy lore could help her here. The reality was more than any dream. How still!—how very still it was!—how dark! and yet with that weird lightening which grew about her, making everything more visible moment by moment, as if by some strange magical clearing of her own tired eyes! She

was so tired, so worn out; faint for want of food, though she was not hungry—and for want of rest, though she did not wish to go to sleep. Such an atom in all that great grey insensible universe, and yet the only thing alive!

No—not the only thing. Liliás's heart contracted with a thrill, first of relief, then of fear, when she saw something else moving besides herself. It was in one of the great fields that stretched colorless and vast towards the horizon. Liliás could not tell what it was. It might be a spirit; it might be an enchanted creature bound by some spell to stay there among the ploughed furrows; it might be some mysterious wild beast, the legendary monster, of whose existence children are always ready to be convinced. She concealed herself behind a bush, and looked anxiously down the long brown furrow. It was something very little—not so big as a man—smaller even than herself; something that toiled along with difficulty, stumbling sometimes, and falling in the soft earth. By and by a faint breath of sound began to steal towards her—very faint, yet carried far on the absolute stillness of the morning. Some one who was in trouble—some one who was *crying*. Liliás's bosom began to swell. She was very tired and confused herself; very lonely and frightened of the dead world, and of her own forlorn livingness in it. But the sound of the feeble crying brought her back to herself. Did she divine already who it was? She scrambled through a gap in the hedge, jumped across the ditch, and plunged too into the yielding, heavy soil of the ploughed furrow. She was not surprised. There did not seem to be anything wonderful in meeting her brother so. Had she not been sent to him because he was in trouble? It was natural that he should be here in the cold, dim morning, in the wild field, toiling along towards her, faintly crying in the lost confusion and misery of childish weariness, his way lost, and his courage lost, and all his little bewildered faculties. She called out "Nello!"—cautiously, lest any one should hear—"Nello!" and then there was an outcry of amazement and joy—"Oh, Lily!" It was a half-shriek of incredulous happiness with which poor Nello, toiling through the field, weary, lost, for-

lorn, and afraid, heard the familiar sound of her voice. He was not so much surprised either. He did not think it was impossible, though nothing could have been more impossible to an elder mind. Children hold no such reckonings as we do with probability. He had been saying, "Oh, Lily! my Lily!" to himself—crying for her—and here she was! He had no doubt of it, made no question how she got there, but threw himself upon her with a great cry that thrilled the dim morning through and through, and made the sleep-bound world alive.

And they sat down together in the furrow, and clung to each other, and cried—for misery, but for happiness too. All seemed safe now they had found each other. The two forlorn creatures, after their sleepless, wintry night, felt a sudden beatitude creep over their little weary bodies and aching hearts. Two—how different that is from one! They held each other fast, and kissed, and were happy in the dark furrow, which seemed big enough and dark enough to furnish them both with a grave.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

"ARE you very hungry, Nello?"

"Oh very, *very*. Are you? I have not had any breakfast. It was night, dark night when I came away. Have you had any breakfast, Lily?"

"How could I when I have been in the railway all the night? Do you think you can get over the ditch! Jump! I jumped, and you always could jump better than I."

"You forget everything when you go to school," said Nello, mournfully; "and I am all trembling—I cannot help it. It is so cold. Oh, Lily, if they come up—if they find us—you will not let them take me back?"

"Never, Nello; but let us get on; let us get on to the railway. Quick, it is not far off. If you would only jump! Now give me your hand. I am cold too, but we must get over it, we *must* get over it!" said Liliás, almost crying. Poor Nello's limbs were cramped, he was chilled to the heart. He did not feel it possible to get on, all the courage was gone out of him. He had kept up until, after scrambling through many rough

places, his poor little feet had sunk in that soft, newly-ploughed furrow. This had taken all the life out of him, and perhaps his meeting with Liliás, and the tumult of joyful emotion it caused, had not increased Nello's power of endurance. He had always had the habit of trusting to her. But Lily it was quite certain could not drag him over the ditch. He made an effort at last to jump and failed, and stuck in the mud. That accident seemed at the moment to make an end of them both in their utter weariness. They mingled their tears, Liliás hanging on upon the bank above, Nello in the heavy soil below. The cry relieved them, however, and by and by, by the help of his sister's hand, he managed to scramble up the bank, and get through the scattered bushes on to the highroad. One of his feet was wet and clogged with the mud, and oh, how tired they both were! fit for nothing but to lie down and cry themselves to sleep.

"Oh, Nello, if you were at home should you ever, ever want to go away again?"

Nello did not make any reply. He was too tired for anything but a dull little sob now and then, involuntary, the mere breathing of his weakness. And the highway looked so long, longer even than the fields. There was always some hope at the end of a field that deliverance might come round the corner, but a long unchangeable highway, how endless it was! They went on thus together for a little way in silence, then, "Oh, Lily, I am so hungry," said Nello. What could she do? She was hungry too, more hungry than he was, for she had eaten nothing since the afternoon of the previous day.

"I have a shilling in my pocket, but we cannot eat a shilling," said poor Liliás.

"And I have a shilling too—more than that—I have the golden sovereign Mary gave me—"

"We must just hurry—hurry to the railway, Nello, for we cannot eat money, and the railway will soon take us home; or there is a place, a big station where we could buy a cake. Oh!" cried Liliás, with a gleam of eager satisfaction in her eyes.

"What is it, Lily?"

"Look, only look!" She dragged

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him forward by the arm in her eagerness. "Oh, a few steps further, Nello—only a few steps further—look!"

The roadside cottage, which had been so blank as she passed, had awoken—a woman stood by the door—but the thing that caught Liliás's eye, was a few stale cakes and opaque glasses with strange confectionery in them. It was these that gave strength to her wearied feet. She hurried forward, while the woman looked at the strange little pair in wonder. "Oh, will you give us a little breakfast?" she said; "a little milk to drink, and some bread and butter for this little boy?"

"Where have you come from, you two children, at this hour in the morning?" cried the woman in consternation.

"Oh, we are going to the train," said Liliás. "We are obliged to go, we must get the early train, and we don't know, we don't quite know when it goes; and my poor little brother has fallen into the mud—see! and—he got his breakfast so very early before he came away that he is hungry again. We have plenty of money," cried the little girl, "plenty of money. We will give you a shilling if you will give us some milk and bread."

"A shilling! two, three shillings," said Nello, interposing. He was so hungry; and what was the good of shillings? you could not eat them. The woman looked at them suspiciously. They were not little tramps; they were nicely-dressed children, though the little boy was so muddy. She did not see what harm it could do to take them in; likewise her heart was touched by the poor little things, standing there looking up at her as though she was the arbiter of their fate.

"You may come in and sit by the fire; there's no train for two hours yet. It's not six o'clock. Come in, you poor little things and rest, and I'll give you some nice hot tea. But you must tell me all the truth, for I know you've run away from somewhere," she said.

"No," said Liliás, looking 'her in the face. "Oh, no, I have not run away from anywhere. My little brother was not happy, and I came to fetch him, that is all. I did not run away."

"And what sort of people was it that sent a baby like you?" said the woman. "Come in, you poor little things, and sit

by the fire. What could your mother be thinking of to send you——"

"We have not got any mother." Nello took no share in this conversation. He was quite lost in the delight of the strange old settle that stood by the fire. Nestling up into the corner he thought he would like to fall asleep there, and never move any more. "We have not got any mother," Liliás said; "and who could come but me? No one. I travelled all night, and now I am going to take him home. We are children without any mother." Liliás could not but know that these words were a sure passport to any woman's heart.

"You poor little things," the woman said, with the tears in her eyes. Whether it has its origin in the self-complacency of womankind, it is difficult to say, but whereas men are generally untouched by the unhappiness of being fatherless, women are defenceless in most cases before a motherless child. Such a plea has instant recognition with high and low. No mother! everything is pardoned, everything conceded to a creature with such a plea. She was not quite satisfied with the story, which seemed to her very improbable, but she could not refuse her succor to the motherless children. Her little shop, such as it was, had no visitors till much later in the day, when the village children went past her door to school. She had made her own tea which stood keeping itself hot upon the hob, and she came in hastily and put out cups and saucers, and shared the hot and comfortable fluid, though it was very weak and would not have suited more fastidious palates than the children's. What life it seemed to pour into their wearied little frames! The bread was coarse and stale, but it tasted like bread from heaven. Nello in his corner of the settle began to blink and nod. He was even falling asleep, when suddenly a gig rattled past the windows. The child sprang up in a moment. "Oh, Lily, Lily!" he cried in horror, "they are after me! what shall I do?"

The woman had gone to the back of the house with the cups they had used, and so was not near to hear this revelation.

"Who is it?" cried Liliás, peering out of the window. She was restored to herself, and the name of an enemy, a

pursuer put her on her mettle. She had never had such a thing before, but she knew everything about it, how to behave. "Come, Nello, come," she said, "we will go out the back way where nobody is looking. Let us go away, let us go away before any one can come here."

Liliás seized some of the cakes which the woman had put in paper for them; wonderful productions which nothing but a child's appetite could contemplate—and put down two shillings in the centre of the table. On second thoughts it seemed better to her to go out at the front and get round under cover of the hedge to the wood on the other side of the station, which appeared temptingly near, rather than incur the risk of speaking to the woman. It did not occur to her that her own presence was enough to put any one completely off the scent who was seeking Nello. She got him away out of the house successfully, and through the gap behind the hedge where was a little footpath. "Now we must run—run! We must get past, while they are asking at the station. We must not say a word to the woman or any one. Oh, Nello, run—run!" Nello, still more anxious than she was, managed to run for a little way, but only for a little one. He broke down of all places in the world opposite to the station, where Mr. Swan was standing talking to the keeper. When Nello saw him through the hedge he turned round and clasped his sister convulsively, hiding his face on her shoulder. Liliás did not dare to say a word. They were hid from view, yet any movement might betray them or any sound. She stood with trembling limbs, bearing Nello's weight upon her shoulder, and watched through the hawthorn bush.

"Nobody has been here, not a mouse, far less a little boy. The train is not due for two hours," said the station-keeper.

"A bit of a little fellow," said Mr. Swan. "I can't think he could have got so far; more likely he's lying behind a hedge somewhere, but I thought it best to try first here."

"He's not here," the stationkeeper said again. He answered curtly, his sympathies being all with the fugitive, and he could not but give the troubled schoolmaster a corner of his mind. "It's



only a month since you lost the last one," he said. "If it was my house the boys ran away from I should not like it."

"Talk of things you know something of," said Mr. Swan hotly; and then he added, shaking his head, "it is not my fault. My wife and I do everything we can, but it's those rough boys and their practical jokes."

"Little fellows they don't seem to understand these kind of jokes," said the railway man.

Mr. Swan shook his head. It was not his fault. He was sorry and vexed and ashamed. "I would rather have lost the money twice over," he said. But he turned and gave a searching glance all round. Lilius quaked and her heart sank within her. She held her little brother close to her breast. If he should stir, if he should cry, all would be over. She knew their situation well enough. Either their enemy would go away and get bloodhounds, and fierce wicked men to put on their track, during which time the fugitives would have time to get into some wonderful cave, or to be taken into some old, old house by some benevolent stranger, and so escape; or else he would come straight to the very place where they were, guided by some influence unfavorable to them. Lilius stood and held her breath. "Oh, be still, Nello, be still, he is looking!" she whispered into Nello's ear. Her limbs were nearly giving way, but she resisted fate and held out.

The schoolmaster made long inspection of all the landscape. "He was specially commended to me, too—I was warned—I was warned," he said. Then he turned to the stationkeeper, giving him the most urgent injunctions. "If he comes here you will secure him at once," he said, filling Lilius with dismay, who did not see the shrug of the man's shoulders, and the look with which he turned aside. Thus their retreat was cut off, the little girl thought, with anguish indescribable; how then were they to get home? This thought was so dreadful that Lilius was not relieved as she otherwise would have been by the sound of the wheels and the horse's hoofs as the gig turned, and their enemy drove away. He had gone in his own person, but had he not left a horrible retainer to guard the passage? And how, oh how

was she to take Nello home? She did not know where the next station was. She did not know the way in this strange, desolate, unknown country. "Nello," she cried, in a whisper of despair, "we must get into that wood, it is the only thing we can do; they will not look for us there. I don't know why, but I feel sure they will not look for us there. And perhaps we shall meet some one who will take care of us. Oh, Nello, rouse up; come quick, come quick! Perhaps there may be a hermit living there; perhaps—. Come, Nello, can you not go a little further? Oh, try, try!"

"Oh Lily, I am so tired—I am so sleepy."

"I am tired, too," she said, a little rush of tears coming to her eyes; and then they stumbled on together, holding each other up. The wood looked gay and bright in the early morning. The sun had come out, which showed everything, and the bright autumn color on the trees cheered the children as the painted skin of the leopard cheered the poet:—

"Si che a bene sperar m'era cagione  
Di quella fera alla gaietta pelle  
L'ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione."

The trees seemed to sweep with a great luxuriance of shadow over a broad stretch of country. It must be possible to find some refuge there. There might be—a hermit, perhaps, in a little cell, who would give them nuts and some milk from his goat—or a charcoal-burner, wild but kind, like those Lilius remembered to have seen in the forest with wild locks hanging over their eyes. If only no magician should be there to beguile them into his den, pretending to be kind! Thus Lilius mixed fact and fiction, her own broken remembrances of Italian woods sounding as fictitious among the English elms and beeches as the wildest visions of fancy. For this wood, though it had poetic corners in it, was traversed by the highroad from end to end, and was as innocent of charcoal-burners as of magicians. And it turned out a great deal further off than they thought. They walked and walked, and still it lay before them, smiling in its yellow and red, waving and beckoning in the breeze, which was less chilly now

that the sun was up. The sun reached to the footpath behind the hedge, and warmed the little wayfarers through and through—that was the best thing that had happened to them—for how good it is to be warm when one is chilled and weary; and what a rising of hope and courage there is, when the misty dawn disperses before the rising of the brave sun!

Nello almost recovered his spirits when he got within the wood. There were side aisles even to the highroad, and deep corners in its depths where shelter could be had, and the ground was all flaked with shadow and sunshine; and there were green glades, half-visible at every side, with warm grass all lit by the sun.

"Let us go and sit down, Lily. Oh, what a pretty place to sit down! Oh, Lily, I cannot—I cannot walk any more; I am so tired," cried Nello.

"I am tired, too," she said, with a quiver in her mouth, looking vainly round for some trace of the charcoal-burner or of the hermit. All was silent, sunny, fresh with the morning, but vacant as the fields. And Lilius could not be satisfied with mere rest, though she wanted it so much. "How are we to get home, if we dare not go to the railway? and there is no other way," she said. "Oh, Nello, it will be very nice to rest—but how are we to get home?"

"Oh, never mind; I am so tired," said weary little Nello. "Look, Lily, what a warm place. It is quite dry, and a tree to lean against. Let us stay here."

Never had a more tempting spot been seen; green soft turf at one side of the big tree, and beech-mast soft and dry and brown, the droppings of the trees, on the other. The foot sank in it, it was so soft, and the early sun had dried it, and the thick boughs overhead had kept off the dew. It was as soft as a bed of velvet, and the little branches waved softly over it, while the greater boughs, more still, shaded and protected the children. They sat down, utterly worn out, and Lilius took out her cakes, which they ate together with delight, though these dainties were far from delicious; and then, propped up against each other, an arm of each round the other, Nello lay across Lilius's lap, with his head pil-

lowed upon her; she, half-seated, half-reclining, holding him, and held in her turn by a hollow of the tree; these babes in the wood first nodded, then dozed, and woke and dozed again—and finally, the yellow leaves dropping now and then upon them like a caress of nature, the sun cherishing their little limbs, fell fast asleep in the guardianship of God.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE NEW-COMER.

NOBODY in the sick-room said a word of the great consternation and wonder and fear that sprung to life in them at the appearance of the stranger. How could they, though their hearts were full of it? when all their care and skill were wanted for the patient, who, half-conscious, struggled with them to raise himself, to get out of bed. To find out what he wanted, to satisfy the hazy anxiety in his mind, and do for him the something whatever it was, that he was so anxious to do, was the first necessity of the moment, notwithstanding the new excitement which was wild in their veins. Where did he come from? How had he got here?—familiar, unmistakable, as if he had been absent but a day. How did he know he was wanted? And was it he—really *he*—after all those dreary years?—These questions surged through the minds of all the bystanders, in an impetuous, yet secondary current. The first thing, and the most urgent, was the squire. Brother and sister, friend and friend, had not leisure to take each other by the hand, or say a word of greeting.

Mary and her newly-arrived assistant stood side by side, touching each other, but could not speak or make even a sign of mutual recognition. *He* took her place in supporting, and, at the same time restraining the patient. *She* held her father's hand with which he seemed to be appealing to some one, or using, in dumb show, to aid some argument.

"The little boy," he said, hoarsely; "bring me the little boy."

"Is it Nello he means?" the stranger asked, in a low voice.

"I—think so—I—suppose so," said Mary, trembling, and wholly overcome by this strange ease and familiarity, and even by the sound of the voice so long

silent in this place. But he took no notice—only followed his question by another.

"Why not bring the child, then? That might satisfy him. Does he care for the child; or is it only a fancy, a wandering in his head? Anyhow, let them bring him. It might be of some use."

"Do you think he—knows? Do you think he understands—and—means what he is saying?"

Mary faltered forth these words, scarcely knowing what she said, feeling that she could not explain how it was that Nello was not near—and finding it so strange—so strange to be talking thus to—John; could it be really John? After all that had sundered them, after the miseries that had passed over him, the price still set upon his head, was it he who stood so quietly, assuming his household place, taking his part in the nursing of the old man? She could not believe her senses, and how could she talk to him, calmly as the circumstances required, gently and steadily, as if he had never been away?

"Most likely not," he said; "but something has excited his fancy, and the sight of my boy might calm it. Let some one bring Nello."

He spoke with the air of one used to be obeyed, and whom also in this particular it would be easy to obey.

"We sent him to school. I am very sorry—I was against it," said Mary, trembling more and more.

Mr. Pen was frightened too. It is one thing doing "for the best," with a little unprotected parentless child, and quite a different thing to answer the child's father when he comes and asks for it. Mr. Pen paled and reddened ten times in a minute. He added, faltering—

"It was by my advice—John. I thought it was the best thing for him. You see I did not know——"

Here he broke off abruptly in the confusion of his mind.

"Then it is needless saying any more," said the stranger, hastily, with a tone in which a little sharpness of personal disappointment and vexation seemed to mingle.

This conversation had been in an undertone, as attendants in a sick-room communicate with each other, without

intermitting their special services to the patient. The squire had been still in their hands for the moment, ceasing to struggle, apparently caught in some dim confused way by the sound of their voices. He looked about him confusedly, like a blind man, turning his head slightly, as if his powers were being restored to him, to the side on which John stood. A gleam of half-meaning, of interest and wavering, half roused attention, seemed to come over his face. Then he sank back gently on his pillows, struggling no longer. The paroxysm was over. The nurse withdrew her hand with a sigh of relief.

"Now," she said, "if we leave him perfectly quiet, he may get some sleep. I will call you in a moment if there is any change."

The woman saw, with her experienced eyes, that something more than could be read on the surface was in this family combination. She put them gently from the bedside, and shaded the patient's eyes from the light, for it was nearly noon by this time, and everything was brilliant outside. The corridor, however, into which they passed outside was still dark, as it was always, the glimmering pale reflections in the wainscot of the long narrow window on the staircase being its sole communication with the day.

Mary put out her hands to her brother as they emerged from the sick-room.

"Is it you—you, John?"

"Yes," he said, grasping them, "it is I—I do not wonder you are startled. I heard my father was worse—that there was a change—and came in without warning. So Nello has been sent away? May I see my little girl? You have been good to her, I am sure, Mary."

"I love her," said Mary, hastily, "as if she were my own. John—do not take my little companion away."

He had been grave enough, and but little moved hitherto by the meeting, which was not so strange or unlooked for to him as to them. Now his countenance beamed suddenly, lighting all over, and a tender moisture came to his eyes.

"It is what I have desired most for her," he said, and took his sister's hands and kissed her cheek. "But send for my little Lily," he added, with an indescribable softening in his voice.

Here Miss Brown, who had been following, came out from the dusk of the room behind. "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I did not like to tell you in your trouble; but I'm very uneasy about Miss Lily."

"Has she never come in yet? You said she had gone out for a walk."

"I said whatever I could think of to save you, Miss Mary. We none of us know where she's gone. I've sent everywhere. She is not at the Vicarage, nor she's not at the village, and—oh, what will Mr. John think of us?" cried the woman in tears. "Not one in the house has seen her since yesterday, and Martuccia she's breaking her heart. She says Miss Lily has gone after her brother; she says——"

"Is Martuccia here?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Brown, with a curtsy. She could not take her eyes off him as she afterwards said. More serious, far more serious than when he was a young gentleman always about the house, but the same man, still the same man.

"Then send her to me at once. It is you, Martha, the same as ever," he said, with a momentary smile in the midst of his anxiety. Just as Mr. John used to do—always a kind word for everybody, and a smile. She made him another curtsy, crying and smiling together.

"And glad, glad, sir, to see you come home," she said. There was this excuse for Miss Brown's lingering, that Mary had rushed off at once to find Martuccia. John bowed his head gravely. He had grown very serious. The habit of smiling was no longer his grand characteristic. He went down stairs and into the library, the nearest sitting-room in his way, the door of which was standing open. Eastwood was there lingering about, pretending to put things in order, but in reality waiting for news of the old squire. Eastwood had not let this man in. He had not got admission in any legitimate way.

"I beg your pardon, sir——" he began, not altogether respectfully, with the intention of demanding what he did there.

"What?" said the stranger, looking up with a little impatience.

Eastwood drew back with another, "Beg your pardon, sir," and his tone was changed. He did not know who it was,

but he dared not say anything more. This was the strangest house in the world surely, full of suspicions, full of new people who did not come in at the front door.

When Martuccia came, her story, which had been almost inarticulate in her broken English, flowed forth volubly enough to her master, whom she recognised with a shriek of delight. She gave him a clear enough account of what had happened. How an old woman had come, a peasant of the country, and told Miss Lily that her little brother was in trouble. This word she transferred to her narrative without attempting to translate it, so that Mary standing by, who did not understand the rest, seemed to hear nothing but this word recurring again and again. Trouble! it was an ominous word. Nothing but trouble seemed to surround them. She stood and listened anxiously, though she did not understand.

"It is clear then," said her brother, turning to her, "that Lily has gone after her little brother, supposed to be in some mysterious trouble. When did he go, and where did he go, and who persuaded you to send him away?"

"It was Randolph—Randolph has been here. I believe he wanted to be kind. He said Nello was being ruined here, and so did Mr. Pen. It was against my will—against my wish."

"Randolph!" he said. This alarmed him more than all the rest. "Both my children! I thought I should find them safe—happy in your hands whatever happened to me——"

"Oh, John, what can I say?" cried Mary, wringing her hands. No one could be more guiltless of any unkind intention, but as was natural, it was she who bore the blame. A man may be pardoned if he is a little unjust in such circumstances. John was ready to rush out of the house again directly, to go after his children, but what could be done unless the railway helped him? Mary got the time-tables and consulted them anxiously; and Mr. Pen came in and stood by, very serious and a little crestfallen, as one of the authors of the blunder. And it was found, as so often happens, that nothing was to be done at the moment. The early train was going off as they talked, the next did not go



till the evening, the same by which Lili-  
 as had travelled on the night before.  
 And in the meantime what might be  
 happening to the little girl who was wan-  
 dering about the world in search of her  
 brother? While the brother and sister  
 consulted, Mr. Pen looked sorrowfully  
 over their heads which were bent over  
 these time-tables. He did not himself  
 pretend to understand these lines of  
 mysterious figures. He looked from one  
 face to another to read what they meant.  
 He was too much abashed by his own  
 share in the misfortune to put forward  
 his advice. But when he saw that they  
 were both at their wits' end, Mr. Pen  
 suggested that the place where Nello  
 was was nearer to Randolph than to  
 themselves, and that he might get there  
 that night if he was informed at once,  
 and give them news, at least let them  
 know whether Lili-as had reached the  
 house where her brother was. "And I  
 will go by the first train," Mr. Pen said  
 timidly. "Let me go, as I have had a  
 hand in it. John knows I could not  
 mean any harm to his boy—"

Nobody had meant any harm, but the  
 fact that the two children were both  
 gone, and one a girl like Lili-as, wander-  
 ing by herself no one knew where, was  
 as bad as if they had meant it a hundred  
 times over. Who could it be who had  
 beguiled her with this story of Nello's  
 trouble? If John, who had suffered so  
 much, and who had come from the  
 country where feuds and vengeance still  
 flourish, suspected an enemy in it, sus-  
 pected even his brother who had never  
 been his friend, who could wonder?  
 They telegraphed to Randolph, and to  
 Mr. Swan, and to the stations on the  
 way, John himself hurrying to Penning-  
 ton to do so. And then when all this  
 was done, which made an exciting bus-  
 tle for a moment, there was nothing fur-  
 ther possible but to wait till evening for  
 the train. Such pauses are due to the  
 very speed and superior possibilities of  
 modern life. A post-chaise was slower  
 than the railway, but it could be had at  
 once, and those long and dreary hours  
 of delay of time which one feels to be  
 lost, and in which while we wait, any-  
 thing fatal may happen, are the reverse  
 side of the medal, the attendant disad-  
 vantage upon headlong speed and anni-  
 hilation of distance. What a miserable

house it was during all that eternal day!  
 anxieties of every kind filled their minds  
 —those which concerned life and the  
 living coming uppermost and shutting  
 out the solemn interest of the chamber  
 over which death had been hovering.  
 The squire slept, but only his nurse, un-  
 moved in professional calm, watched  
 over him; and when he woke, still  
 wrapped in a mist and haze of half-con-  
 sciousness, which subdued all his being,  
 yet with an aspect less deathlike, Mary  
 came and went in an enforced stillness  
 almost beyond bearing, not daring to  
 stay long in one place lest she should  
 betray herself. She dared not allow  
 herself to think of little Lili-as, perhaps  
 in evil hands, perhaps wandering alone.  
 Her little Lily! Mary felt it would be  
 impossible to sit still, impossible to en-  
 dure at all, if she did not thrust away  
 this thought. A little woman-child, at  
 that tender age, too young for self-pro-  
 tection, too old for absolute impunity  
 from harm. Mary clasped her hands  
 tightly together and forced her thoughts  
 into another channel. There was no  
 lack indeed of other channels for her  
 anxieties; her father thus lying between  
 life and death, and her brother with all  
 the penalties of old on his head, going  
 and coming without concealment, with-  
 out even an attempt to disguise himself.  
 It would have been better even for John,  
 Mary felt instinctively, if the squire had  
 been visibly dying instead of rallying.  
 What if he should wake again to full  
 consciousness, and order the doors of  
 his house to be closed against his son as  
 he had done before? What if seeing  
 this, and seeing him there without at-  
 tempt at concealment, rejected by his  
 own family, the old prosecution should  
 be revived and John taken? After that  
 —but Mary shuddered and dropped this  
 thread of thought also. The other even,  
 the other, was less terrible. Thus passed  
 this miserable day.

Randolph had been alarmed even be-  
 fore the family were, though in a differ-  
 ent fashion. Almost as soon as he had  
 seated himself at his respectable clergy-  
 manly breakfast-table, after prayers and  
 all due offices of the morning, a telegram  
 was put into his hand. This made his  
 pulse beat quicker, and he called to his  
 wife to listen, while a whole phantasma-  
 goria of possibilities seemed to rise like

a haze about the yellow envelope, ugliest of inclosures. What could it be but his father's death that was thus intimated to him, an event which must have such important issues? When he had read it, however, he threw it on the table with an impatient "Pshaw! the little boy, always the little boy," he cried; "I think that little boy will be the death of me." Mrs. Randolph, who had heard of this child as the most troublesome of children, gave all her sympathy to her husband, and he contented himself with another message back again, saying that he had no doubt Mr. Swan would soon find the little fugitive who had not come to him, as the schoolmaster supposed. The day, however, which had begun thus in excitement, soon had other incidents to make it memorable. Early in the afternoon other telegrams came. The one he first opened was from Mr. Pen; this at least must be what he hoped for. But instead of telling of the squire's death, Mr. Pen telegraphed to him an entreaty which he could not understand. "Lillas is missing too—for God's sake go at once to the school and ascertain if she is there." What did he mean—what did the old fool mean?

"Here is another, Randolph," said his wife, composing her face into solemnity. "I fear—I fear it must be bad news from the castle."

In the heat of his disappointment and impatience Randolph was as nearly as possible exclaiming in over sincerity, "Fear!—I hope it is with all my heart." But when he opened it he stood aghast—his brother's name stared him in the face—"John Musgrave." How came it there—that outlawed name? It filled him with such a hurry and ferment of agitation that he cared nothing what the message was; he let it drop and looked up aghast in his wife's face.

"Is it so?" she said, assuming the very tone, the right voice with which a clergyman's wife ought to speak of a death. "Alas! my poor dear husband, is it so? is he gone indeed?"

But Randolph forgot that he was a clergyman and all proprieties. He threw down the hideous bit of paper and jumped to his feet and paced about the room in his excitement. "He has come, confound him!" he cried. Not gone, that would have been nothing but

good news—but this was bad indeed, something unthought of, never calculated upon; worse than any misgiving he had ever entertained. He had been uneasy about the child, the boy whom everybody would assume to be the heir; but John—that John should return—that he should be there before his father died—this combination was beyond all his fears.

After he had got over the first shock he took up the telegram to see what it was that "John Musgrave, Penninghame Castle,"—the name written out in full letters, almost with ostentation, no concealing or disguising of it, though it was a name lying under the utmost penalties of the law—had to say to him. "*My little daughter has been decoyed away under pretence that her brother was in danger. You can reach the place to-day. I cannot. Will you serve me for once, and go and telegraph if she is safe?*" This was the communication. Randolph's breast swelled high with what he felt to be natural indignation. "I serve him! I go a hundred miles or so for his convenience. I will see him—hanged first." Hanged—yes, that was what would happen to the fellow if he was caught, if everybody were not so weakly indulgent, so ready to defeat the law. And this was the man who ventured to bid him "serve him for once," treating him, Randolph, a clergyman, a person irreproachable, in this cavalier fashion. What had he to do with it if the little girl had been decoyed away? No doubt the little monkey, if all were known, was ready enough to go. He hoped in his heart they were both gone together, and would never be heard of more.

When he came as far as this, however, Randolph pulled himself up short. After all, he was not a bad man, to rejoice in the afflictions of his neighbors; he only wished them out of his way; he did not wish any harm to them; and he felt that what he had just said in his heart was wicked, and might bring down a "judgment." To come the length of a wish that your neighbor may not thrive is a thing that no respectable person should allow himself to do; a little grudging of your neighbor's prosperity, a little secret satisfaction in his trouble is a different matter—but articulately to

wish him harm! This brought him to himself and made him aware of his wife's eyes fixed upon him with some anxiety. She was a gentle little believing sort of woman, without any brains to speak of, and she thought dear Randolph's feelings had been too much for him. Her eyes were fixed on him with devout sympathy. How much feeling he had, though he did not speak much of it; what strong affections he had! Randolph paused a little to calm himself down. These all-trusting women are sometimes an exasperation unspeakable in their innocence, but still on the other hand, a man must often make an effort not to dispel such belief. He said, "No, my dear, it is not what I thought; my father is not dead but suffering, which is almost worse; and my brother whom you have heard of—who has been such a grief to us all, has come home unexpectedly——"

"Oh, Randolph!" The innocent wife went to him and took his hand and caressed it. "How hard upon you! How much for you to bear! Two such troubles at once."

"Yes, indeed," he said, accepting her sympathy; "and the little boy whom I told you of, whom I took to school: well, he has run away——"

"O Randolph, dear, what mountains of anxiety upon you!"

"You may say so. I must go, I suppose, and look after this little wretch. Put me up something in the little portmanteau—and from thence I suppose I had better go on to Penninghame again. Who knows what trouble may follow John's most ill-advised return?"

"And they all lean so on you," said the foolish wife. Notwithstanding these dozen years of separation between him and his family, she was able to persuade herself of this, and that he was the prop and saviour of his race. There is nothing that foolish wives will not believe.

Randolph, however, wavered in his decision after he had made up his mind to go on. Why should he go, putting himself to so much trouble at John's order? He changed his mind half a dozen times in succession. Finally, however, he did go, sending two messages back on his way, one to John, the other to Mr. Pen. To John he said: "*I am alarmed beyond measure to see your name.*

*Is it safe for you to be there? Know nothing about little girl, but hear that little boy has run away from school, and am going to see.*" Thus he planted, or meant to plant, an additional sting in his brother's breast. And as he travelled along in the afternoon, going to see after Nello, his own exasperation and resentment became so hot within him, that when he arrived at the junction, he sent another message to Mr. Pen. He did not perhaps quite know what he was doing. He was furious with disappointment and annoyance and confusion, feeling himself cheated, thrust aside, put out of the place which he ought to have filled. Nello would have had harsh justice had he been brought before him at such a moment. "Little troublesome, effeminate baby, good for nothing, and now to be ruined in every way! But I wash my hands of him," Randolph said.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### ANOTHER HELPER.

ON that same morning when so many things occurred, young Lord Stanton was seated in the library at Stanton, with a great deal of business to do. He had letters to write, he had the accounts of his agent to look over, and a hundred other very pressing matters which demanded his close attention. Perhaps it was only natural in these circumstances that Geoff should be unusually idle, and not at all disposed to tackle to his work. Generally he was so much interested in what was real work that he did it heartily, glad of the honest compulsion; but on this morning he was unsettled, and not in his usual mood of industry. He watched the leaves dropping from the trees outside, he listened idly to the sounds within; he scribbled on the margin of his accounts, now a bit of Latin verse (for Mr. Tritton was an elegant scholar), now a grotesque face, anything but the steady calculations he ought to have made. Now and then a sudden recollection of something he had read would cross his mind, when he would get up in the middle of a letter to seek the book in which he thought it was and verify his recollection on the spot, a thing he would not have taken the trouble to do had that floating recollection had any connection with the

work in which he professed to be engaged. In short he was entirely idle, distracted and *désœuvré*. Mr. Tritton was reading to Lady Stanton in her morning room. It was early; the household were all busy and occupied, all except the young master of it who could not settle to his work.

He was sitting thus when his easily distracted attention was caught by a movement outside, not like anything that could be made by bird or dog, the only two living creatures likely to be there so close to his window. It was the same window through which he had gone out the evening he made his night expedition to the hills. The sound caught his attention as anything would have done that gave him an excuse for raising his head from the letters he was now trying to write, having given up the accounts in despair. When he saw a shadow skirt the grass, Geoff watched with eager interest for what would follow—then there was a pause, and he had bent over the letter again thinking it a mere trick of fancy, when a sound close to him made him start and look up. Some one was standing with his back to the morning light, standing across the window sill with one foot within the room. Geoff started to his feet with momentary alarm. "Who are you? Ah! is it Bampfylde?" he said.

"Just me, my young lord. May I come in and speak a word?"

"Certainly—come in. But why not go to the front door and come in like any one else? You do not suppose I should have shut my doors on *you*?"

"Maybe, no; but I'm not a visitor for the like of you. I'm little credit about a grand house. I've not come here for nothing now, but to ask you a service."

"What is it, Bampfylde? If I can do anything for you I will."

"It's not exactly for me, and you can do it if you will, my young lord. It's something I'm hindered from doing. It's for the young ones at the castle, that you know of. Both the bairns are in trouble, so far as I can judge. I gave the little boy a carrier to let off if he wanted help. Me, and still more the old woman, we misdoubted that brother. And nigh a week ago the carrier came home, but I was away, on—on a hard job, that I'm on still; and she did not

understand. And when I saw her and told her yesterday what the sign was, what does the old woman do but tell the little lady—the little miss—and so far as I can tell she's away. The creature herself a flower of a thing, no bigger than my arm, the very image of our Lily—her—that atom—she's away to deliver her brother, my young lord," said the vagrant, leaning against the window. "I'm most worn out by the same sort o' work. There's far too much of that been done among us one way and another; and *she's* away now on the same errand—to save her brother. It's laughable if you think on't," he said, with a curious gurgle in his throat of forlorn ridicule. Geoff, who had leaned forward at the name of the children, saw that Bampfylde was very pale and worn, his clothes in less order than usual, and an air of utter weariness and harassment about him. He looked like a man who had not slept or undressed for days.

"Has anything new happened?" Geoff asked hurriedly. "Of course I will do whatever I can for the children—but tell me first—has anything happened with you?"

"Ay, plenty," said the rough fellow with a great sigh, which was not sentiment but fatigue. "If that will not vex you, my [young] lord, saving your presence, I'll sit down and rest my bones while I talk to you, for I'm near dead with tiredness. *He's* given us the slip—I cannot tell you how. Many a fear we've had, but this time it's come true. Tuesday was a week he got away, the day after I'd been to see about the little lad. We thought he was but hanging about the fells in corners that none but him and me know, as he once did before, and I got him back. But it's worse than that. Lord! there's many an honest man lost on the fells in the mists, that has a wife and bairns looking to him. Would it not be more natural to take the likes of him, and let the father of a family go free? I cannot touch him, but there's no law to bind the Almighty. But all that's little to the purpose. He's loose ranging about the country and me on his heels. I've all but had him three or four times, but he's aye given me the slip."

"But this is terrible; it is a danger for the whole country," said Geoff.



"The children!" The young man shuddered, he did not realise that the children were at a distance. He thought of nothing more than perhaps an expedition among the fells for Lilius—and what if she should fall into the madman's hands? "You should have help—you should rouse the country," he said.

"I'll no do that. Please God, I'll get him yet, and this will be the end," said Bampfylde solemnly. "She cannot make up her mind to it even now. She's infatuate with him. I thought it would have ended when you put your hand into the web, my young lord."

"It is my fault," said Geoff. "I should have done something more; but then Mr. Musgrave fell ill, and I have been waiting. If he dies, everything must be gone into. I was but waiting."

"I am not blaming you. She cannot bide to hear a word, and so she's been all this long time. Now and then her heart will speak for the others—they that suffer and have suffered—but it aye goes back to him. And I don't blame her neither," said Bampfylde. "It's aye her son to her that was a gentleman and her pride." He had placed himself not on the comfortable chair which Geoff had pushed forward for him, but on the hard seat formed by the library steps, where he sat with his elbows on his knees, and his head supported in his hands, thus reposing himself upon himself. "It's good to rest," he said, with something of the garrulousness of weakness, glad in his exhaustion to stretch himself out, as it were, body and soul, and ease his mind after long silence. He almost forgot even his mission in the charm of this momentary repose. "Poor woman!" he added, pathetically; "I've never blamed her. This was her one pride, and how it has ended—if it were but ended! No," he went on after a pause, "please God, there will be no harm. He's no murdering-mad, like some poor criminals that have done less harm than him. It's the solitary places he flees to, not the haunts o' men: we're brothers so far as that's counting. And I drop a word of warning as I go. I tell the folks that I hear there's a poor creature ranging the country that is bereft of his senses, and a man after him. I'm the man," said Bampfylde, with a low laugh, "but I tell nobody that; and oh

the dance he's led me!" Then rousing himself with an effort, "But I'm losing time, and you're losing time, my young lord. If you would be a help to them you should be away. Get out your horse or your trap to take you to the train."

"Where has she gone—by the train?"

"Ay—and a long road. She's away there last night, the atom, all by herself. That's our blood," said Bampfylde, with again the low laugh, which was near tears. "But I need not say our blood neither, for her father's suffered the most of all, poor gentleman—the most of all! Look here, my young lord," he said, suddenly, rising up, "if I sit there longer I'll go to sleep, and forget everything; and we've no time for sleep, neither you nor me. Here's the place. There's a train at half-past eleven that gets there before dark. You cannot get back to-night; you'll have to leave word that you cannot get back to-night. And go now; go for the love of God!"

Geoff did not hesitate; he rang the bell hastily, and ordered his dog-cart to be ready at once, and wrote two or three lines of explanation to his mother. And he ordered the servant, who stared at his strange companion, to bring some food and wine. But Bampfylde shook his head. "Not so," he said; "not so. Bit nor sup I could not take here. We that once made this house desolate, it's not for us to eat in it or drink in it. You're o'er good, o'er good, my young lord; but I'll not forget the offer," he added, the water rushing to his eyes. He stood in front of the light, stretching his long limbs in the languor of exhaustion, a smile upon his face.

"You have overdone yourself, Bampfylde. You are not fit for any more exertion. What more can you do than you have done? I'll send out all the men about the house, and——"

"Nay, but I'll go to the last—as long as I can crawl. Mind you the young ones," he said; "and for all you're doing, and for your good heart, God bless you, my young lord!"

It seemed to Geoff like a dream when he found himself standing alone in the silent room among his books, with neither sight nor sound of any one near. Bampfylde disappeared, as he had come, in a moment, vanishing among the shrubberies; and the young man found him-

self charged with a commission he did not understand, with a piece of dirty paper in his hand, upon which an address was rudely scrawled. What was he to do at this school, a day's journey off, about which he knew nothing? He would have laughed at the wild errand had he not been too deeply impressed by his visitor's appearance and manner to be amused at anything. But wild as it was, Geoff was resolved to carry it out. Even the vaguest intimation of danger to Liliás would have sufficed to rouse him, but he had scarcely taken that thought into his mind. He could think of nothing but Bampfylde, and this with a pang of sympathy and interest which he could scarcely explain to himself. As he drove along towards the Stanton station, the first from Pennington, his mind was entirely occupied with this rough fellow. Something tragic about him, in his exhaustion, in the *effusion* of his weakness, had gone to Geoff's heart. He looked eagerly for traces of him—behind every bush, in every cross road. And to increase his anxiety, the servant who accompanied him began to entertain him with accounts of a madman who had escaped from an asylum, and who kept the country in alarm. "Has he been seen anywhere? has he harmed any one?" Geoff asked, eagerly. But there were no details to be had; nothing but the general statement. Geoff gave the man orders to warn the gamekeepers and out-door servants, and to have him secured if possible. It was scarcely loyal perhaps to poor Bampfylde, who had trusted him. Thus he had no thought but Bampfylde in his mind when he found himself in the train, rushing along on the errand he did not understand. It was a quick train, the one express of the day; and even at the junction there was only a few minutes to wait: very unlike the vigil that poor little Liliás had held there in the middle of night under the dreary flickering of the lamp. Geoff knew nothing of this; but by dint of thinking he had evolved something like a just idea of the errand on which he was going. Liliás had been warned that her brother was not happy, and had gone, like a little Quixote, to relieve him. Geoff could even form an idea to himself of the pre-occupation of the house with the Squire's illness, which would

close all ears to Liliás's appeal about Nello's fancied unhappiness. Little nuisance! Geoff himself felt disposed to say—thinking any unhappiness that could happen to Nello of much less importance than the risk of Liliás. But he had not, of course, the least idea of Nello's flight. He arrived at the station about five o'clock in the afternoon, adding another bewilderment to the solitary official there, who had been telegraphed to from Penninghame, and already that day had been favored by two interviews with Mr. Swan. "A young lady? I wish all young ladies were—. Here's a message about her; and the school-mester, he's been at me till I am sick of my life. What young lady could there be here? Do you think I'm a-hiding of her?" he cried, with that instinctive suspicion of being held responsible which is so strong in his class. Geoff, however, elicited by degrees all that there was to find out, and discovered at the same time that the matter was much more serious than he supposed. The little boy had run away from school; the little girl, evidently coming to meet him, had disappeared with him. It was supposed that they must have made for the railway, as the woman in the cottage close by had confessed to having given them breakfast; but they had disappeared from her ken, so that she half thought they had been ghost-children, with no reality in them; and though the country had been scoured everywhere, neither they, nor any trace of them, were to be found.

This was the altogether unsatisfactory ground upon which Geoff had to work, and at five o'clock on an October afternoon there is but little time for detailed investigation of a country. His eye turned, as that of Liliás had done, to the wood. It was the place in which she would naturally take refuge. Had the wood been examined, he asked. Yes, every corner of it. Geoff was at his wits' end, and did not know what to do; he went down the road where Liliás had gone in the morning, and talked to the woman, who told him a moving story of the tired pair, and declared that she would not have let them go, seeing very well that they were a little lady and gentleman, but that they had stolen away when her back was turned. Geoff stood

at the cottage door gazing round him, when he saw something that no one else had noticed, a small matter enough. Caught upon the hedge, which reached close to the cottage, there was a shred of blue—the merest rag, a few threads, nothing more—such an almost invisible indication as a savage might leave to enable his companions to track him—a thing that could be seen only by instructed eyes. Geoff's eyes were inexperienced, but they were keen; and he knew the color of Liliass's dress, which the other searchers were not aware of. He disentangled the threads carefully from the twig. One long hair, and that too was Liliass's color, had caught on the same thorn. This seemed to him a trace unmistakable, notwithstanding that the woman of the cottage immediately claimed it. "Dear, I did not know that I had torn my best blue dress," she said, with genuine alarm. Geoff, however, left her abruptly, and followed out his clue. He hastened by the footpath behind the hedge towards the wood. It was the natural place for Liliass to be. By this time the young man had forgotten everything except the girl, who was at once a little child appealing to all his tenderest sympathies, and a little visionary princess to whom he had vowed himself. She was both in the combination of the moment—a tired child whom he could almost carry away in his arms, who would not be afraid of him, or shrink from these brotherly arms; but, at the same time, the little mother-woman, the defender and protector of one more helpless than herself. Geoff's heart swelled with a kind of heavenly enthusiasm and love. Never could there have been a purer passion. He hurried through the wood, and through the wood, searching in all its glades and dells, peering into the very hollows of the old trees. There was nothing: was there nothing? Not a movement, not a sound, except the birds chirping, the rush of a rabbit or squirrel, the flutter of the leaves in the evening air. For it was evening by this time, that could not be denied; the last, long, slanting rays of the sun were sloping along the trunks and roots of the trees, and the mossy greenness that covered them. The day was over in which a man could work, and night—night that would chill the children to

the heart, and drive them wild with fear—desolate, dark night, full of visionary terrors, and also real dangers, was coming. Geoff had made up his mind certainly that they were there. He did not think of a magician's cave or a hermit's cell, as Liliass had done, but only whether there was some little hut anywhere, where they could have found refuge—a hollow, unknown to him, where they might have hid themselves, not knowing a friend was near. The sun had lit up an illumination in the west, and shone through the red and yellow leaves with reflections of color softer and more varying, but still more brilliant than their own. The world seemed all ablaze between the two, with crimson and gold—autumn sun above, autumn foliage below. Then tone by tone, and color by color, died out from the skies, and the soft yet cold gray of the evening took possession of all. The paths of the wood seemed to grow ghostly in the gathering dusk, the color stole out of the trees, the very sky seemed to drop lower as the night gathered in. Geoff walked about in a kind of despair. He called them, but there came no answer; he seemed to himself to poke into every corner, into the damp depths where the cold dew seemed to ooze out from the ground, weighing down every leaflet. He was sure they were there. Must they spend the night in the dark, and be frozen and frightened to death before the morning? Geoff's heart was full of anxiety and pity. It seemed to him that he must stay there to keep them company, whether he could find them or not.

When all at once he heard a sound like a low sob. It seemed to come from the ground close to where he was standing, but he could see nothing but a little tangle of wild brambles, long branches with still a solitary berry here and there, the leaves scanty, scarlet and brown with the frost. They were all clustered about the trunk of a big tree, a little thicker, prickly and impregnable, but close to the path. And was it the breathing of the night air only, or some wild creature in the brushwood, or human respiration that came soft, almost indistinguishable in the soft murmur of the wood? He stood still scarcely venturing himself to breathe, so intent was he to listen; and by and by he heard the sound again. A

child's sob, the soft pathetic reverberation of a sob, such as continues to come after the weeping is over. With trembling eagerness yet caution, Geoff put aside the long tangles of the bramble which fell in a kind of arch. It was a hard piece of work, and had to be done with caution not to disturb the poor little nestlings, if nestlings there were. Then Geoff disclosed to the waning light the prettiest pathetic picture. It was not the same green hollow in which the children had first taken refuge. They had been roused by the sound of passengers through the wood, and the voices of the people who were searching for themselves, and had woke up in fright. When these noises ceased they had strayed deeper into the wood to another and safer shelter, Nello being too frightened and miserable to go on as Liliias wished. At last they had found this refuge under the bramble bushes where nobody surely could ever find them, meaning to lie there all day and creep out at night to continue their journey. Liliias had seated herself first, spreading out her skirt to protect her brother from the damp. There, lying with his head and shoulders supported on her lap, he had gone to sleep again, while Liliias waked and pondered; very anxious, frightened too, and dissatisfied with the loss of time. She sat erect supporting Nello, and

gazed up at the dark figure in the twilight with alarmed eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger as they shone in a passion of terror through the long tangles of the bush. Liliias had covered her brother with her shawl—she drew it over him now, covering the white little face on her arm. "What do you want with me? I am only resting. There is no one here to do any harm," she said, with the sob coming again in spite of her. She thought it was the cruel schoolmaster, the more cruel uncle who had condemned Nello to so many sufferings. She held her arms over him protecting him—resolute not to let him be taken from her. "Oh, do not meddle with me!" she went on, growing more and more desperate. "I have some money I will give you, if you will only—only leave me alone. There is—nobody—but me."

Oh that sob! if she could only swallow it down and talk to him, this robber chief, this Robin Hood, as if she were not afraid; for sometimes these men are kind and do not hurt the weak. Liliias gazed, nothing but her eyes appearing, glowing through the gathering shade: then suddenly threw her brother off her lap in a transport of wild delight. "Oh Nello, Nello, Nello!" she cried, till the wood rang. "It is Mr Geoff!"

(To be continued.)

#### THE WEAKNESSES OF GREAT MEN.

THE weakness of a great man is often that feature of his character or that particular inclination in him which has most interest for the student of humanity. That Cæsar was the first general and statesman of his age—that he conquered Gaul and laid the foundations of an empire which in name at least was to subsist for more than 1800 years—these are no doubt facts of the utmost importance; but after all they are the dry bones of history. The Shandean philosopher is much more interested to learn that Cæsar loved to oil his hair; that he sincerely regretted its scantiness; and that he was excessively pleased when the Senate conferred on him the privilege of wearing a laurel crown and thus enabled him partially to conceal the injury which nature or hard living had wrought.

Dress has been one of the commonest weaknesses of great men, many of whom were not the less careful of their personal appearance because they affected an ostentatious simplicity. In the national songs of France, Napoleon is the little Corporal in the plain grey coat; but we may be sure that the grey coat was carefully arranged, even as the cocked hat was designedly worn in a fashion till then unknown. And as a matter of fact, the Emperor did not always array himself in that sober-colored vesture which Mr. Tennyson has described as the symbolic robe of freedom. An English traveller who visited Paris during the brief interval of the Peace of Amiens, and was introduced to the First Consul, has left on record his astonishment at seeing the great enemy of Eng-



land in scarlet (richly laced, by the way, with gold). It may interest some to know that Napoleon set apart 800*l.* a year for dress. Unfortunately he had a weakness for white kerseymere breeches; and, being often wholly absorbed with cares of state (as courtly chroniclers apologetically observe), he would constantly spill ink, or gravy, or coffee upon the aforesaid garments, which he hastened to change as soon as he perceived the mishap. This circumstance cost the blameless, but timid, Comte de Rémusat his place as Master of the Robes. For the Emperor soiled his clothes, and especially his white breeches, so frequently and so grievously, that the imperial tailor (M. Léger) was constantly receiving fresh orders, and 800*l.* a year became quite insufficient to meet that functionary's little bills. Now the Comte de Rémusat, who knew that the Emperor hated any disorder in his accounts, was foolishly afraid to speak to him on the subject. Meanwhile M. Léger became pressing in his demands for payment. At first he sent in his bill every month, then every fortnight, then every week, then twice a week, then every day; but the Master of the Robes continued to return unsatisfactory answers. At length M. Léger, whose patience was exhausted, took the bold step of complaining to the Emperor in person, at the very moment that his Majesty was trying on a new uniform. With astonishment and anger Napoleon learned that he owed his tailor 1,200*l.* The same day he paid the bill and dismissed M. de Rémusat from his post, which was given to M. de Montesquiou-Fézensac, a chamberlain in the imperial household. "I hope Monsieur le Comte," said Napoleon, between a smile and a frown, to the newly-appointed master, "that you will not expose me to the disgrace of being dunned for the breeches I am wearing." Frederic the Great regulated this department of expenditure in a much simpler way: he had but one fine gala dress, which lasted him all his life, for he took care not to soil it. His work-day suits were shabbier than those which gentlemen abandon to their valets—the waistcoat pockets crammed with snuff, and the rest of the apparel liberally sprinkled with the same pungent powder. The king's most amiable weakness—if indeed

it can be called one—was his partiality for dogs. Several of these favorites were allowed to occupy the best arm-chairs in the royal study, and were not teased when they acted as dogs will act. "After all," said Frederic, "a Pompadour would cost me much more." But Frederic had other weaknesses which were not equally amiable.

On the whole, the Great Slovens have probably been as numerous as the Great Dandies; and few will deny that utter carelessness as to personal appearance is at least as much of a weakness as its opposite. The well-known text which some worthy people have put forward on this subject does not, when properly translated, enjoin us to "take no thought," but only "not to be over-anxious," in respect of what we shall put on.

Johnson, perhaps the greatest sloven of all ages, said one of the best things ever uttered against the puritanical view of this matter. "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." Slovenliness seems to have been rather a weakness of lawyers, as well as of literary men—*pace* the Bar and the Press of to-day. If in society we except "present company," so in writing we exclude persons living. Lord Kenyon was so terrible a sloven that one wonders George III. never scolded him about his personal appearance, as his Majesty once did in respect of his unlucky habit of misquoting classical authors.

"I wish, my Lord," the King was pleased to remark, "that you would leave off your bad Latin and stick to your good law."

Kenyon's law was certainly good; but the judge had a weakness as well as the man. As his biographer puts it, "Lord Kenyon trusted too much to the power of the terrors of the law in guarding the right of property from fraud or violence; and he inflicted death (a great deal too often) as the most terrible, and therefore the most preventive, punishment." The weakness, however, was of the understanding, and not of the heart; the Chief Justice being very far from a man of cruel disposition, as the following anecd-

dote, at once ghastly and affecting, bears witness. He had passed sentence of death upon a young woman who had been found guilty of theft, but had intimated that he meant to recommend her to mercy. The young woman only heard the formula of the sentence, in its horrible precision of language, and fainted away. Lord Kenyon, evidently much agitated, called out, "I don't mean to hang you. Will nobody tell her that I don't mean to hang her?"

For the disciple of Mr. Carlyle the word *Clothes* has acquired a wide extension of meaning; and Herr Teufelsdröck might have smiled approval of the Monacan irreconcilable's warning, "*Rabagas, on commence par une culotte, et on finit par une décoration.*" Ever since titles and ribands were invented, a desire for them has been the weakness of great minds, and of minds that seemed in all things else the very types of common sense. Our rugged Cromwell longed to be called King Oliver; and Louis Philippe, with all his liberalism, was grieved at heart because his subjects would not let him take the style of Louis XIX., and because they made him King of the French, instead of King of France and Navarre. M. Guizot has told us of the genuine pleasure experienced by his Sovereign when the Queen of England conferred on him the order of the Garter. Once he had the blue riband, Louis Philippe fancied he could no longer be sneered at as "King of the Barricades," but would be looked on as a thoroughly orthodox monarch, and a member of the most select society in the world. A similar weakness is said to have been displayed by a man who was, perhaps, one of the mainstays of the Orleans dynasty. He was the first member of a famous house of bankers, who settled in Paris; and is said to have taken very seriously to heart the title of Baron, conferred on him by the Emperor of Austria. According to M. Larchey, the great financier never travelled without a certain purse in Russian leather, on which a Baron's coronet was more than conspicuous. In the course of a certain journey he stopped at Lyons, and, it being early in the morning, entered a restaurant, where he asked for a *bouillon*, which French-bred persons think a cheering thing to begin the day with.

Having despatched the *bouillon*, M. de R—— took out the famous purse, and asked for the bill. The waiter, espying the coronet, but not being versed in heraldic lore, thought it safest to address the stranger as "Monsieur le Duc." M. de R—— gave but five sous of *pourboire*, and observed with that accent, of which the secret has died with him, "*Che ne suis pas tuc.*" By-and-by he came back to lunch. The same waiter served him, and proved quite as attentive as in the morning. Only this time he addressed the customer as "Monsieur le Comte." The banker gave him five francs for himself, but observed, at the same time, "*Che ne suis pas gonte.*" A couple of hours later, on his way to the station, M. de R—— stepped in once more, to take a cup of coffee. The waiter, much mystified, ventured to call him "Monsieur le Baron," and received a louis d'or by way of tip, while the giver added, with an air of grave satisfaction, these words, "*Oui—che suis paron.*"

Altogether, the number of great men, who seemed hardly to understand how much above the symbols of external greatness they stood, is painfully large. In that list is our William III., of all persons, who took a strange pleasure in wearing the actual corporeal crown of England, and the royal robes in which majesty is entitled to wrap itself, when to majesty seemeth good. Sir William Hamilton, again, devoted too many of the best hours of his early manhood to fishing a baronetcy (which he fancied necessary to his well-being) out of the obscurity of the seventeenth century. But for those lost hours, the Philosophy of the Conditioned might have been more completely thought out. Bacon and (in a lesser degree) Scott afford melancholy examples of a similar weakness, and its vexatious, not to say tragic, consequences.

Again, though a contempt for titles and decorations (especially since their relative value has changed) has been common enough for many a day, one cannot help thinking that the refusal of them has in not a few cases proceeded from the same motive which made others seek them. The weakness of false pride was shown not more by the Macedonian conqueror who proclaimed himself a god, than by the philosopher in the tub

who was rude to him. Indeed, it was an excellent answer that Alexander made when some one praised Antipater in his hearing because that officer refused to follow the Asiatic fashions which were being adopted by his colleagues, and continued to wear black while they wore purple. "Yes," said the King; "but Antipater is all purple within." The virtue of some persons is unpleasantly ferocious. One cannot help regretting, for instance, that Bentham, when the Czar Alexander sent him a diamond ring, did not decline it—if he must have declined it—with less of a flourish of trumpets. There is something that jars on one's mind in that message about its not being his mission to receive diamond rings from emperors, but to teach nations the lessons of wisdom—or words much to that effect. Who had ever supposed it was his mission to receive diamond rings from anybody? The humility of men who are much talked about is seldom a perfectly genuine article. Did they really think nothing of themselves they would be more than human. Anent this matter, there is a curious story told of St. Philip Neri, who was commissioned by the Pope to inquire into the truth of certain miracles alleged to have been worked by a nun. St. Philip employed a very simple test. He resolved to ascertain whether the nun had true humility, which, as one of the cardinal virtues, must be possessed by any one before he or she can receive the gift of performing signs and wonders. Entering her cell with a pair of dirty boots on, he pulled them off, threw them at her head, and ordered her to clean them. Vehement and shrilly expressed was the indignation of the lady; whereat St. Philip reported to His Holiness that a new saint had not arisen to edify the Church.

Among the rare instances of true Christian humility with which we meet in that long record of struggles for precedence designated as history, is one singularly affecting. Madame Mailly, the first mistress of Louis XV., is said, after her loss of the King's favor, to have led a life of unaffected piety and devotion. As the French annalist quaintly puts it, "She loved God as she had loved the King." One day, being late for church, she had some difficulty in

reaching her usual seat. Several persons had to rise to let her pass, chairs had to be pushed back, and some little confusion resulted. An ill-tempered man snarled out, "That it was a pretty noise to make for a ——" "Since you know her," replied Madame de Mailly, "pray the good God for her." Still, Madame de Mailly would have done better to be punctual.

It is to be feared that the most common weaknesses of great men are of the same kind as those of little men. Formidable indeed would be the full and accurate list of illustrious gluttons, illustrious tipplers, and illustrious persons who smoked more tobacco than was good for them. In some rare cases, their weakness occasionally brought forth their strength: the conversation of Addison; many a speech of Sheridan's and of the younger Pitt's; a few songs of Schiller's were doubtless instances of the power of wine to stimulate the mental faculties. Indeed Schiller seems to have for a long time habitually written under the influence of a bottle of Rhenish, with which he would lock himself up in the evening, and write cheerily through the hours of the night. But unquestionably the most astonishing feat of this kind was Blackstone's composition of his "Commentaries" over successive bottles of port. One feels almost respect for the hardness of a head which could think out so clearly under such an influence some of the stiffest points of a jurisprudence which, so to say, had neither head nor tail. In speaking of the classic age of English eloquence, one must except the greatest name of all from the list of Bacchic orators. Fox could drink, and alas! get drunk; but, as a rule, he appears to have postponed his sacrifices to Dionysus till after the debates, which he could the more easily do as he lived chiefly by night. Pitt would jestingly complain that in this respect his rival took a mean advantage of him. He himself rose tolerably early; and being generally Prime Minister—the expression sounds strange in these days, but is strictly accurate—he was occupied with official business till it was time to go to the House of Commons, when he was, perhaps, already fagged and jaded with work.

Very different was Fox's mode of life

during the session. At noon, or one o'clock, his friends would call on their chief and find him in bed, or lounging about in his night-shirt, looking extremely unkempt and (if the truth must be told) dirty. A conversation would follow; plans would be arranged; and by-and-by, his toilette done and a cup of tea swallowed, Fox would stroll down, fresh and vigorous towards St. Stephen's, to speak as no orator ever spoke since Demosthenes.

Tobacco has not till lately been so common a weakness of the great as the fermented juice of the grape; but famous smokers would still make a mighty and revered company. Among the earliest of Britain's worthies whose devotion to the weed was excessive, may be cited Hobbes. In Dr. Kennet's *Memoirs of the Cavendish Family* will be found a very interesting account of the way in which the author of the *Leviathan* loved to spend his day. "His professed rule of health was to dedicate the morning to his exercise, and the afternoon to his studies. At his first rising, therefore, he walked out and climbed any hill within his reaching; or, if the weather was not dry, he fatigued himself within doors by some exercise or other, to be in a sweat.

After this he took a comfortable breakfast; and then went round the lodgings to wait upon the earl, the countess, and the children, and any considerable strangers, paying some short addresses to all of them. [He was then living with Lord Devonshire, sometimes at Chatsworth and sometimes at Hardwicke.] He kept these rounds till about twelve o'clock, when he had a little dinner provided for him, which he ate always by himself without ceremony. Soon after dinner he retired to his study, and had his candle with ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours."

Whatever may have been the abstract merits of Hobbes's regimen, it appears to have agreed with him, for he lived over ninety-one years. The worst effect of the ten or twelve daily pipes was probably to intensify the natural irritability of his disposition; for the soothing influence of tobacco is only temporary, while its permanent effect is the opposite of calming. So at least more than one

distinguished physician has averred. That Hobbes was terribly peevish in his old age there can be no doubt. We read that "he did not easily brook contradiction." And, to put it mildly, he had a somewhat excessive opinion of his own powers. It was one of his boasts, for instance, that "though physics were a new science, yet civil philosophy was still newer, since it could not be styled older than his book *De Cive*." One hardly remembers a more conceited observation, unless it be Cobbett's advice to young people as to the best books for them to read:—"Read my books. This does, it will doubtless be said, smell of the shop. No matter. Experience has taught me, &c." Among Cobbett's weaknesses seems to have been a love of ale; or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, a belief that ale was pre-ordained by the celestial powers as the natural and fit liquor for Britons to quaff. The drinking of tea, which was becoming common with every order of society in his time, moved him to the fiercest indignation; as it had in a former generation excited the fears of Duncan Forbes, who conceived that the brewing interest would be ruined by the general adoption of the new beverage. The Lord President of the Court of Session is reported to have rigorously forbidden the consumption of tea by his own servants—even to have dismissed a housemaid who was taken pot-handed in the act. Duncan Forbes little dreamed that the day would come when statesmen would be loudly urged to support the Tea interest and discourage the Beer interest. To return for a moment to Cobbett, it would be unjust not to acknowledge that he was himself of exemplary sobriety in an exceedingly tipsy age. Indeed he recommends pure water as well as ale. But these two were, he thought, the only rational drinks. His opinion may remind some of Sydney Smith's statement that, when he went to reside in Somersetshire, the servants he had brought with him from Yorkshire seemed to think the making of cider a tempting of Providence, which had clearly intended malt, and not apples, as the legitimate produce out of which man should find the means of intoxication.

After all, there were some grave reasons for Cobbett's objection to the



habitual consumption of tea and coffee (he denominated them both under the generic term of "slops"); more than one writer on the science of diet being of opinion that nature destined them rather as medicines than as daily beverages. Both the one and the other have been the weakness of hundreds to whose intellects the world owes some of its choicest treasures. Sir James Mackintosh went so far as to say that the power of a man's mind would generally be found to be in proportion to the amount of coffee he drank. How well Cowper loved tea, and how well he sang its praises, we all know. As to Dante, so to him, the evening brought the pleasantest hours of the twenty-four:—

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast;  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in!

Yet one may suspect that frequent cups of tea did not improve the nervous system of the unhappy poet; though he had other weaknesses which were of themselves sufficient to account for the final ruin of his mind.

Innumerable have been the varieties of human weaknesses in respect of things edible and potable. We forget the name of the French lady who said she would commit a baseness for the sake of fried potatoes. More than one person may have only wanted her candor to make a similar avowal of excessive affection for a particular dish. The English king who died of a surfeit of peaches and new ale was hardly a great man; but the king who died of lampreys was in the first rank of the statesmen and warriors of his age, to say nothing of being something of a scholar into the bargain. Englishmen have small affection for the memory of Philip II., who irreparably ruined his digestion by immoderate indulgence in pastry; but he is still regarded by Spaniards as one of their greatest monarchs. To turn to men of unquestioned genius, Byron's most innocent passion seems to have been for soda-water, on which at one time he almost subsisted, with the aid of dry biscuits. Apparently Beckford had a similar weakness for the gaseous fluid. During the three days and two nights of continuous

work in which he composed *Vathek*, soda-water was his principal sustenance.

The names of Byron and Beckford, unequal as they are, both call to mind one of the most frequent and most troublesome failings of the great, and of those who for their brief day were thought great. "England's wealthiest son" and England's cleverest son were, the one and the other, incorrigible posers. In spite of Mr. Matthew Arnold's fine lines, one may suspect that Byron did not allow "the pageant of his bleeding heart" to lose in effect from want of careful arrangement. "It is ridiculous to imagine," observed the blunt common sense of Macaulay, "that a man whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures would publish three or four books every year in order to tell them so; or that a man who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it, would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child." Among other distinguished *farceurs*, as the French plainly term persons who act off the stage, everybody will readily place Louis XIV. and Napoleon I. (perhaps also Napoleon III.); and, reluctantly, Chatham, together with Burke, whose dagger exhibition is hopelessly indefensible. Rousseau is perhaps the prince of the tribe; though Diderot has not inconsiderable claims to occupy that bad eminence. Devaines, indeed, gives a wonderful account of the latter's genius for what might be called domestic tragedy. As the statesman knew the writer well (and was always accounted a veracious chronicler), there is no valid reason for refusing him credence. On the eve of Diderot's departure for Russia, Devaines went to say good-bye to him. Diderot, as he assures us, received him with tears in his eyes, and led him into his study; where, in a voice choked with sobs, he broke forth into a monologue in these terms: "You see before you a man in despair! I have passed through the most cruel possible of scenes for a father and a husband. My wife. . . . My daughter. . . . Ah! how can I separate myself from them, after having been a witness to their heartrending grief! We were at table; I sat with one on either side of me: no strangers, as you may be sure. I wished to give to

them and to them alone my last moments. What a dinner! What a spectacle of desolation! . . . We could neither eat nor drink. . . . Ah! my friend, how sweet it is to be loved by beings so tender, but how terrible to quit them! No; I shall not have that hateful courage. What are the cajoleries of power compared with the outpourings of nature? I stay; I have made up my mind; I will not abandon my wife and daughter; I will not be their executioner: for, my friend, believe me, my departure would be their death." As the philosopher spoke, he leaned over his friend, and bedewed M. Devaines's waistcoat with his tears. Before the friend had time to answer with a few words of sympathy, Madame Diderot suddenly burst into the room. The impassioned address which she proceeded to deliver had at least the merit of sincerity:—"And pray, M. Diderot, what are you doing there? You lose your time in talking stuff, and forget your luggage. Nothing will be ready to-morrow. You know you ought to be off early in the morning; yet there you are at your fine phrases, and your business taking care of itself. See what comes of dining out instead of staying at home. You promised me, too, that you wouldn't go to-day! But everybody can command you, except us. Ah! what a man! My goodness, what a man!" Devaines with difficulty kept his countenance, and lost no time in beating a retreat. Next day he was not surprised to learn that Diderot had managed to tear himself from his wife and daughter, and that they appeared to be bearing his absence with resignation.

The truth is, that, on a careful survey of the facts, one is forced to the conclusion that Diderot made the journey partly in order to escape from the beloved one, who was a model of constancy and devotion, but had a shrill voice, which, again, was the exponent of a quick temper. He was very poor, and had advertised his library for sale. Catharine II. generously purchased it at its full price; then appointed Diderot its custodian, at a handsome salary, fifty years of which was paid in advance. It was not even required that the books should be brought to St. Petersburg. Diderot, however, determined to go and thank

the Empress in person, which was no doubt a graceful resolution on his part. Only there was no especial reason why he should have stayed several months in Holland on the way, even if we admit that the most direct route to the capital of the Czars lay through that country. Once at the court of Catharine he was petted and made much of, as may well be believed; and his delight knew no bounds. From St. Petersburg he wrote to Mdlle. Voland that "while in a country called the land of freemen, he felt as a slave; but now, in a country called the land of slaves, he felt like a freeman." Either Diderot saw things Muscovite through rose-colored spectacles, or a certain orthodox empire has been progressing backwards, as Americans say, for the last century.

"The first step towards philosophy," said Diderot, on his death-bed, "is incredulity." Whatever may be the worth of this axiom, one is tempted, after a perusal of the *Religieuse*, to think that an excessive credulity was among the author's intellectual weaknesses. At any rate, it is clear that no scandal in respect of monks or nuns was too black or too improbable for Diderot to give it credit. Of course, the wish was father to the belief.

The credulous suspicion with which Diderot regarded a numerous class of his fellow-beings is supposed to have been the feeling with which Talleyrand regarded the whole human race. As a matter of fact, the Prince does not seem to have thought so ill of our common nature; but he had a weakness for saying "good things," which may be defined as bad things, about other people. And one of his happiest *mots* was merely a witty reproof of that spirit which greedily catches at the suggestion of a hidden motive for the plainest action. Some one told him that M. de Sémonville had a bad cold. "What interest can M. de Sémonville have in: catching cold?" quoth Talleyrand. Yet, if Napoleon's greatest Minister had been a more suspicious person than he really was, there would have been some excuse for him. His youth was passed in a very hotbed of intrigue and back-stairs influence; and, if we are to admit as trustworthy the evidence of Chamfort (as there seems no reason why we should not), Talleyrand's

own mother may have given him some strange lessons in the art of getting on. Certainly, there was no very healthy moral to be drawn from such a history as the following:—A woman was plaintiff or defendant—it matters not which—in an action about to be tried by the Parliament of Dijon. To gain her cause, it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to try and get some great person to say a word to the judges in her favor. With this end in view she went to Paris, and begged the Keeper of the Seals to intercede for her. On the Keeper's refusal, she applied to the Countess of Talleyrand, who, taking an interest in the woman, wrote herself to the Minister, but with no better success than her *protégée*. Madame de Talleyrand then remembered that her son, the Abbé de Périgord (the future Bishop of Autun) was somewhat of a favorite with the Keeper of the Seals; to whom, accordingly, at his mother's request, the hopeful young ecclesiastic was induced to write. A third refusal was the result of this third application. The fair litigant, with an energy worthy of a better object, now determined to go to Versailles, and seek to see the Minister. The coach in which she went was so uncomfortable that she got down at Sèvres, intending to walk the rest of the way. She had not proceeded far before she fell in with a man who, on her asking to be shown the way, offered to take her by a short cut. They began to talk, and she told him of her trouble. He said, "Tomorrow you shall have what you require." She looked at him, astonished, but made no answer. Arrived at Versailles, she succeeded in obtaining the same day an audience of the Minister, who, however, declined to comply with her request. Meanwhile her new friend had waited for her outside. On her re-appearance he begged of her to stay at Versailles for the night—next day she would hear tidings of him. On the following morning he brought her just such a letter from the Keeper of the Seals as she had prayed for. Who was this walking Providence? A clerk's clerk, named Étienne. Whence his power? The father of mischief only knew.

*Apropos* of the administration of law in olden France, it is a mournful confession to have to make that Henri IV. was

not a sufficiently wise and virtuous ruler to refrain from tampering with the independence of his own judges. On one occasion, for instance, he sent for M. de Turin, who was to give judgment in the case of M. de Bouillon *v.* M. de Bouillon la Mark, and, without preamble, said, "M. de Turin, I wish M. de Bouillon to win his suit." "Very well, Sire," replied the judge; "there is nothing easier; I will send you the papers, and you shall decide the case yourself." With which words he withdrew; when some observed to the King, "Your Majesty does not know that man—he is quite bold enough to do what he has said." The King sent after him; and, sure enough, the messenger found the worthy magistrate loading a porter with brief-bags, and directing him to take them to the palace. Tallemant des Réaux is responsible for the story. Henri's grandson naturally inherited this royal weakness for being to his subjects all in all; but even Louis XIV. occasionally found a man who could face him. Thus, the Chancellor Voisin positively refused to affix the seals to a pardon, the proposed object of the monarch's clemency being known to the Minister to be an irreclaimable scoundrel. The King took the seals and acted for the nonce as his own Chancellor; then returned them to their regular custodian. "I cannot accept them," replied Voisin; "they are polluted." "What a man!" exclaimed Louis, half impatiently and half admiringly, as it should seem; for he threw the pardon into the fire; upon which the Chancellor consented to resume the seals.

Louis's idea that he might, at a pinch, seal his own ordinances, was not unworthy of Frederic the Great, who was ready himself to discharge every possible function of the body politic, and was at once the eye, the tongue, and the right hand of the State—occasionally, if one might push the simile so far, its foot, and booted foot, as the shins of the judges who would not take their Sovereign's view of Miller Arnold's case might have testified. Probably Frederic's love of doing even the official drudgery of his dominions may have proceeded, if we examine its final cause, from much the same reason as that which impelled him to labor at the composition of French verses. It was an ambition (and no mean ambition

had it been attainable), not only to be first of all, but to be first in all things. As the Homeric chieftain was proud to be a stout spearman as well as a skilled leader, so Frederic apparently longed to be the intellectual as well as the civil head of the commonwealth which he had almost reconstructed to its foundations. Mr. Irving mentions a trait of Columbus, which is sufficient evidence of a very similar weakness in the discoverer of the New World. Columbus had somewhat childishly set his heart on being the first to see land with the human eye, as if it were not enough glory to have discovered it with the eye of science, enlightened by imagination. Such as it was, Columbus fancied he had achieved the lesser as well as the greater distinction. His claim, however, was disputed by a common sailor, who, as may well be imagined, had small chance of being believed before the Admiral. Maddened with disappointment at the loss of the splendid reward which had been promised, and which he had hoped to obtain, the unhappy man is said to have sworn at once his country and his faith, and to have taken service with the Moors. One can only hope he was never made prisoner by his compatriots, for the Inquisition would have made short work with him. But Columbus does not come well out of the story.

Other weaknesses of great men for doing little things have proved less harmful to others and to their own reputation. Among them may be cited Rossini's passion for making macaroni after a peculiar and, it must be admitted, an excellent fashion. He seemed as proud of his culinary accomplishments as of having composed *William Tell*, which masterpiece, as will be remembered, closed his operatic career. The reason Rossini alleged for passing the last forty years of his life in almost complete idleness was akin to that weakness of timidity which made Gerard Hamilton\* silent

after his single speech. "An additional success," said Rossini, "would add nothing to my fame; a failure would injure it. I have no need of the one, and I do not choose to expose myself to the other."

Goldsmith's fond belief that he possessed a knowledge of medicine is known to all. Possibly it hastened his death, for he would prescribe for himself. Eugene Sue labored under a delusion of the same kind; only for his there was some slight ground in fact, the author of the *Mysteries of Paris* having actually been a regimental surgeon in his youth. It must be admitted, too, that a droll anecdote about Sue's performances in his later years indicates rather that he was sometimes very drunk than that he utterly lacked professional skill. He had one day dined with his friend Romieu at the Café de Paris, and had dined well—in fact, they had both dined well; and as they sauntered along the Boulevards, by way of aiding digestion, Romieu slipped, fell down, and hurt his leg. Sue called a cab, put his friend in, and drove home, where he dressed the wound. He then put Romieu to bed, and settled himself into an arm-chair for the night. Next morning he hastened to examine the wound, only to discover that he had tended the wrong leg.

Few, indeed, are the men who have been great in more than one department of human knowledge and skill; though (if one may avail one-self of the Oxford terminology) there have been a respectable number who have combined a first-class reputation in one field of distinction with a second-class in another. It is pleasant, in this year of the Rubens' Tercentenary, to remember that the famous painter acquitted himself with credit in a diplomatic capacity. A lady once asked Casanova "whether Rubens had not been an ambassador who amused himself with painting." "I beg pardon, madam," replied the artist; "he was a painter who amused himself with embassies." One shudders to think of the depths of ignorance or impertinence the lady's question reveals.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

\* It may not be generally known that, once across St. George's Channel, Hamilton became more courageous. He often spoke with effect in the Irish House of Commons; it was only at Westminster that he remained mute.



## SEA-LIONS.

THE domestication of a pair of 'sea-lions' at the Brighton Aquarium, and the subsequent addition, some few months ago, of a 'little stranger' to this interesting family circle, afford an opportunity for a brief description of some of the more prominent points in the structure and habits of these little-known animals. The name 'sea-lion,' to begin with, is by no means so inappropriate or far fetched as popular designations are usually found to be, when submitted to scientific criticism. For the 'sea-lion' is included by zoologists along with the seals and walruses in the great Carnivorous order of quadrupeds, to which, it need hardly be remarked, the lions, tigers, bears, dogs, and other flesh-eaters belong. The sea-lion is in fact a large seal, and seals and walruses are simply marine bears; and if we can imagine the body of a familiar bear to be somewhat elongated, and that the limbs were converted into swimming paddles, we should obtain a rough but essentially correct idea of the zoological position of the seals and their neighbors.

But whilst the seals and sea-lions are united with the walruses to form a special group of carnivorous quadrupeds, adapted to lead a life in the sea, there exist some very prominent points of difference between the common seals and the less familiar sea-lions. The sea-lions and their nearest allies are thus sometimes named 'Eared' seals, from the possession of an outer ear; the latter appendage being absent in the common or True seals. And whilst the common seals waddle in a most ungainly fashion on land, the sea-lions are able to 'walk,' if not elegantly, at least with a better show of comfort than their more familiar neighbors. A glance at the structure of the sea-lion's feet, or better still, a comparison of its members with those of the seal, shews the reason of its greater skill and ability in progression on the land. The fore-limbs of the seal are, so to speak, buried in the skin, below the elbow; only a small part of the fore-arm and hand being thus free from the body. The hind-limbs of the seals, again, exist in a permanently extended condition, and are disposed backwards

in a line with the tail and body. The hind-limbs, moreover, are frequently united with the tail by means of a connecting fold of skin, and the whole hinder extremity of the body in a seal may thus be regarded as forming a large tail-fin. In swimming the fore-limbs of the seal are applied closely to the sides of the body and serve as rudders; whilst the hinder portion of the body, hinder limbs, and tail, constitute the swimming-organs—a work for which by their great flexibility they are perfectly adapted.

In the sea-lions, on the other hand, the fore-limbs are free from the skin and body to a much greater extent than in the seals. The 'hand' itself in the sea-lion is exceedingly flexible, although completely enclosed in a horny or leathery skin. The thumbs of this hand further exist in a well developed state; all five fingers being of nearly the same length in the seal. As regards the hind-feet of the sea-lion, these members, like the fore-limbs, are freely separated from the body, at least as far as the ankle and foot are concerned, and the foot is turned outwards, forcibly reminding one of the conformation of that organ in the bear. But we may only note by way of conclusion to these zoological characters that the teeth of the sea-lion are decidedly of a carnivorous type. Any one regarding the skull of a sea-lion could readily form the idea that the animal which possessed it was a flesh-eater. These animals usually possess thirty-six teeth; the 'eye' teeth being of very large size, and so placed in the jaws that any substance entering the mouth is firmly held by these teeth and the adjoining front teeth. The 'grinders' of the sea-lion are small, and do not appear to be of any very great use to the animal. These creatures swallow their food—consisting of fishes, molluscs, and sea-birds—whole, and when a large fish is divided in two, the portion retained in the mouth is swallowed; the portion which tumbles into the water being afterwards seized and duly swallowed in its turn.

That the sea-lions are by no means destitute of the craft and cunning of their land-neighbors, is proved by the

fact that they capture such birds as the penguins by lying motionless in the water, allowing merely the tip of the nose to appear at the surface. The unwary bird, swooping down upon the floating object, presumed to consist of something eatable, is then seized and devoured by the concealed enemy.

Sea-lions may be regarded as the unknown, or at any rate unrecognised benefactors of the fair sex, inasmuch as, from the rich *under-fur* which they possess, the favorite material known as 'seal-skin' is obtained. This latter name is entirely misleading in its nature; the much prized material being the produce of the sea-lion and not of a true seal. The possession of this valuable under-fur has contributed very largely to the causes of the indiscriminate attack which has for years past been made upon the sea-lions. The spirit of commercial enterprise has resulted in a war of extermination against these animals in certain regions, from the effects of which it is doubtful if the species can ultimately recover.

The sea-lions differ materially from the seals in their geographical distribution. The latter animals, as every casual reader of a natural history text-book knows, inhabit temperate and northern seas. The sea-lions, on the other hand, are found to be absent from all parts of the Atlantic Ocean save its most southern portions. They are common on the South American coasts, and are found inhabiting island-groups which may be regarded as belonging to the same zoological province as the latter continent. The mouth of the River Plate is stated as the most northern boundary of these animals on the eastern side of South America, whilst on the western or Pacific side of the New World they are found on the Californian coasts, and are even met with on the coasts of the Aleutian Isles and of Japan. The Pribylov Islands, included in the Alaska group, are regarded as forming the most northerly point of the sea-lions' distribution; and these islands—now in the possession of the United States—together with the Falkland Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, still form the three chief sources from which the seal-fur or seal-skin of commerce is obtained. It is also well ascertained that sea-lions occur at Ker-

guelen's Land, on the New Zealand coasts, on the Tasmanian shores, and the east and south coasts of Australia.

The average length of a large male sea-lion ranges from six to seven or eight feet, his weight averaging six hundred pounds. The females are of much smaller size than the males, and measure from four and a half to five feet in length; their weight being from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. These animals, as might be expected, grow slowly, and attain their full dimensions the males in six, and the females in four years. The habits of these animals are not only of curious and interesting nature, but evince a decidedly high order of intelligence. The haunts of the sea-lions are, in whalers' parlance, named 'rookeries'; and in the disposition of what may be termed their domestic arrangements, as well as in the regulation of their family and personal matters, these creatures appear to be guided by instincts which, like the social order of the ants and bees, are duly perpetuated, and have become of hereditary character. The sea-lions are migratory in habits, and disappear from the majority of the haunts and breeding-places in winter. The males are few in number as compared with the females or 'cows,' as they are termed; and each male receives under his protection a larger or smaller number of females; the oldest males possessing the largest number of dependants. In the early spring, some old males appear to return first to the haunts and do duty as reconnoitring parties; the advance-guard swimming about for several days, then landing and cautiously investigating the state of the land; their shore-visits being spent in a state of perpetual sniffing, and in the careful examination of their old haunt. About a month or six weeks after the arrival of the advance-guard, and after the inspection of the land has been duly carried out, sure signs of the coming race begin to appear in the form of hundreds of males, who select advantageous positions on the beach, and await the arrival of their partners. Nor is the period of waiting an uneventful one. The best situations on the beach are fought for with eagerness, not to say ferocity. The descriptions given of the combats of the males indicate that they

are of the most sanguinary description; frequent mutilations being the results of this fight for a place on the reception-ground.

On the arrival of the females, the younger males appear to do duty as ushers, in marshalling the 'cows' to their places on the rocks and cliffs above the beach; and the work of the selection of mates by the males proceeds apace, until each happy family, consisting of a male with a dozen or fifteen cows, has been duly constituted. The progress of selection and sea-lion courtship is frequently, we regret to say, attended with disastrous consequences to the lady-members of the community. When a male, envious of the choice of his neighbor, sees an opportunity, he does not hesitate to avail himself of the chance, and not only to covet but literally to steal his neighbor's mate. The desired 'cow' is unceremoniously lifted in the mouth of the captor, and transferred with all possible expedition to his own family group. Great is the sorrow of the bereaved male; but woe to both intruder and female should the thief be discovered in the act! A fierce and sanguinary fight ensues, and the hapless, passive, and altogether innocent cause of the combat, may get dreadfully injured while the combat lasts.

The young sea-lions usually appear to be born almost immediately after the parents have landed and been allocated to their respective establishments. One young is produced at a birth; the infant sea-lion being of black color and attaining the length of a foot. When they are four weeks old, they enter the water, and speedily become expert in swimming and diving; but it is alleged, and on good authority, that occasionally the females encounter refractory offspring, and have to exercise great patience in coaxing unwilling youngsters to enter the sea. The families have settled down to their wonted existence by the beginning of August; and we are informed that during the whole of the period which intervenes between the arrival of the females and the period last mentioned, the males have not only been most assiduous in their attendance upon their families, but that they have also been existing independently of any nutriment. The males exemplify a case of living upon self, and appear to subsist by the reabsorption of their fatty matters; in the same fashion as the bears,

which retire fat and well nourished to their winter-quarters, and appear in the succeeding spring in a lean and emaciated condition.

Regarding the sea-lions and their young at present in captivity in the Brighton Aquarium, it is interesting to note the incidents connected with the first 'bath' of baby *Otaria*. This prodigy in the way of an aquarium specimen, tumbled accidentally into the water of his tank, and apparently caused his mamma much anxiety. It is stated that he plunged voluntarily into the water on a subsequent occasion, and appeared to be perfectly at home in his native element; swimming and diving with all the dexterity of an accomplished professor of the art of natation. Being startled by some sound, the young otaria dived beneath the surface of the water, the mother seizing her progeny by the neck, and swimming ashore with it in her mouth. On the occasion of the writer's visit to the Brighton Aquarium, the mother and young were disporting themselves in the water; the male sitting up in the tank, and giving vent to repeated sounds, resembling exactly the hoarse bark of a dog. We may heartily re-echo the wish that the happiness and amenity of this interesting family may be disturbed by no untoward accident, if for no other reason that they exist among us as the representatives of a most interesting and now comparatively scarce group of quadrupeds.

It has often been disputed by naturalists whether or not the sea-lions possess a mane. There can be no doubt that the old males of one species at any rate, the *Otaria jubata* or Cook's sea-lion, the most common form on the South American coasts, possess a mane on the neck and shoulders. Nine or ten different species of sea-lions are known to zoologists, these species being distinguished from each other by very distinct variations in the form and structure of the skull, in the fur, &c. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the recognition of the exact species to which a sea-lion belongs is frequently a very difficult matter, owing to the differences perceptible in the fur of the two sexes and in the fur of either sex, at different ages.

The complaints of zoologists regarding the ill-regulated and indiscriminate slaughter of the sea-lions are, it is to be feared, as well founded as have been our own

repeated remonstrances against the wholesale slaughter of seals. The United States government, however, it is satisfactory to learn, still regulate their sea-lion fisheries at the Pribilof Islands in a methodical manner. Thus the young males alone are killed, and the period during which they are taken extends from June to October; whilst the total number of sea-lions killed annually is limited. In the South Sea Islands, these animals were killed in such numbers that they are now exceedingly scarce; British and Americans alike, slaying the sea-lions without in the slightest

degree discriminating between the sexes, or between young and old seals. It is to be hoped, for the sake of science as well as of commerce, that time has taught us wisdom in this respect. We have seen how necessary legislation has become to insure the prosperity of our home-fisheries; and now that the Royal Commissioners have finished their labors in behalf of crabs and lobsters, salmon and herring, it would be well for the public interests if Mr. Frank Buckland and his coadjutors were empowered to look after the sea-lion and the seal.—*Chambers' Journal*.

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MEISSONIER.

BY THE EDITOR.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER, the most famous of modern French genre painters, was born in Lyons, France, in the year 1811 according to some authorities, and in 1813 according to others. He studied art in Paris under Léon Cogniet, and in 1836 exhibited his "Little Messenger," which first attracted attention to his peculiar powers. Since then he has become perhaps the most popular and certainly the best paid of contemporary French painters, and may be said to have contributed more than any other artist to the predominance of the genre school. Among his best known pictures are "The Chess Players," "The Reader," "A Game of Piquet," "The Skittle Players," "The Lecture chez Diderot," and "The Smoker." The most characteristic features of his art are the smallness of his canvases and the exquisite delicacy and finish of his execution. "But not only is there finish," says a recent critic, "there is great fidelity, and a large grasp of a subject; in small, which is supposed to have been attained by Meissonier from his wise habit of continuing to sketch his subjects of life size—as, according to the painter's dictum, no artist can paint well small what he cannot give with equal correctness large. . . . Meissonier's claims to fame rest on the fineness of his observation and skill of hand; and so marked are these qualities, and so uncommon the degree of excellence to which he has brought them in his very small pictures,

that he has a high place of his own in modern French art."

Though his miniatures, however, are considered most characteristic of his art, Meissonier has, especially of late, adventured quite a number of large pictures, into which he carries the studiously elaborate finish that distinguishes his smaller works. In 1864 he exhibited "The Emperor at Solferino," a grand historic and military study, and in 1867 "A Charge of Cavalry," which was sold for 150,000 francs, and is now in a private gallery at Cincinnati. His latest picture of this sort is entitled "1806," and is noted for its striking portrait of Napoleon on horseback, and for its spirited rendering of both cavalry and infantry soldiers. It was purchased at an immense price (said to be sixty thousand dollars) by the late A. T. Stewart, and now forms one of the masterpieces of the Stewart collection. Meissonier is said to be painting for the next Salon a picture which is to form a pendant to the celebrated "Charge of Cavalry." It is an early morning scene, and represents cuirassiers in line of battle ready for action.

Besides his paintings, Meissonier has made designs for Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, for "Paul and Virginia," and for several other books. In 1846 he was created a knight of the Legion of Honor, and in 1863 a member of the French Institute. His pictures have long been particularly popular with American buyers, and many of them are to be found in this country.







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NEISSONIER.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. Transcendentalism, with Preludes on Current Events. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

ONE of the inevitable penalties of a suddenly acquired reputation is, that the heartier the praise the more likely it is to be accompanied by a corresponding vigor of depreciation. A striking example of the truth of this proposition is now afforded by the Rev. Joseph Cook. By a numerous and influential class of readers and hearers he is believed to have entered upon a career which shall not only revive the traditional glories of our platform oratory, but shall reverse the relative positions of religion and science—placing the latter instead of the former in the position of defendant: by another class, equally influential, if less numerous, he is looked upon as a mere uproarious rhetorician, giving sententious utterance to platitudes and paradoxes upon subjects which he has but imperfectly mastered, and angling for the applause of audiences more ignorant than himself.

In each of these opposing views there is, of course, a good deal of exaggeration; but it must be admitted that if Mr. Cook is fairly entitled to much of the praise which he has obtained, he is also largely responsible for the acerbity of the criticism. Success appears to have had the not unusual effect of rendering him at once careless and arrogant; and the lectures contained in this volume on "Transcendentalism" are at once inferior in quality to those previously delivered on "Biology," and decidedly more provoking in manner. Every controversialist is apt to become more dogmatic in tone in proportion as he recedes from the confines of exact science, and it was to be expected that a theologian should exhibit less hesitancy in substituting his own dicta for logical argument when dealing with the metaphysical figments of the transcendentalists than when interpreting the rigidly-defined phenomena of the physical sciences; but over and above this excusable change in the point of view, there is a change of character in these later lectures which could not fail to arouse the bitterest spirit of antagonism. The strict forms of logic are professionally adhered to, and the semblance is kept up of dealing only with the "demonstrated facts of consciousness;" but upon the slippery tramway of intuition, instinct, experiment, and syllogism—concerning the most elementary data of which no two philosophers or scientists have ever been brought to a substantial agreement—the bewildered reader is wheeled

without so much as a jolt over the roughest obstacles raised by considerations of—

"Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute."

Moreover, the steps of the lecturer, instead of becoming more cautious with the increasing difficulties of his path, lengthen into a gigantic stride; and, as if distrusting the inferior daring and agility of his followers, his voice loses its persuasive and argumentative tone, and takes on the harsh intonations of the religious sectary. Renouncing his reliance upon that "cold, clear reason" to which he so often appeals, he resorts to denunciation and invective, questions the motives of those who differ from him, substitutes personalities for argument, and tries to defeat discussion by raillery. Nothing that the public knows of the two men respectively (or, rather, what it *does* know of them) justifies the tone which Mr. Cook assumes toward Theodore Parker; but it must be said of Mr. Cook, as of many theologians before him, that the nearer he leads us to the citadel of religious truth the less does he exhibit of that religious spirit, the essence of which, as he says, is love.

One attractive quality of the earlier lectures which is equally conspicuous in these is the neat precision of the language in the argumentative portions, and the rich copiousness of the declamation. Mr. Cook is a born orator, and is also acquainted with the familiar arts of the rhetorician; and there is a certain literary enjoyment as well as mental stimulus in following his epigrammatic sentences and harmoniously flowing periods. Nor is his eloquence, as some have described it, the mere verbiage of a rhetorician. The unmistakable ardor of genuine feeling surcharges his language, and there is a certain exaltation of thought and sentiment which is not inappropriately clothed in his gorgeous and glowing periods. The infallible test which distinguishes true eloquence from mere rhetoric is that it can be read in the library as well as listened to from the platform; and this test Mr. Cook's lectures stand remarkably well. Audiences are nearly always delighted in listening to them, and it is certainly an enjoyment to read them, however much we may dissent from their method and conclusions.

GERRIT SMITH. A Biography. By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The above entitled work is almost unique in its way. Though filling a goodly-sized volume of nearly four hundred pages, there

are fewer of the customary details of biography in it than are usually found in the ordinary newspaper obituaries of so distinguished a man. The date of Mr. Smith's birth, the date of his death, the circumstances of his parentage, the time of his marriage, and a few other significant facts, are given; but for that orderly, consecutive, and fairly minute story of a life which is generally expected of a biographer, the reader will search Mr. Frothingham's pages in vain. The author has been far more intent upon revealing and illustrating *character* than upon portraying that slow succession of events in which character is built up and shaped; and certainly, if the true object of biography be to show "what manner of man it really is" who is the subject of the biography, the method may be said to be vindicated in this case. We are left in no sort of doubt as to what Gerrit Smith really was, what he felt, what he thought, how he acted, what were the controlling motives and impulses of his life, wherein lay his strength and weakness, and what was his attitude toward the great political, social, and religious problems of his time. Precisely how he made his money and what were his business methods, Mr. Frothingham does not think it worth while to dwell upon; but what uses he made of his great wealth are exhibited in some detail, because in them the essential character and quality of the man are revealed. So, instead of being invited to follow a chronological record of events, we are conducted through chapters entitled "Parentage," "Health," "Religion," "Humanity," "Temperance," "Slavery," "The War," "The Peace," "Philanthropy," and "The End"—the last, even, making but brief mention of the "closing scene," and summarizing the total character of which the different aspects are delineated in the preceding chapters.

Mr. Smith played so conspicuous a part in all the great questions and events that have agitated the country during the last half century that any reasonably adequate record of his life could not fail to be profoundly interesting; and this Mr. Frothingham's work certainly is. It lacks that personal flavor which for most readers constitutes the special attraction of biography; but it throws much light upon both the political and social history of an eventful period, and reveals some of the most potent influences (for good and evil) that shaped it.

MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI AND EDWARD GIBBON. With Essays, by W. D. HOWELLS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Of the aim and general attractions of Mr. Howells's "Choice Autobiographies," we gave

some description in our notices of the initial volumes of the series in our last number; and it will only be necessary for us to direct attention to the successive additions to it as they appear. The volume last noticed contained the unique memoirs of Vittorio Alfieri, the greatest of modern Italian writers of tragedy; the fifth volume contains the still more entertaining memoirs of Carlo Goldoni, the only really great comic dramatist known to Italian literature. Few American readers know or are likely to become acquainted with Goldoni's comedies, but Goldoni himself, as depicted in his autobiography, is a distinct acquisition, and deserves to become a prominent figure in our portrait-gallery of literary eminences. In his charming introductory essay, Mr. Howells compares him with Goldsmith, and declares that after that wayward but delightful child of genius there is no figure in the history of literature that should take the liking of the gentle reader more than Goldoni. These two charming writers were not unlike in many particulars of their lives, and were even more alike in certain engaging qualities of mind than in their external circumstances; and in Goldoni's memoirs we have just such a picture of Venetian life in the first half of the last century, and the same agreeable self-revelation, as we should have of London and of Goldsmith himself, had the latter also written his own memoirs. "I doubt," says Mr. Howells, "if in the whole range of autobiography one can find anything of a cheerfuller sweetness. I have personally to be glad that his memoirs was one of the first books which fell into my hands when I went to live in Venice, and that I read it together with his comedies, so that the romantic city became early humanized to me through the life and labors of the kindly dramatist." We may add that the obligation is discharged or at least reciprocated by the agreeable manner in which Mr. Howells has introduced Goldoni to his countrymen.

The Autobiography of Gibbon is one of the classics in this department of literature, and most readers are, or ought to be, already familiar with it. Even those to whom it is no longer new, however, will be glad to possess it in so dainty an edition and in such inviting companionship; especially as Mr. Howells's prefatory essay furnishes just the additional information which the reader of the autobiography will be apt to want and to seek for elsewhere in vain. In reading Goldoni and Gibbon, one after the other, one gets all the relish of a complete contrast; the frank and genial garrulity of the one comparing oddly and amusingly with the majestic tone and stately reticence of the other.



ABOUT OLD STORY-TELLERS; of How and When They Lived and What Stories They Told. By DONALD G. MITCHELL. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

In this tasteful and interesting volume the genial "Ik Marvel" aims to furnish youthful readers with a proper introduction to the great stories of literature by sketching the life, times, and circumstances of the story-tellers, and indicating the particular qualities for which each writer is distinguished. There is much pleasant and instructive talk about the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" and their origin, about Daniel Defoe and his "Robinson Crusoe," about Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress," about the "Swiss Family Robinson" and its author, and about many other of the classics of juvenile literature—the talk being rather explanatory and personal than critical, and yet directing the attention of the little folks to something more in what they read than mere transient amusement. The idea is an admirable one, and it is admirably carried out; and the book is exactly the thing to put into the hands of those readers who are just beginning to explore for themselves the wide domain of letters. The curiosity of a child is nearly always personal (or biographical, as Carlyle would say), and it is extremely useful at the start to implant in it a habit of seeking some knowledge of the author whose works it is enjoying. Once begun, the enjoyment afforded by the habit will be likely to make it a permanent one, and thus the early desultory reading of children will be rendered far more fruitful than it usually is.

The volume is rendered inviting to the eye by numerous pictures which are exquisite specimens of the engraver's art, and the print and binding are exceptionally tasteful.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD, the novelist, has been awarded a pension of £100 per annum.

M. JULES VERNE will contribute a biography of Christopher Columbus to a new London weekly illustrated paper, entitled, *The Journal of Travels*.

MR. COBDEN's private correspondence, now being collected by his daughters, contains many interesting letters written by him at a very early period of his life.

BARON TAUCHNITZ, the Leipzig publisher, has just been nominated by the King of Saxony to a life-peerage in the upper house of the Saxon Parliament.

An Early Russian Text Society has been started in St. Petersburg, after the model of

the Early English and the Old French Text Societies. It will reprint very rare old printed books, as well as edit manuscripts.

MR. THOMAS EDWARD, the Scotch naturalist, is engaged in collecting further reminiscences of his life, which, with the addition of various natural-history notes, will form a supplement to the *Life* already published.

PERMISSION has been, at length, obtained by Mr. Rassam to prosecute the search for Assyrian remains at Kouyunjik, which was, unfortunately, suspended by the untimely death of Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum.

PROF. BERNHARD TEN BRINK intends to give, in a separate book, the grounds and justification of the views he has expressed in his "History of English Literature." This book will be called "Grundriss zur Geschichte der englischen Literatur."

DR. GOLDZIEHER, of Buda-Pest, known to English readers by his "Mythology of the Hebrews," is writing a book on the grammatical and lexicographical science of the Arabs, from the earliest period to our time. It will be divided into six parts. An abstract of it has been communicated by him to the Academy of Buda-Pest.

THROUGH its organ, the *Zeitung-Courier*, the Central Literary Bureau at Berlin offers a prize of 2000 marks for the best novel dealing with German subjects of the present time. The work must not have been previously printed, and must reach the adjudicators by the 1st of March next, the selected work to be announced at the latest by the 1st of May.

THE Pope has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Unità Cattolica*, granting the request of the Roman Catholic journalists, that St. Francis of Sales may be assigned to them as their patron saint and protector. A pontifical brief, confirming the decree of the Congregation of Rites, by which St. Francis of Sales has been proclaimed a Doctor of the Church, will also be published shortly.

THE well-known Roman Catholic publisher, Nikolaus Benziger, of Einsiedeln, who has extensive branch-houses in New York and Cincinnati, and also is a Regierungsrath of the Canton of Schwyz, has just received the title of "Roman Count" from the Pope. The Benzigers have done much for popular art, especially in the direction of the improvement of wood-engraving in their own land; and their publications find their way to every part of the world in which German-speaking Catholics are to be found.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

**A FRENCH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.**—As we have a British Association for the Advancement of Science, so our neighbors across the Channel have a French Association. It met last August at Havre, and, in a few of its fifteen sections, manifested signs of activity. Among the meteorologists, diagrams were exhibited showing clearly that the "changes of pressure in the upper regions of the atmosphere are by no means similar to those at the surface of the earth; for when the pressure at the lower station decreases it rises at the upper station, and the reverse; or when it is steady at the one it rises or falls at the other." A line of telegraph for meteorological purposes is now erected from Bagnères to the Pic du Midi, seventeen miles. The Pic is 9000 feet high, and will be an interesting observing station, in constant communication with the lower regions. A proposition was made that the Transatlantic steamship companies should be requested to institute regular meteorological observations on board their vessels; and that the captive balloon of next year's Great Exhibition at Paris should be an observing station. Paris is chosen as the meeting-place of the Association for next year, and at the same time a free international meteorological congress will be held.

**NEW NAMES FOR VARIOUS KINDS OF MANUFACTURED IRON.**—The want of really efficient names to distinguish various kinds of manufactured iron has long been felt in the iron trade. The Philadelphia Exhibition gave rise to a Commission which, after discussion of the question, have recommended that all malleable compounds of iron similar to the substance called wrought-iron shall be called "weld-iron;" that compounds similar to the product hitherto known as puddled steel shall be called "weld-steel;" that compounds which can not be appreciably hardened when placed in water while red-hot shall be called "ingot-iron;" and that compounds of this latter which from any cause are capable of being tempered shall be called "ingot-steel."

**THE HEAT EVOLVED BY METEORITES IN TRAVERSING THE ATMOSPHERE.**—M. Govi, in a note presented to the French Academy of Sciences, discusses this question. M. Schiaparelli has demonstrated that, in order to calculate the loss of velocity of a body penetrating the atmosphere, it is not necessary to know the law according to which the density of the air varies in the different strata of the atmosphere traversed, but only the barometric pressure at the two extremities of the course,

or (what comes to the same) the weight of air displaced by the body the initial velocity of which is known. M. Schiaparelli has also ascertained that the velocity of meteorites varies between 16,000 and 72,000 metres per second. Taking 50,000 metres per second as an average velocity, M. Govi calculates that a meteorite penetrating vertically into the atmosphere with this initial velocity would have a velocity of only 28,968 metres per second on reaching the point where the barometric pressure is one millim., 5916 metres at ten millims., 506 metres at 100 millims., and five metres per second at the level of the sea. Taking these figures as indicating the lowest effect producible on a meteorite by the resistance of the air, M. Govi calculates that the number of calories corresponding to the loss of *vis viva* of a meteorite of 14.66 kilogr. reaching the stratum of air where the pressure is scarcely one millim., would be 2,921,317, which would more than suffice to explain all the phenomena of light and heat, and all the mechanical effects produced by the penetration of a meteorite into the highest strata of our atmosphere. Even at an elevation where the barometric pressure is only 0.001 millim., the meteorite in question might already have developed 6413 calories, and have become visible. This, according to M. Govi, explains the enormous elevation of some meteorites the distance of which from the earth has been measured.

**A GIGANTIC AMERICAN DINOSAUR.**—The Cretaceous deposits of Colorado have lately yielded portions of a Dinosaur, which would appear to have exceeded in magnitude any terrestrial animal of which we have any knowledge. Professor Marsh describes it under the name of *Titanosaurus montanus*. The most characteristic parts preserved are the last two sacral vertebrae, with their transverse processes, and portions of the posterior limbs. The vertebrae are remarkable as having such deep concavities as materially to lessen their bulk, in which they somewhat agree with those of *Euamerotus* or *Streptospondylus*, described by Mr. Hulke; but in some of the vertebrae, at any rate, there are cavities in each side, which communicate with the surface of the vertebrae through a foramen opening below the base of the neural arch. These cavities the author believes to be pneumatic. From the measurements of the parts preserved, Professor Marsh estimates the length of the entire animal at from 50 to 60 feet, and he believes it to have been herbivorous, and a distant ally of the small *Hadrosaurus agilis*, the only Dinosaur hitherto found in the Cretaceous of Kansas.

A UNIVERSAL ART-INVENTORY.—The British Science and Art Department have commenced the publication of a "Universal Art-Inventory, consisting of brief Notes of Fine and Ornamental Art executed before the year 1800, chiefly to be found in Europe." This is a praiseworthy undertaking, for there are so many rarities of art which can never be seen by the multitude, which can never be moved from their place or purchased, that an inventory thereof, with descriptive notes, can not fail to be of great utility. Nearly all the governments of Europe and many royal personages are co-operating in this work, which includes reproductions in possible instances. Some of these reproductions are well known to the frequenters of the South Kensington Museum; for example, the great mantelpiece from the Palais de Justice at Bruges; Trajan's Column from Rome; a Buddhist gateway from India, of the first century; a monument from Nuremburg, and other elaborate works. As a means of reference, this Inventory will be welcome to many a student, and as it necessarily will take many years to complete, there will be the pleasure of watching for fresh instalments of information. But all students should remember that "the laws of design are as definite as those of language, with much the same questions as to order, relationship, construction, or elegance; differing for dissimilar styles as for divers tongues. The pupil in design has similar obstacles to encounter with those of the schoolboy in his alphabet and grammar; the ability to use the pencil or the brush will no more produce an artist than the acquirement of the writing-master's art with Lindley Murray's rules will make a poet."

THE OTHEOSCOPE.—So many different forms have been given to the radiometer by the ingenuity of Mr. Crookes, that at the Royal Society's *soirée* in April he was able to exhibit as many as twenty modifications of the little instrument. Among these modifications were several so different from the earlier forms of radiometer, that Mr. Crookes proposes to distinguish them as *Otheoscopes*, a name derived from *Θέω*, I propel. In an ordinary radiometer, whatever form it may assume, the glass globe is an essential part of the apparatus. Without the globe the fly would never turn, and the most probable view of the action of the radiometer—the view to which the inventor himself assents—is that rotation must be caused by the excess of molecular pressure between the fly and the enclosing vessel. In the otheoscope, on the contrary, the glass bulb serves merely as an envelope to enclose the rarified air, and is

by no means an essential part of the machinery. In fact, an otheoscope has been constructed without any envelope whatever. Let a radiometer and an otheoscope be removed to a position in space where the air is extremely attenuated, so that the atmospheric pressure is perhaps not more than a millimeter of mercury, and then remove the glass case from each instrument; the fly of the radiometer immediately would become stationary, though there might be abundant solar radiation, but the fly of the otheoscope would whirl round just as merrily as before. The first form of otheoscope described by Mr. Crookes consists of a four-armed fly, each carrying a vane of thin clear mica. At one side of the glass bulb which encloses the apparatus there is a vertical plate of mica blackened on one face, and so placed that each vane closely approaches it as the mill rotates. If light be allowed to fall only upon the clear vanes, no motion is produced; but if the light shine upon the black plate, the vanes instantly begin to rotate, as though repelled by a molecular wind blowing from this surface. The movement is therefore produced by pressure generated on a fixed part of the apparatus, by which the movable portion is propelled. As this driving-surface is stationary, it is not restricted in weight, size, or shape; and hence the modifications of which the otheoscope admits are well-nigh endless.

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#### VARIETIES.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.—Whenever we see the term "interesting" applied to a character it excites an especial curiosity. Perhaps there are few epithets so flattering; but when we attempt to define it we find it impossible to treat the subject apart from oneself, to make it other than a personal question; we can not say what is interesting in the abstract apart from what is interesting to us. Of course, indeed, it is this alliance between the interesting and the interested that gives the epithet its meaning and constitutes the charm. In all notable public examples the element of mystery carries it over everything else in exciting and sustaining interest. We see this conspicuously in Swift, so profoundly interesting to the last century; though in his case the mystery did not admit of resolution into contradictory excellences. Descending to the domestic and social standards of this quality, we should say that in family life those are most interesting who are most fully known to the observer, whose intricacies of character have been a long study; while in social life it

is the new and unfamiliar, which has to be guessed at, that gives the most amusing and exciting exercise to this vein of observation. The lovers of new acquaintance are always expecting to make discoveries of more than meets the eye, of depths unsuspected by the careless and indifferent; but they are impatient, and often miss what they are looking for. The really interesting character grows in interest, and only fully reveals itself to the constant sympathy of a kindred nature. We think it may be observed that the epithet is oftener applied to men than to women, which may be explained by the fact that women, in their easy, unscientific way, are much oftener students of character than men; and as men play the more conspicuous part in the world, they are naturally the objects of this study. But also it may be that mystery, if we may so apply the word, belongs rather to man's organisation. Those who do not take much pains in the choice of their epithets, but use those in vogue, will call a woman charming where they would call a man interesting; both epithets connect the object of admiration with the admirer. The man who calls a woman charming has both felt her charm and believes himself to be the object of an intention to please. The praise of moral and intellectual excellence may be bestowed without this condition, but there is always a subtle affinity between the interesting man and the person interested, between the charming woman and the person charmed.—*Saturday Review*.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.—The requisites of a really perfect Society Verse are numerous. And when we have noticed a few of them we shall find that the care and delicacy of manipulation demanded are not to be attained by every scribbler who can rhyme "dove" and "love," and make his verses scan. Grace, lightness, and elegance of form are absolutely essential. I mention the form first, because it is a peculiarity of our subject that the material is strictly subordinate to the formal part. The faintest *souçon* of tedium or awkward handling is sufficient to ruin an otherwise perfect set of these verses. The metre must be easy and flowing, the rhymes perfect and without a trace of effort, the language carefully selected, each word a jewel, each epithet a tastefully-wrought and harmonious embellishment, each stanza a delicate setting for the infinitesimal gem of thought which it is to enshrine. And even if you are so fortunate as to succeed in all this, the task is by no means accomplished; for, important as is the artificial part, your verse is not perfect unless you have some portion of the true Promethean

fire wherein to fashion it. In other words, a writer of the best Society Verse must be something of a poet. Then, too, not a little depends upon the theme selected. This choice is a weighty matter. You must have something to write upon, seeing that the larger subject, "Nothing," was long ago exhausted by the witty Earl. For a theme, then, you must take some light and airy idea; some delicate *dilettante* conception; some sentiment such as may be indulged in without danger of exciting more tears, in yourself or others, than a lace handkerchief can easily absorb; some shadow of the past, if you must call back "dead dreams of days forsaken," which glides gently, and in a style consistent with the most perfect breeding and the highest ghostly society, across the room, leaving, instead of an unpleasant smell of sulphur, a lingering odor of dead violets or double-distilled lavender-water. These are the subjects for Society verses. Where the epic writer summons us to behold the arming of his heroes, the Society Versifier bids us mark the mode of dressing a lady's hair, or introduces us even more boldly to the very arcana of the toilet, like Mr. Ashby-Sterry, who, as "laureate of frills," has an unaccountable *penchant* for allusions to a certain article of dress usually supposed to be edged with that tasteful adornment. Where other poets tell of love, our Versifier is content with detailing the progress of a smart flirtation. Where in the old style we read of the tournament of gallant knights, in the new style we find the more appropriate "tournament of doves." Where others follow heroes to the battlefield, our singer is more at home in a ball-room, or, at highest, in the balcony of a villa at Chiswick on the Boat Race Day.—*St. James's Magazine*.

#### WAITING.

WHEN rose-leaves in long grasses fall  
To hide their shattered head,  
All tenderly the grasses tall  
Bow down to veil the dead.

And there are hearts content to wait,  
Still as the grasses lie,  
Till those they love, however late,  
Turn there at last to die. F. W. B.

#### SIESTA.

[From Rückert's *Sicilianen*.]

I, ZEPHYR, in the sultry noontide sighing,  
Woo thee to slumber, ere I sink to sleep:  
The Naiads heavy-eyed are languid lying;  
Through burning sands their lingering runnels creep.  
Drowned by the shrill Cicada's weary crying,  
The Dryads dream, in hazel shadows deep.  
Canst thou the Sun-God's blighting beam withstand?  
Sleep! the Nymphs all are sleeping through the land.

W. D. S.



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